



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



F19067.1.2  
B

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



THIS VOLUME IS FROM  
THE LIBRARY OF

GAMALIEL BRADFORD VI,

1863-1932, BIOGRAPHER AND ESSAYIST,

GIVEN BY HELEN F. BRADFORD

MAY 24, 1942





**JOURNAL**  
**OF**  
**EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.**

**EDITED BY**  
**G. S. TREBUTIEN.**

**LONDON:**  
**SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,**  
**STATIONERS' HALL COURT.**

**1865.**

F79067.1.2

✓

B

1000000000

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
GAMALIEL BRADFORD VI  
MAY 24, 1942

M: 3(3)

## CONTENTS.

---

JOURNAL—	PAGE
I.—From Nov. 15th, 1834, to April 13th, 1835..	1
II.—From April 14th to Dec. 5th, 1835 .. ..	57
III.—From March 11th to April 15th, 1836 ..	103
IV.—From May 1st to June, 1837 .. ..	118
V.—From Jan. 26th to Feb. 19th, 1838 .. ..	143
VI.—From Feb. 19th to May 3rd, 1838 .. ..	162
VII.—From May 3rd to Sept. 29th, 1838 .. ..	200
VIII.—From April 10th to May 25th, 1839 .. ..	249
IX.—From July 21st, 1839, to Jan. 9th, 1840 ..	278
X.—From Jan. 9th to July 19th, 1840 .. ..	332
XI.—From July 26th to Aug. 29th, 1840 .. ..	399
XII.—From Nov. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1840 .. ..	416
FRAGMENTS .. .. .	425







# JOURNAL OF EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

---

## I.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER MAURICE.

Je me dépose dans votre âme.  
(*Hildegarde to St. Bernard.*)  
Nov. 15, 1834.

**S**INCE then you wish it, my dear Maurice, I am going to continue the little Journal you so much like.\* But as I have no paper at hand, I shall make use of a stitched copy-book, intended for poetry, of which I only remove the title,† the rest, thread and leaves are all left as they were; and bulky though it be, you shall have it by the first opportunity.

I date from the 15th of November, exactly eight

\* We learn from the opening of the next book that this present Journal was the second, the first has not been found.

† The half-effaced word *Poems* is still to be deciphered at the head of the page.

days since your last letter came. Just at this present hour I was carrying it in my bag from Cahuzac hither, together with an announcement of a death, that of M. d'Huteau, which his family wished us to be informed of. How often joy and sorrow arrive hand in hand!

Thy letter gave me great delight, but this death saddened us, made us regret a worthy and amiable man who had at all times shown himself our friend. The whole of Gaillac mourned him, great and small. Poor women kept saying while on their way to his death bed, "Such a one as he should never have died," and they wept while praying for his peaceful end. This it is that renders one hopeful about his soul: virtues that make us loved by men must make us loved of God. Monsieur the Curé saw him every day, and doubtless he will have done more than merely see him. It is from *the Illustrious*\* that we have heard these tidings with others current in the Gaillac circle, and I for my part by way of amusement read them and think of her.

17th.—Three letters since yesterday, three very great pleasures, for I am so fond of letters and of those who have written them to me: Louise, Mimi, and Félicité. That dear Mimi says such sweet charming things about our separation, her return, her weariness, for she gets weary of being far from me, as I of being without her. Each moment I see

\* This other sister was sometimes called by her family *Mimi*, *Mimin*, or Mary.

and feel that I want her, at night more especially, when I am so accustomed to hear her breathe close to my ear. That slight sound sets me to sleep ; and not to hear it inspires me with melancholy reflections. I think of death which also silences everything around us, which also will be an absence. These night thoughts depend somewhat on those I have had during the day. Nothing gets talked of but sickness and death ; the Andillac bell has done nothing but toll these last days. It is typhus fever that is now raging, as it does every year. We are all lamenting a young woman of your age, the prettiest and most respectable in the parish, carried off in a few days ! She leaves a young infant that she was still nursing. Poor little thing ! the mother was Marianne de Gaillard. Last Sunday I went to bid farewell to a dying girl of eighteen. She knew me, poor young creature, spoke just a word and fell back to her praying. I wished to say something to her, but I did not know what to say ; the dying speak better than we. They buried her on the Monday. How many reflections these new graves suggest ! Oh my God, how quickly we go out of this world ! At night when I am alone, all these dead faces come before me. I am not afraid, but all my thoughts put on mourning, and the world appears to me sad as a tomb ; and yet I told you that those letters gave me pleasure. Oh, yes, it is very true, in the midst of this mortality my heart is not dumb, and, indeed, only feels the more keenly what brings it life.

Accordingly your letter gave me a flash of joy, or rather of true happiness, by all the good news of which it is full. At length your future begins to dawn; I see before you a profession, a social position, some certainty as to material existence. God be praised! this is the thing in the world that I most desired for thee and for me too, for my future is linked with thine, they are brothers. I have had beautiful dreams on this head, and may perhaps tell them thee. But for the present good bye, I must write to Mimi.

18th.—I am furious with the grey cat. The wicked creature has just robbed me of a young pigeon that I was warming by the fire. The poor little thing was beginning to revive, I had meant to tame it, it would have got fond of me, and now all this ends in its getting crunched up by a cat! What disappointments there are in life! This event, and indeed all those of the day have occurred in the kitchen, it is there that I have spent the whole morning and part of the evening since I have been without Mimi. It is necessary to overlook the cook, Papa too comes down sometimes and I read to him beside the stove or in the chimney corner, out of the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.' This great book struck Peterkin with amazement, *Qué de monts aqui dedins*.\* That child is quite a character, one evening he asked me if

\* In the patois of the district, "How many words inside it."

the soul was immortal, and afterwards what a philosopher meant. You see we had got upon lofty questions. When I replied that it was some one who was wise and learned : "Then, Mademoiselle, you are a philosopher !" This was said with a simplicity and sincerity that might have flattered Socrates, but which made me laugh so much that my solemn catechiser took himself off for the evening. This child left us one of these last days to his great regret, his term was up on the festival of St. Brice, and there he is now hunting for truffles with his little pig. If he comes this way I shall go and find him out, to ask if he still thinks I look like a philosopher.

With whom do you suppose I was spending this morning by the kitchen fire? With Plato : I did not dare to say so, but he chanced to come under my eyes, and I determined to make his acquaintance. I am only at the first pages as yet. He seems to me most admirable, this Plato ; but one of his notions strikes me as singular, that of ranking health before beauty in the catalogue of God's gifts. If he had consulted a woman, Plato would not have written thus : you feel sure of that, don't you. So do I, and yet remembering that I am a *philosopher*, I rather incline to his opinion. When one is in bed and really ill, one would gladly sacrifice one's complexion or one's bright eyes to regain health and enjoy the sunshine. And besides a small degree of piety in the heart, a little love of God is enough to make one .

speedily renounce such idolatries; for a pretty woman adores herself. When I was a child I thought nothing equal to beauty, because I said to myself, it would have made Mamma love me better. Thank God this childishness has passed away, and the beauty of the soul is the only one I covet. Perhaps even in this I am still childish as of yore, I should like to resemble the angels, this may displease God; the motive is still the same: to be loved better by Him. How many things occur to me only I must leave thee! I have got to say my rosary, night is at hand, and I like to end the day in prayer.

20th.—I delight in snow, there is something heavenly about this white expanse. Mud, bare earth displeases and depresses me; to-day I see nothing but the tracks on the road, and the footprints of little birds. However lightly they settle they leave their small traces, which make all sorts of patterns in the snow. It is pretty to watch those tiny red feet, like coral pencils drawing themselves. Thus winter too has its charms and prettinesses. *Everywhere God sheds grace and beauty.* I must go now and see what there is of pleasant to be found by the kitchen fire, sparks at all events. This is a mere good morning that I say to the snow and to thee on jumping out of bed.

I had to put an extra dish on the table for Sauveur Roquier, who had come to see us, it was a

ham cured with sugar, which made the poor fellow lick his lips. Good things do not often fall to his share, that was why I determined to give him a treat. It is, as I think, the neglected to whom we should show these attentions; humanity and charity teach us this. The prosperous can do very well without them, and yet it is only they who meet with them in the world; so made up of contradictions are we.

No reading to day; I was making up a headdress for the little one and that took all my time. But whether we work with our head or our fingers, it is all one in the eyes of God who keeps account of everything that is undertaken in His name. I therefore hope that my headdress may be accepted as a work of charity. I made a present of my time, of a little portion of my skin worn away by the needle, and of thousands of interesting lines that I might else have read. Papa brought me from Clairac the day before yesterday 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Life and Times of Louis XIV.' There are provisions for some of the long winter evenings! It is I who am the great reader, but only by fits and starts; sometimes it's a key that I am asked for, a thousand things are wanted, often I myself in person, and the book gets shut for the moment. O, Mimin! when will you return to help the poor housekeeper, who misses you at every moment? Did I tell thee that yesterday I got tidings of her at the C. . . . fair to which I had gone? How many yawns, to be sure, I left behind on that luckless balcony! At last Mimi's



letter was brought me just as if to be an antidote to weariness, and it was the only pleasant thing I saw at C. . . . .

I put down nothing here yesterday, better blank spaces than mere nullities, and they were all I should have had to say. I was tired and sleepy. Things are much better to day; I have seen the snow come and go away again. While I was preparing my dinner a bright sun broke out; good bye to the snow; now blackness and ugliness are reappearing. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows? The face of the world changes so suddenly.

I have just come away in good spirits from the kitchen where I remained longer than usual this evening to try and determine Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession at Christmas. He has promised me that he would. He is a good youth and he will do it. God be praised! my evening has not been lost. What joy could I but thus win every day some soul to God! Good Sir Walter has been neglected to-night; but what amount of reading would have been of the same value to me as this promise of Paul's! It is nine o'clock, I am going to sleep.

21st.—This day began radiantly: a summer sun, a soft air that invited one to take a walk. Everything urged me to do so, but I only took two steps beyond the door, and stopped short at the sheep-stable to look at a white lamb that had just been born. I de-

light in seeing these tiny animals, which make us thank God for surrounding us with so many gentle creatures. When Peterkin came, I gave him breakfast and chatted a while with him, without getting the least tired of the conversation. How many parties there are of which one cannot say as much! The wind blows: all our doors and windows groan! It is somewhat melancholy at this present time in my solitude, the whole house being asleep: they rose early to bake. I, too, was very busy the whole morning with the two dinners; after that came rest. I wrote to Antoinette. All this is very insignificant: blank paper would be as good as what I am writing; but, were it only a drop of ink from here, you would take pleasure in looking at it; that is why I am turning it into words. I don't know why, but last night I saw nothing but a procession of coffins. To-night I should like less gloomy dreams, and am going to pray God to send them me.

24<sup>th</sup>.—Three days blank, my dear friend. This is very long for me who so little approve empty space, but I have not had time to sit down. I have only passed through my little room since Saturday. This is the first time I have stopped in it, and I do so to write a very long letter to Mimi and two words here. Perhaps this evening I may add something, should it occur. For the moment all is calm, within and without, soul and house: a happy condition, but

giving me little to say, like peaceful reigns to the historian. This day began with a letter from Pául. He invites me to Alby. I cannot promise him this : I should have to leave home for that, and I am becoming sedentary. Very willingly would I take the vow of seclusion here at Cayla. No place in the world pleases me so much as home. Oh, the deliciousness of *home* ! How I pity thee, poor exile, to be so far away from it ! to see thy own people only in thought ; not be able to say to us either " Good morning ! " or " Good evening ! " to live a stranger without any home of thy own in the world, having father, brother, and sisters, in one place ! All this is sad, and yet I may not wish thee anything else. We cannot have thee, but I hope to see thee again, and this consoles me. I am constantly thinking of thy arrival, and foreseeing how happy we shall be.

While I was standing near the mill a poor little girl from Andillac brought me a letter from Mimi. " Many thanks, child ! here is a penny for you. " She takes the penny, and does not go. " What more do you want ? " " Why the letter to be sure. " " The letter is for me. " " Yes, but you must give it back to me ; and see " (putting her finger on the seal), " you have gone and torn it ! " and she stared quite aghast at seeing me laugh over this catastrophe. At last, finding that I was quite determined not to return her her missive, she bade me *adissias*. Then sitting down upon a rail, I read the prettiest little sister-

endearments. There is nothing so bright and clever as Mimin's affectionate heart. She is getting quite tired, wants to see us again. Gaiety gives her little pleasure; we shall have her back on Friday. I am going to write to her by Eran,\* who is about to visit the Huteaux. I, on my part, find myself alone, solitary, but half-alive; as though, it seems to me, I had only half a soul. Just now, it occurs to me that all this is but lost time; that thou wilt find nothing attractive enough in these pages to open them all. What will they contain? Days that resemble each other; some little of a life that gives nothing to tell. Better that I should return to the *estoupas* I was sewing. I leave thee, then, poor pen!

How beautiful must be the heaven of heavens! This is what I kept thinking during the time I have just been spending in contemplation under the most glorious winter sky. I have a habit of opening my window before going to bed, to see what sort of weather it is, and, if fine, to enjoy it. This night I looked longer than usual, so ravishingly beautiful was it! But for the fear of cold I should be there still. I thought of God, who has made our prison so radiant; I thought of the Saints, who have all those beauteous stars beneath their feet; I thought of thee who wert, perhaps, looking up to them like me. All this might easily have kept me up all night; but how-

\* Familiar abbreviation of the name of her brother Erembert.

ever, one must shut the window upon that grand outer world, and shut one's own eyes under the curtains ! Eran brought me two letters from Louise this evening. They are charming : enchanting and full of wit, soul, heart ; and all this for me ! I don't know why I am not quite transported and intoxicated with friendship. Yet God knows if I love her ! There, you have my day to its last hour ; nothing remains but my evening prayer and the waiting for sleep. I don't know whether it will come ; as yet it is far away. Possibly Mimi may return to-morrow ; at this very hour I shall have her. She will be here ; or, rather, our heads will be resting on the same pillow ; she talking to me of Gaillac, I to her of Cayla.

26th.—I did not write yesterday ; I did nothing but expect. At last she came in the evening—the dear Mimi ! Now then I am happy, I begin over and over again the narrative of all I have done, said, and thought since her departure. She tells me a thousand things about our friends, about people in general, everything she has seen ; and all this is so charming to say and hear. *Oh, the happiness of meeting again !* Positively, it would almost be worth while to go away from time to time for this one pleasure of coming back. I made a beginning of a letter to thee yesterday, but I was not in writing mood ; my whole soul kept going to the window. To-day, I return to myself and shall finish my page, but this only after

dinner, by way of recreation. First of all, I must tell thee that I have just been enjoying the sun from the hill of Sept-Fonts. This is one of my favourite pleasures, as are all those that come from the sky. But the hill is melancholy now ; it is all one can do to see where the bench once stood. There were some remnants of it, some splinters not long ago ; but how fast even mere débris pass away ! Meanwhile, as I was thinking, looking, and regretting, I sat me down on a prostrate oak—my bench of to-day. It, at least, will not be carried off by the wind. There I waited for Mimi, who was gone on Pingembert, to take some pomegranate plants to the Vialarette for Marie de Thézac. Why cannot I thus find some one who would take something to thee ?

27<sup>th</sup>.—I close St. Augustine, my soul full of those soothing words, “Throw yourself into the bosom of God, as upon a bed of rest.” What a beautiful idea ! and what refreshment we should find in life, if, like the saints, we knew how to rest in God. They go to Him as children to their mother, and on His breast they sleep, pray, weep, abide. God is the home of the saints ; but we earthly-minded ones know no other than this earth—this poor earth—dry, black, and mournful, as a dwelling under a curse. Nothing came to-day, not even the sun ; this evening only a few crows have flown by. No walk, no going out, except in thought ; but my thought does not wander, it soars.

This evening our reading will be the report of the famous Carrat case, which occupies the whole country; but I am not fond of such affairs, and criminal celebrity has nothing about it interesting according to me. However, I am going to give myself up to it. The wretched man has written from his prison to Mademoiselle Vialar, to ask her for an '*Imitation*.' Such an idea in this active spirit might lead us to hope for a conversion; but it is to be feared that it only shows hypocrisy, since he continues to be a wretch, they say. Erembert is gone to Alby to hear the trial, which draws crowds. Whence can we get this curiosity of ours about monsters?

28th.—This morning, before daylight, my fingers were in the ashes looking for fire enough to light a candle. I could not find any, and was just going back to bed when a little bit of charcoal that I happened to touch showed a spark, and there was my lamp lit. Dressing got over quickly, prayer said, and we were with Mimi in the Cahuzac road. That unfortunate road, I so long took it alone, and how glad I was to take it with four feet to-day! The weather was not fine, and I could not see the mountain; that dear district I look at so much when it is clear. The chapel was engaged, which was a pleasure to me. I like not to be hurried, and to have time before I enter in there to raise my whole soul before God. This often takes long, because my thoughts find

themselves scattered like leaves. At two o'clock I was on my knees, listening to the finest teaching imaginable; and I came out feeling that I was better. The effect of every burden laid down is to leave us relieved; and when the soul has laid down that of its faults at the feet of God, it feels as though it had wings. I admire the excellency of confession. What ease, what light, what strength I feel conscious of every time that I have said "It is my fault!"

29th.—Cloaks, clogs, umbrellas—all the apparatus of winter—followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening between the parsonage and the church. This Sunday life, so stirring, so active, how much I like it! We come upon each other in passing, and then chatter while walking on together about the poultry, the flocks, the husband, the children. My great pleasure is to caress these last, and to see them hide themselves, red as fire, in their mother's petticoats. They are afraid of *las doumaiselos*, as of everything unfamiliar. One of these urchins said to his grandmother, who was speaking of coming here, "*Minino*, don't go to that castle; there is a black dungeon there." Why is it that castles have at all times inspired terror? Is it because of the horrors that were committed in them of yore? I think so. Oh! how sweet it is, when the rain is heard pattering, to be by the corner of one's fire, tongs in one's hand, making sparks! This was my amusement just now.



I am very fond of it; sparks are so pretty! they are the flowers of the chimney. Really, there are charming things going on amongst the embers, and when I am not occupied I like to watch the phantasmagoria of the hearth. There are a thousand little fairy shapes coming, going, dilating, changing, disappearing; now angels, now horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows. One sees a little of everything in the embers. I remember one face, with an expression of heavenly suffering, which reminded me of a soul in purgatory. I was struck by it, and should like to have had a painter by my side. Never was there a more perfect vision. Remark the logs burning, and thou wilt agree that, unless we are blind, we ought not to find time tedious beside a fire. Listen, above all, to that little whistle which sometimes comes from below the burning half of the wood, like a singing voice. Nothing can be more exquisite or pure; one would say it was some very diminutive spirit of fire that was chanting. There, my friend, are my evenings and their amusements; to which add sleep, which is by no means the least of them.

30th.—I have been told a striking story of a sick woman at Andillac. After having swooned away, and remained, as it were, dead for sixteen hours, this woman suddenly opened her eyes and called out, "Who has brought me back from the other world? I was between heaven and hell; the angels were

drawing me one way, the devils the other. Oh God ! how I suffered, and how awful is the sight of the abyss !” And, turning round, she began to repeat in a supplicatory voice litanies of the Divine mercy that had never been read anywhere ; then took again to speaking of hell that she had seen and been close to, in her swoon. And when she was told that she should not keep thinking of such frightful subjects, “Hell is not for dogs,” she said, “I have seen it, I have seen it !” Is not this a dramatic scene ? and it is quite true. It was Françoise, the sister of the Curé, who told it to me, and who had herself watched beside the sick woman that very night. The sufferer was none of the most pious before, and now she is full of faith, fervor, and resignation. The Curé is the only physician she wants ; she says nothing to the other. May we not believe that God has had a hand in this ? Who knows all that a dying soul may see—

When the next world appears before its gaze,  
Then . . . .

But I won't write poetry.

Listen to a striking miracle that I have just been reading. It is one of Saint Nicaise, who, when evangelising in Gaul, found himself in a country ravaged by an enormous dragon. The saint taking advantage of this event to make known to the people the power of the God he proclaimed, gave his stole to one of his disciples and sent him to meet the monster, which

C

the disciple bound with this stole, and brought into the presence of the whole people, before whom he burst. I admire the simplicity of the narrative, and the grand prodigy in which I believe. Good night, with St. Nicaise !

*1st December.*—It is with the same ink that I have just written my letter to thee that I go on writing here ; the same drop, falling half of it in Paris, half on this page, will jot down for thee all manner of things—here tender words, there scoldings, for I always send thee whatever passes through my mind. I am sorry to have only written thee two or three words. I might have sent thee this, and the idea did occur to me of detaching these few sheets ; but suppose they were to be lost in the public-houses where Master Delaruc is sure to go and drink ! Better keep our chit-chat for a safe opportunity. It will be with the pie, then, that I shall send it, if I can without risk put papers into the case.

*2nd.*—I am vexed with myself for being weak enough to suppose thee indifferent to us and to me. And yet, absurd as this idea is, it occupied and saddened me yesterday the whole day. Accordingly you see how little I said to thee. Sadness makes me dumb ; forgive it me ; I prefer to be silent rather than to complain. It is thy letter to Mimi that has caused it all. I will tell thee why. When you read this, my friend, recollect that it is written on the 1st of December—a day of rain, gloom, and vexation—on

which the sun has not shown itself, when I have seen nothing besides crows, and had only a very short letter of yours to read.

3<sup>rd</sup>.—Nothing more than the date to-day.

But no ! I will not be a whole day without saying something to thee, were it only a good-night. It is seven o'clock—Marie is stirring the fire. I hear the brook. This is all I have to particularise just now, together with a beautiful star that I can see from here, rising above Les Mérix. You have not forgotten that hamlet ?

4<sup>th</sup>.—A rare and pleasant visit ; Madame de F—— has just gone away. We could only keep her a few hours, from ten to three. Her husband was with her, and carried her off in spite of our entreaties. The fact is, he himself was obliged to return, and he can no more do without his wife than without his eyes. Happy woman ! to know how to make herself so indispensable ! There she is now on the hill of Bleys—and here I am telling thee that she has been here—a great event at Cayla, a lady's visit, more especially at this season.

I really must write to Gaillac. It is to —— that I shall write, but not as I do to thee or to Louise, at full length, freely, fully ; but briefly, as it were, in miniature. It is enough for one who only wants to make herself visible. I keep the large scale for

intimates. Two visits, two letters written, and one received ; this is a great deal in the course of a Cayla day. The weather too was fine ; we went down to the meadow, and enjoyed the sun as we might have done in spring.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Papa set out this morning for Gaillac ; here we are sole “châtelaines,” Mimi and I, till to-morrow, and absolute mistresses ! This regency is not disagreeable, and I rather enjoy it for a day, but not longer. Long reigns are tedious. It is enough for me to rule “Trilby,” and to get her to come when I call, or to give her paw when I ask it. Yesterday a sad accident befell “Trilby.” As she was tranquilly sleeping under the kitchen-chimney, a gourd that was hanging up to dry fell upon her. The blow bewildered her ; the poor pet came running to us as quickly as ever she could, to impart her distress. A caress cured her. Night has come. A knock makes itself heard ! Every one runs to the door, crying “Who is there ?” It was Jean de Persac, an old tenant, whom I had not seen for a long time. He was heartily welcomed, and set down upon his first entrance to eat and drink ; after which we got him to talk of his present locality, and of his wife and children. I am very fond of such conversations and meetings. These faces of the olden time give peculiar pleasure ; they seem to restore one’s youth. I fancied myself yesterday back to the time when Jean used to take me upon his knee.

6th.—I made Jean promise to call again this evening, so I shall see him once more, and then I mean to give him a letter for Gabrielle; he is one of their farm-tenants. *Bri* will not be sorry to get this unexpected “souvenir.” I should else have written to her by the post, and thus I save her eight pence, which she will give over and above to her poor people. Therefore this is a good work on my part. Indeed, it has been a day of good actions, this. I am just returned from Cahuzac, as is invariably the case, wonderfully disposed to do right; to do wrong on such a day seems to me impossible. And then there comes such a strange calm! Just observe how tranquil my spirit appears on these occasions. It is so in reality, for I never disguise anything from thee; but let drop on the paper whatever comes, even tears! When my diary is prolonged, it is a sign that I am at my best. Great abundance, then, of affection and of things to tell, those that go on within the soul. As for external things, very often they are not worth mentioning, unless they go and echo within, like the knocker on a door. Then one speaks of them, however small they be. A bit of news, a gust of wind, a bird, a nothing will sometimes go to my heart, and would afford me subjects for pages. If I were to dwell upon what I am to do to-morrow! But here prayers are better than words. If I speak to God, He will draw near; and thou, thou art so far away! Thou hearest me not, and the time that I devote to

thee will not count in heaven. Almost all that we do for the creature is lost, unless love be blended with it. Love is the salt that preserves affections and actions from the corruption of life. Here comes Papa !

7<sup>th</sup>.—Yesterday the evening was spent in talking about Gaillac, of these, and those, and a thousand things going on in the little town. I do not care much for news ; but news of friends always gives pleasure, and one listens to it with more interest than to news of the world and of tiresome politics. Nothing makes me yawn so soon as a newspaper. It was not so formerly, but tastes change, and the heart detaches itself from something or other every day we live. Time and experience too disabuse ; as we advance in life we at length gain the proper position whence to judge of our affections and know them in their true light. I have all mine now present before me. First I see dolls, toys, birds, butterflies, that I loved—sweet and innocent childish affections. Then comes reading, conversation, dress in a slight degree, and dreams, beautiful dreams ! . . . . But I am not going to confess. It is Sunday. I have returned alone from the first mass at Lentin, and I am enjoying in my little room the sweetest calm in the world, in union with God. The happiness of the morning penetrates me, flows into my soul, and transforms me into something that I cannot express. I leave thee. I must be silent.

8<sup>th</sup>.—I never read any book of devotion without finding in it admirable things, and, as it were, made on purpose for me. Thus, for instance, "They that trust in the Lord shall find their strength renewed day by day. When they think themselves powerless and exhausted, suddenly their wings shall sprout like those of the eagle. They shall run and not be weary: they shall walk, and not faint. Advance, then, pious soul, advance; and, when you believe yourself at the last gasp, redouble your zeal and courage, for the Lord will sustain you." How often we need this support! O poor weak, wavering, fainting soul! say what would become of thee, without the Divine help? These words are Bossuet's. I have hardly opened any other book to-day. The hours have passed in everything, but reading, in matters that are nothing, are nameless, and which yet run away with all one's time. Good night, my friend!

9<sup>th</sup>.—I have just been warming myself by every fireside in the village. This is a round that we make with Mimin from time to time, and which is by no means without its attractions. To-day it was a visiting of the sick, accordingly we discussed medicines and infusions. "Take this;" "do that," and we are listened to as attentively as any doctor. We prescribed clogs to a little child that had made itself ill by walking barefoot, and a pillow to its brother, who with a violent headache was lying quite flat; the pillow



relieved him, but will not cure him, I think. He seems to be suffering from an affection of the chest, and these poor people in their hovels are like cattle in their stalls; the bad air poisons them. Returning to Cayla I find myself in a palace compared to their cottages. Thus it is that, having habitually to look beneath me, I always find myself fortunately placed.

10th.—Hoar-frost, fog, icy prospect; this is all I see to-day. Accordingly I shall not stir out, and am going to curl myself up in the chimney-corner with my work and my book; now one, now the other—the alternation amuses me; and yet I should like to read all day long, but I have other things that must be done, and duty goes before pleasure. I call pleasure all reading that is in no way essential to me. There is a flea!—a flea in winter; it is a present from “Trilby.” Indeed it seems that in every season insects are devouring us, whether dead or alive; the least numerous of them being those we see; for our teeth, our skin, our whole body is, they say, full of them! Poor human body, to think of our soul having to dwell in such an abode! No wonder it finds little pleasure therein, so soon as it takes to reflecting about where it is! Oh! the glorious moment when it issues thence, when it enjoys life—heaven—God—the other world! Its amazement, I think, would resemble that of the chicken coming out of its shell, if only the chick had a soul.

I was talking to you about reading ; in the evening it is a 'History of Russia' that we are reading out, and by day I am occupied with the 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' They tell me that this work of Voltaire's is fit to be read, and so it doubtless is ; but one often finds the Voltairian spirit in it, every time, for example, that the subject of religion comes up ; but this does me no harm. Accordingly I go on, thinking it well written. I have now nothing new to read. The reports of the Carrat case are over, and I do not regret them. These horrors that take place under our eyes are more horrible than any others. The three murderers are sentenced to death, and will be executed at Gaillac. It is true that Carrat thinks of the next world, and reads 'Thomas à Kempis,' and this does not surprise me in a soul now under the scaffold, which had introduced the idea of heaven even into its plans of murder. He never set out on any of his expeditions without providing himself with a *rosary* ! Strange idea ! "I went back the night of the crime," said he, "to fetch my rosaries that I had forgotten ; and I ran to Courtaud's house." It was there that he assassinated three persons in a most frightful manner, a man and two women ; but let us turn away from these horrors. A beautiful slice of mullet is awaiting me on the gridiron. I am going to join it.

11th.—Fog again ; same sort of weather as yesterday, only my bird is singing, which I know to be an

augury of sunshine. I am sure we shall soon see it. It is now only nine o'clock ; before twelve it will have made its way through the clouds, and we shall have a bright day, which will rejoice me as well as my bird, for I do not like gloom.

*Evening.*—I was right in saying that my bird foresaw sunshine. It came, but pale and cold ; the fireside was far before it. Accordingly we did not leave it, except, indeed, Papa, who went out to make an offer of marriage in the village. Strange to say, he was refused ; but it is out of vexation at not having been able to say *Yes* to some one else, that the fair lady said *No* to-day. You know her ; it is the one about your own age, and who was waiting for you as you are aware. But that passed over, and her recent expectations were fixed on another who equally escaped her. The poor girl, whose heart was in it, is now quite unhappy, and replied to the suit of another wooer that she would not fetter herself. This may be to avoid wearing two chains, and if so, she is right. Regret is so heavy. A poor stranger has passed by ; then a little child. This is all that has shown itself to-day. Is it worth telling of it ?

*12th.*—I begin by putting down the date, and then we shall see what comes for my daily chronicle. Doubtless not much, unless it be some unexpected occurrence, which I hardly desire ; or unless there be

a letter from thee, or from the mountains, which always makes me happy.

Nothing to say, nothing to write, nothing to think ; the cold seals up even the soul. It seems in winter as though one's thoughts no longer circulated, but froze in one's head like icicles. This is what I feel often, feel just now ; but let something pleasant come to me—a letter, a book, a feeling that revives—the thaw sets in at once, and the waters flow.

Two mendicant friars have gone by. These poor perished people looked on me as happy to be by the fireside, and to have something to give them. Now that you are rich, you must often give alms. I know you like to do so. I remember your telling me that you never met a poor man without giving him a penny if you had one. That penny brought you good luck. Give one sometimes for me. What I give here will not count, because I have nothing exclusively my own ; it is the gift of the whole community. I have a share in it, but it is a very small one. Help me. If I were at Paris, I should often put my hand into thy pocket.

The reign of Peter I. has held us fast the whole evening. It is an interesting reign. One likes to see all that can be done by genius and . . . .

There it is just as I left it a week ago ! I don't know who came to call me off, and since then how many new ideas, how much to say ! But everything

ought not to get said. Of what use were it? God only can understand all, and console the heart when sad.

*Last day of December.*—A fortnight has passed without my adding anything here. Do not ask me why? There are times when one does not want to speak, things one does not desire to tell. Christmas is over, beautiful festival, my favourite of all, which brings me as much joy as to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly the whole soul sings aloud at this glad advent of God, which is announced on all sides by carols and the pretty *nadalet*.\* Now in Paris nothing gives one the idea of its being Christmas. You have not even the midnight mass. We all went to it, with Papa at our head, by an enchantingly fine night. Never was there a more beautiful sky than that midnight one, so that Papa kept putting his head out from his cloak from time to time to look up. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; and, besides, the air was warmed before us as we went, by the bundles of faggots that our servants carried to light us. It was charming, I assure you, and I wished I could have seen you walking along, as we did, towards the church, through roads bordered with little white bushes, that looked in full blossom. The frost makes beautiful flowers. We saw one sprig so pretty that we

\* Name given to a particular way of ringing the bells during the fortnight preceding Christmas Day; which, in the dialect of Languedoc is called *Nadal*.

wanted to make a nosegay of it for the Blessed Sacrament, but it melted in our hands. All flowers are short-lived. I much regretted my bouquet; it was sad to see it melt and shrink drop by drop. I slept at the parsonage. The good sister of the Curé kept me there, and prepared me an excellent *réveillon*\* of hot milk. Papa and Mimi returned to warm themselves at home by the great fire of the *Souc de Nadal*.† Since, there has come cold, fog, everything that darkens the sky and the soul. To-day, that the sun shines again, I revive; I expand like the pimpernel, that pretty flower which only opens to the sun.

Here, then, are my last thoughts, for I shall write nothing more this year. In a few hours it will be all over; we shall have begun the new year. Oh how fast the time flies! Alas! alas! would one not say that I am regretting it? My God, no; I do not regret either time, or what it takes from us. It is not worth while to throw one's affections into the torrent. But the empty careless days, lost as regards Heaven, these are what make one cast a regretful glance on life. Dear brother, where shall I be on this same day, at this same time, same instant, next year? Shall I be here or elsewhere? Here below, or in heaven above? God knows; and here I stand at the gate of the future, resigning myself to whatever may issue thence. To-morrow I shall pray that thou mayest be happy; pray

\* Meal taken by Catholics after returning from the midnight mass on Christmas eve.

† Yule-Log.

for Mimi, for Papa, for all I love. It is the day of gifts; I shall take mine to heaven. It is thence that I derive all my blessings; for, truth to tell, on earth I find but few things to my taste. The longer I live in it the less I enjoy it; and accordingly I see, without any regret, the approach of years, which are so many steps towards the other world. It is neither pain nor sorrow which makes me feel thus, do not suppose it. I should tell thee if it were; it is only the homesickness which lays hold of every soul that sets itself to thinking of heaven. The hour strikes, the last that I shall hear while writing to thee. I would have it interminable, like all that gives pleasure. How many hours have sounded from that old clock, that dear piece of furniture that has seen so many of us pass, without ever going away; as it were a kind of eternity! I am fond of it, because it has struck all the hours of my life, the fairest ones when I did not listen to them. I can remember that my crib stood at its foot, and I used to amuse myself in watching the hands move. Time amuses us then; I was four years old. They are reading pretty things in the parlour. My lamp is going out; I leave thee. Thus ends my year beside a dying lamp.

*3rd January, 1835.*—A letter from Brittany reached me this morning, like a sweet New Year's gift. I have spent the whole day in thinking of Madame de La Morvonnais, and in decyphering the handwriting of her

husband, which is by no means a plain one. Now, however, I have made it out, and perfectly understand his idea, but I cannot respond to it. The poetess he takes me for is an ideal being, quite apart from the life that I lead, a life of occupation, of housekeeping, which absorbs all my time. How can it possibly be otherwise? I know not; and, moreover, this is my duty, and I will not depart from it. Would to God that my thoughts, my soul, had never winged their way beyond the narrow sphere in which I am forced to live. It is in vain to talk to me thus; I cannot rise above my needle or my distaff without going too far. I feel, I believe this. I shall therefore remain where I am placed, whatever may be said about it. My soul will inhabit high places only in heaven.

5th.—My dear friend, for two days I have said nothing to thee. This may often occur; now for one thing, now for another; but, if words fail, thought is always at work, ever-turning wheel that it is, and turning very fast to-day. I ask myself whence so much movement comes. It amazes me, sometimes even saddens, for I am so fond of repose; not inaction, but that calm in which a happy soul abides! Saint Stylites, the saint of to-day, is admirable up there on his column. I look upon him as happy, to have thus made himself a dwelling on high, and not even to touch earth by treading on it. These lives of the saints are wondrous; charming reading, and full of



instruction for a believing soul. I hear a young hen of ours cackling; I must go and look for her nest.

6<sup>th</sup>.—A beautiful day, sunshine, *Boubi!* one of thy letters. Hast not thou forgotten this *Boubi!* these wishes of children on Twelfth Night? I don't very well know what they mean, or why this day should be devoted to wishes for wine, for that is what the children keep crying, while we give them walnuts and apples in return for the good wine they wish us, and they go away quite pleased. It was "La Ratière," thy old friend, who brought us thy letter, not omitting to inquire first if it was from M. Maurice; and next, how he was, and whether he was still very far off, and all this with a show of interest which pleased one. I do believe that if you had been there she would have found some nuts in her pocket. With us it was different; it is only to friends nuts get given. Thy letter charmed me by its cheerful tone; the fact is thou art now out of the tempests and shocks that have so long harassed thee. God be praised for this, and may He keep thee at anchor! I always hoped that some good fortune would befall thee.

17<sup>th</sup>.—I have just been writing to Félicité. It is always pen or books that I lay hold of on rising; books to pray, think, reflect over. This would be my occupation all day long if I followed my bent, that something in me which impels me to meditation, to in-

ternal contemplation. I am fond of dwelling upon my thoughts, of bending, as it were, over each one of them, to inhale and enjoy them before they evaporate. This taste came to me early. When I was quite a child I used to indulge in little soliloquies, which would be full of charm could I recover them; but 'tis in vain to go and look after childish things:—

“Go ask for water from the fount run dry.”

The little Morvonnais sends me a kiss, her mother tells me. What shall I give her in return for a thing so sweet, so pure as her childish kiss? It seems as though a lily had touched my cheek:—

Fain would I run, dear child, when thou dost call ;  
Saying, “I love thee, I would thee caress ;”  
Spreading, like two white wings, thine arms so small,  
To fold me in a soft embrace;

Oft my white lambs caress me in their play,  
My dove oft pecks my lips with playful beak ;  
But when o'er me a child's warm kisses stray,  
'Tis as a lily bent to touch my cheek;

Fragrant my face with innocence like thine,  
My spirit made at length all pure and mild,  
Ineffable delight and joy divine !  
Would that I had thy kisses, blue-eyed child !

8th.—It is not worth while to say anything about to-day; nothing has come, nothing has stirred, nothing has got done in our solitude. My little bird alone has kept jumping up and down in its cage while warbling to the sun. I often looked at it, having nothing

D

prettier to see in my room. I have not left it; all my time has been spent in sewing a little, in reading, and then reflecting. What a beautiful thing thought is, and what pleasure it gives when it lifts itself on, high! 'Tis its natural direction, which it resumes as soon as it is freed from terrestrial objects. There is a mysterious attraction between us and heaven. God wants us, and we want God. I don't know what bird this is that keeps flying about my head. I hear it almost without seeing it; it is dark. It is not the season of night birds. This is enough to disturb me, and break the thread I was winding. How little suffices! This small apparition makes me leave my room, not, though, from fright. I am going to tell Mimi to come and see this bird.

*9th.*—What, I wonder, was that bird of yesterday evening? It disappeared like a vision the moment that I brought the candle, and I got well laughed at by them all. They said it was my fancy; that I had seen it in my head. But, for all that, it was most decidedly with my eyes that I saw it. I watched it for more than five minutes, and it was the noise that it made in flying that first made me notice it.

*1st March.*—It is a long time now that my journal has been neglected. I came upon it in opening my desk, and the idea of leaving a word or two in it recurred to me. Shall I tell thee why I gave it up?

It was because I looked upon the time spent in writing as wasted. We owe an account of our moments to God; and is it not spending them ill to trace down here days that go by? And yet I find a charm in it, and afterwards like to look over the path of my life through my solitude. On reopening this book, and reading some pages of it, it occurred to me that in twenty years, if I lived as long, it would be an exquisite pleasure to me to re-read it, to find myself once more here, as in a mirror that should retain my youthful features. I am not young, however, but at fifty I shall consider that I was young now. Therefore I will give myself this pleasure; if a scruple returns I will put the book by at once. But the good God may, perhaps, be less strict than my conscience, and forgive me this small pastime. To-morrow, then, I will resume my journal. I must record my happiness of yesterday, a very sweet, very pure happiness, a kiss from a poor creature to whom I was giving alms. That kiss seemed to my heart like a kiss given by God.

3rd.—Everything was singing this morning while I was at my prayers—thrushes, finches, and my little linnet. It was just like spring; and this evening here we have clouds, cold, gloom, winter again—melancholy winter. I don't much like it; but each season must be good, since God has made them all. Therefore, let frost, wind, snow, fogs, clouds, weather of every

description, be welcome! Is it not sinful to complain when one is warm and comfortable beside the fire, while so many poor people are shivering out of doors? At twelve o'clock a beggar found great delight in a plateful of hot soup that was given to him at the door, and did perfectly well without sunshine. Surely, then, so may I. The fact is, one longs for something pleasant this day of general amusement, and we wanted to keep our Shrove-Tuesday in the sun out of doors and in taking long walks; whereas we have been obliged to limit ourselves to the hamlet, where every one wanted to feast us. We thanked, without taking anything, as we had had dinner. The little children came about us like chickens. I made them prick some nuts that I had put into my pocket to give them. Twenty years hence they will remember our visit, because we gave them something good, and the memory will be pleasant. Those were well employed nuts. I did not write yesterday, because I thought it was not worth while to write down nothings. It is the same, however, to-day. All our days are pretty nearly alike, but only as to what is external. The life of the soul is different; nothing more varied, changing constantly. Don't let us speak of it; there would be no end of it, if it were only about one single hour. I am going to write to Louise: this by way of fixing myself in a happy mood.

4<sup>th</sup>.—This morning I hung up beside Papa's bed a

little cross that a little girl gave him yesterday, out of thankfulness to him for having placed her in the convent. It was Christine Roquier. Her pious present was very pleasing to us, and we shall preserve it as a relic of gratitude. Papa's cup of holy water shall be placed between this cross and a picture of Calvary. This picture, torn as it is, I have a value for, because I have always seen it there, and that when a child I used to go and say my prayers before it. I remember to have asked many favours from the holy image. I used to state all my little griefs to that sad figure of the dying Saviour, and always I found consolation. Once I had spots on my frock that distressed me greatly for fear of being scolded about them; I prayed my picture to make them disappear, and they disappeared. How this gracious miracle made me love *the good God!* From that day I believed nothing impossible to prayer or to my favourite image, and I asked it for whatever I wanted: once that my doll might have a soul; but on that occasion I obtained nothing. Perhaps it was the only one.

7<sup>th</sup>.—To-day a new hearthstone has been placed in the kitchen. I have just been standing upon it, and I note down here this sort of consecration of the stone of which the stone will retain no trace. It is an event here, this stone, somewhat like a new altar in a church. Every one goes to see it, and hopes to pass pleasant hours and a long life before this

hearth of the house (for all gather there, masters and servants). But who can tell? . . . I myself shall perhaps be the first to leave. My mother departed early, and they say that I am like her.

8<sup>th</sup>.—Last night I had a grand dream. The ocean came up under our windows. I saw it; I heard its billows rolling like thunder, for it was of a sea in storm that I had this vision, and I was terrified.

A young elm springing up, with a bird singing on it, dispelled this terror. I listened to the bird: no more ocean and no more dreams.

9<sup>th</sup>.—The day broke mild and beautiful; no rain or wind. My bird was singing all morning long, and I too, for I felt cheerful, and had a presage of some happiness for to-day. Here it is, my friend: it is a letter from thee! Oh, if I only got such every day! I must now write to Louise.

While I was writing the clouds and wind all returned. Nothing more variable than the sky and one's own soul! Good night!

10<sup>th</sup>.—Oh, the beautiful moonbeam that has just fallen on the Gospel that I was reading!

11<sup>th</sup>.—To-day, at five o'clock in the morning, fifty-seven years had elapsed since my father came into the world. We all went—he, Mimi, and I—to

church, as soon as we were up, to celebrate this anniversary and to hear mass. To pray God is indeed the only way to celebrate anything here below. Accordingly, I have prayed a great deal on this day, when the most tender, most loving, best of fathers was born. May God preserve him to us, and add to his years so many more that I shall not see them end! My God! no, I would not be the last to die; to go to heaven before all the rest would be my delight. But why speak of death on a birthday? It is because life and death are sisters, and born together like twins.

To-morrow I shall not be here. I shall have left thee, my dear little room! Papa takes me with him to Caylus. This journey gives me little satisfaction; I do not like going away, changing place, or sky, or life; and all these change when we travel. Adieu, then, my confidant; thou must wait for me in my desk. Who knows when we shall meet again? I say in a week; but who can reckon upon anything in this world? Nine years ago I spent a month at Caylus. It will not be without pleasure that I shall see the place again, as well as my cousin, her daughter, and the good chevalier who used to be so fond of me? They will have it that he is still so; I am going to find out. It is possible that he may be the same, but he will find me much changed since ten years ago. Ten years are a whole age for a woman; so we shall be about cotemporaries, for the worthy man is over fourscore.



12th.—If was a real distress to me to go away; Papa discovered it and left me behind. He said to me last night, "Do as you like." I wanted to stay, and felt quite sad, thinking that to-night I should be far away from here, far from Mimi, from my fire, my little room, my books; far from Trilby, far from my bird; everything, down to the merest trifle, presents itself when you are about to leave, and so twines itself around you that there is no breaking loose. This is my experience, whenever there is any talk of a journey. Like the dove, I like to return every evening to my nest. No other spot attracts me.

I love but the flowers our own streamlets keep bright,  
But the meadows whose grass I have oft trodden down,  
But the woods on whose branches our own birds alight,  
But my every-day sky, my horizon long known.

Nine o'clock! this is the hour that the pious soul hears strike with most recollection. It was at the ninth hour, the Gospel tells us, that darkness covered the earth while Jesus hung upon the cross. It was also at the ninth hour that the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles. Accordingly, this hour has been blessed by the Church and consecrated to prayer. It is then that the canons begin their services.

14th.—This has been one of my happy days: of those days that begin and end sweet as a cup of milk. God be praised for this day, spent without

any sadness ! Such are so rare in life ; and my soul, more than any other, afflicts itself about the least thing. A word, a memory, a tone of voice, a sad expression of face, a nameless nothing, will often disturb the serenity of my spirit—small sky, that the lightest clouds can tarnish. This morning I received a letter from Gabrielle, that cousin who is dear to me on account of her gentleness and her sweet disposition. I was anxious about her always delicate health, having heard nothing of her for more than a month, and thus her letter gave me so much pleasure that I opened it before my prayers ; I was in such a hurry to read it. To see a letter and not open it is a thing impossible. So I read it. Amongst other things, I saw that Gabrielle did not approve my taste for retirement and renouncement of the world. The reason is, that she does not know me, that she is younger than I, and has not discovered that there is an age when the heart becomes indifferent to whatever does not give it life. The world may enchant, may intoxicate it ; but this is not life, which is only found in God and in *oneself*. To be alone with God, oh ! happiness supreme !

At Cahuzac I had another letter given me. This last was from Lili, another sweet friend, but one quite out of the world : a pure soul, a soul like snow in its innocence, so white that I am dazzled when I look at it,—a soul made for the eyes of God. She bids

me go to her, but I will not leave home before Easter. After that I shall go to Rayssac, and on my way back shall remain as long as I can with Lili. I was returning from Cahuzac quite pleased with my letter, when I saw a little boy beside the fountain crying in a heartbreaking way. It was because he had broken his jug, and the poor child was afraid of being beaten by his father. Not that he himself told me so; he was sobbing too violently; but some women did who had seen the jug fall. Poor little fellow! I saw that I might easily console him by an outlay of sixpence; and, taking him by the hand, I led him to the crockery shop, where he replaced his jug. Charles X. could not be happier if he regained his crown. Was this not indeed a sweet day?

15<sup>th</sup>.—Mud, rain, a wintry sky—inconvenient weather for a Sunday—but it is all one to me, just the same as sunshine. Not through indifference though: I prefer fine weather; but all weather is good. When there is serenity within, what matters the rest? I went to Lentin, where I heard very bad preaching, as I thought. That beautiful Word of God, how disfigured it gets passing through certain lips! One needs to know beforehand that it comes from heaven. I am going to vespers in spite of the weather. I brought back a flower from Andillac, the first I have seen this year. There were some like it at the altar of the Virgin, whose feet they perfumed. It is the

custom among our village girls to offer her the first flowers of their gardens,—a pious and charming custom: nothing better adorns a country altar. I leave my flower here as a souvenir of the Sunday nearest to spring.

16<sup>th</sup>.—Another letter from G——; a letter to announce her marriage. How little I thought of it! She is so young, so delicate, so fragile! One sees only a spark of vitality in that little childish frame. My God, how much I desire her happiness! but I do not feel sure. . . . I see nothing bright in the prospect of her marriage. I must, however, offer her my congratulations: it is the custom. I have spent the whole day thinking of her, trying to picture to myself her future, and pondering those words in her letter, "*I am calm only when on my knees.*"

17<sup>th</sup>.—It is an entirely fresh heart this of G——'s, and therefore she may be happy if her husband prove amiable, because she will love him with all the charm of a first affection.

I am listening to the shepherd whistling in the valley. This is the most cheerful sound that can proceed from human lips. This whistle denotes an absence of care, a sense of well-being, an *I am content*, which pleases me. These poor people must needs have something or other: they have cheerfulness. Two little children are also singing while making up

their faggot of branches among the sheep. From time to time they interrupt themselves to laugh or play, the sense of their responsibilities escaping them. I should like to watch their proceedings, and to listen to the blackbird singing in the hedge beside the brook ; but I mean to read. It is Massillon that I am reading, now that we are in Lent. I admire his Friday's discourse on prayer, which is really a hymn.

18th.—This morning the shepherd informed me of the arrival of the wagtails ; one has followed the flock the whole day. This is a good omen : we shall soon have flowers. It is also believed that these birds bring good luck to the flocks. The shepherds revere them as a species of genii, and would on no account kill one ; if that misfortune happened, the finest sheep in the flock would be sure to die ! I only wish this simple credulity preserved in like manner many other small birds that our rustics so cruelly destroy, and about which I used to fret not a little formerly. The sorrows of the nests were one of my childish griefs. I used to think about the mothers and the children, and I was miserable not to be able to protect the innocent creatures. I used to recommend them to God.

I said : My God, or let them not be born,  
Or from misfortune guard,  
Guard these poor fledgelings, Thou who hast the power,  
From vultures' claw, and hands and hearts as hard.

Some have I seen from ivy-curtained nest,  
Some from tall trees, or sand-holes snatched away.

And sad as I, when shut from air and light,  
All perished in a day.

And all had sung, and all—their wings once grown—  
Had flown through forests and across the seas,  
And with young flowers the swallows had returned  
Upon the vernal breeze.

You'd watch them children flying 'neath the clouds,  
You'd hear them sing at morn the summer long ;  
Oh, how much better than to see them caged !  
No liberty, no song !

19<sup>th</sup>.—I don't know where these birds might not have led me, so many memories did they awaken and such tenderness did I feel towards them. Here I am now filled with joyous expectation, Papa is coming back this evening. I am longing for him, a week's absence is long when people are not accustomed to be separated. Moreover, this is the festival of Saint Joseph, the saint Papa is named after, it cannot fail to be a beautiful day, I celebrated it by going to hear mass, that is my "bouquet;" prayers are divine flowers.

20<sup>th</sup>.—Papa has arrived, fresh, well, and delighted with the reception given him at my cousin's of La Gardelle. The evening was spent in talking of that nicé family, who love us, of their neighbours, their Curé. The life of country curés is interesting, and I like to be told about it. In short, what with one thing and the other we had plenty to talk about till

after ten o'clock, when each of us is about to go to sleep as usual, without having heard all there was to hear.

I have no inclination to write to-day, and would rather sew. The needle suits me better than the pen, I return to it. The first thing this morning we had a letter from Marie, and a report of 'The Propagation of the Faith,' something for the heart and something for the soul. Marie sends us loving words, the missionaries tell us of conversions. How admirable these men are, how gladly I give them my weekly penny! I should like to see thee enrolled in this association.

21st.—I believe that to-day is the first of spring. I should not have discovered it; the cold and the east wind blowing would lead one to suppose it January. In a short time the cold will go away: patience, poor impatient one that I am, longing to see flowers, a bright sky, to breathe an air all balmy with spring! When that comes to pass I shall have numbered a few more days, perhaps a few more cares, and this is how our enjoyments come! However, I had a delightful waking this morning. As I was opening my eyes a lovely moon faced my window, and shone into my bed, so brightly that at first I thought it was a lamp suspended to my shutter. It was very sweet and pretty to look at this white light, and so I contemplated, admired, watched it till it hid itself behind the shutter to peep out again, and then conceal itself like a child playing at hide-and-seek.

I have been to confession ; I reflected for some time upon the gentle, beautiful, moral lessons of M. Bories, then I wrote to Louise, and now here ; how many sweet things I have to do ! Were I to write them all down just now I should write too much ; I should not be able to sleep, and I must sleep to be able to think of God and pray to him to-morrow which is Sunday. This fragile body that contains the soul must be considered. This is tiresome ; but what can be done ? The angels have no such anxiety, happy angels !

24<sup>th</sup>.—I see beautiful sunshine coming in from without to light up my little room. This brightness glorifies it and keeps me here though I want to go downstairs. I am so fond of what comes down from heaven ! Moreover, I admire my wall, all tapestried with sunbeams, and a chair over which they fall like drapery. Never had I a more beautiful room. It is a pleasure to be in it and to enjoy it as something of one's own. O, what lovely weather ! I long to be revelling in it, inhaling great draughts of the air, so genial to-day ; but this will be for the afternoon. This morning I have to write. Yesterday three persons and some books arrived, all friendly visits. The afternoon passed in chatting, in listening to all sorts of things that Madame Roquier has a way of relating as interesting news, or in amusing her little girl, a child of four, fresh as a first rose. It was a pleasure to kiss her



round cheeks and to see her nibbling jumbles. Mimi and I are both invited to attend the benediction of a bell to-morrow. This expedition is by no means displeasing to me.

26<sup>th</sup>.—'Tis a pretty thing a bell surrounded by tapers and clothed in white like a child about to be baptised. They anoint it, sing, then test it, and it makes answer by a little tinkling that it is a Christian bell and will ring for God. For what besides, for it answers twice? "For all the holy things of earth, for birth, death, prayer, sacrifice; for the righteous; for sinners. In the morning I will announce the dawn, in the evening the fall of day; a heavenly time-piece, I will ring the Angelus and the holy hours when God wills to be praised. At my call pious souls will pronounce the name of Jesus, of Mary, or of some much-loved saint; their glances will rise to heaven, or within the church walls their heart will distil itself into love."

This I thought and other things besides, in the presence of that small bell at Itzac which I saw blessed in the midst of a crowd that looked on without, as it seemed, thinking of anything, and who were equally taken up with us and the bell. Two young ladies were in fact curious and quite novel things to the inhabitants of Itzac. Poor creatures!

27<sup>th</sup>.—At two o'clock Papa set out for Alby, where

Lili requires him on account of her affairs. So here we are alone again, for I know not how many days, for it is possible that Papa may go to Rayssac. If so I shall have news of Louise when he returns. I am impatient for them; for a long time I have known nothing of this dear friend. It is not that she forgets me, that I cannot think. If I thought it. . . . No, no, Louise loves me and will always be my friend. That is a settled point, and we are no longer at the beginning of things when doubts regarding our friendship might be possible. It is either because she cannot write to me, or that the charcoal burners lose letters. Tiresome people! if they only knew what they lose.

28th.—I have just escaped a sorrow; my little linnet was actually in the cat's claws when I entered my room. I saved it by giving a great cuff to the cat, who let go. The bird was only frightened; then it felt so delighted at its deliverance that it began singing with all its might, as if to thank me and assure me that terror had not deprived it of its voice. A cowherd who passes along the Cordes road also sings as he drives his cart; but with such a listless insipid expression that I prefer the warbling of the linnet. When I am here alone I take pleasure in listening to all that stirs outside, I lend my ear to every sound: the cackling of a hen, branches falling, the buzz of a fly, whatever it be, it interests and gives me subjects for

thought. How often I fall to contemplate and follow the movements of very minute insects that I discover in the pages of a book, on the tiles or on the table. I do not know their name, but we come into a kind of relationship as of passers-by along the same road. We lose sight of, then we meet each other again by chance and the meeting gives me pleasure, but the little creatures fly from me though I have never done them harm. It seems that I must be very alarming to them. Would it have been so in Paradise? We are not told that Eve frightened anything there. It was only after the fall that mutual terror sprung up between created things. I really must write to Philibert.

20th.—Yesterday evening I began my letter *to over the seas*, which I write with inexpressible interest on account of the memories it awakes and the dangers it will have to encounter. Is it possible that a sheet of paper cast upon the ocean should reach its address, should just go and fall under the very eyes of my cousin in his island? It is incredible unless some angel navigator take the letter under his wing. This Isle of France is in fact at the very end of the world. Poor Philibert! How far away from here he is, and how much to be pitied; he who is so fond of his country, his relatives, his beautiful European sky. I remember the last evening we spent together, and how extatically he contemplated those stars of his own land which were soon to disappear from him.

He especially regretted the Pole star which one sees no more after crossing the line. Then it is that the Southern cross comes into sight. The Southern cross is very beautiful, but "never," he said to me, "have I looked at it or at any of our African Constellations, so long as at that little northern star:—

"Stars of the beautiful sky of France,  
Of the beautiful land of my birth,  
I shall see you no more—with the ocean between—  
At the uttermost end of the earth,  
Where my days will pass in sadness and sighs,  
Seeing no longer you—seeing other skies,  
Stars of the beautiful sky of France!"

This it was, methinks, our poor cousin was saying to me, and it made my heart ache. How much to be pitied are all exiles! Nothing pleases them while absent from their own country. With his wife and children Philibert is sad in Africa; in France he would have been happy.

30th.—Two letters have come; the one of joy, an announcement of the marriage of Sophie Decazes; the other of mourning to tell us of death. This last is from M. de La Morvonnais, who writes to me weeping, quite full of his dear Marie. How he loved her, and loves her still! They were two souls that could not bear to leave each other. Accordingly they will remain united in spite of death, and separated from the body where no life is. This is Christian union, a union.

spiritual, immortal ; a divine tie formed by the love, the charity that never dieth. Hippolyte in his widower-state is not alone, he sees Marie, Marie everywhere, Marie always. "Speak to me of her, always of her," he says, and again, "Write to me often, you have certain modes of expression that vividly recall her to me." I was not the least aware of this ; it is God's doing, who has infused into my soul some things akin to that other soul, that is why she loved me and I her : sympathy springs from relation of souls, and then moreover I found in Marie something infinitely gentle that I so delight in, that can only emanate from a pure spirit. "The true mark of innocence," says Bossuet, "is gentleness." How many charms, what advantages I should have enjoyed in this celestial friendship ! God decided otherwise, and has taken it away just one year after it was first granted me. Why so soon ? No complaining. God does not allow it on account of what he removes for us, or of a few days of separation. Those who die do not go so far away after all, for heaven is quite close to every one of us. We have but to raise our eyes and we see their dwelling. Let us console ourselves by that sweet prospect, let us become resigned on earth, which is but a step to the gate of Paradise.

*1st April.*—So then a month has passed, half sad, half beautiful, much like the whole of life. This month of March has some gleams of spring, which

are very sweet ; it is the first to see any flowers, a few pimpernels that open a little to the sun, some violets in the woods under the dead leaves that screen them from the hoar frost. The little children amuse themselves with them and call them *March flowers*, a very appropriate name. We dry them too to make "tea" of them. This flower is good and soothing for colds, and, like hidden virtue, its perfume betrays it. Swallows have been seen to-day, glad harbingers of spring.

*2nd.*—To-day my whole soul turns from the sky to a tomb, for on it sixteen years ago my mother died at midnight. This sad anniversary is sacred to mourning and prayer. I have spent it before God in regret and hope ; even while I weep I look up and see the heavens where my mother is doubtless happy, for she suffered so much—the illness was long and her spirit patient. I do not remember a single complaint escaping her, nor that she cried out ever so slightly in spite of the pain that tore her ; no Christian ever bore suffering better. One saw that she had learned it before the cross. She would smile upon her bed like a martyr on the rack. Her face never lost its serenity, and even in her dying moments she seemed to be thinking of a festival. This surprised me who saw her suffer so much, and myself cried at the least thing, and did not know what resignation under pain meant. And when they told me that she was going to die, I looked at her, and her cheerful aspect made me disbelieve

them. She did die, however, at midnight on the 2nd of April, while I had fallen asleep at the foot of her bed. Her gentle death did not waken me, never did any soul leave the world more quietly. It was my father. . . . Oh God ! I hear the priest, I see lighted tapers, a pale face in tears ! I was led away into another room.

3rd.—At nine o'clock in the morning my mother was laid in the tomb.

4th.—I am going to Cahuzac with the sun straight above my head. If this tires me I shall think of the Saint of the day, St. Macarius, toiling along in the desert beneath a basket of sand to get rid of a temptation. He afflicted his body in order to save his soul.

8th.—I don't know why I have put down nothing for four days ; I return to it now that I find myself alone in my room. Solitude leads to writing, because it leads to thought. One enters into conversation with one's own soul. I ask mine what it has seen to-day, what it has learnt, what it has loved, for every day it loves something. This morning I saw a beautiful sky, and the budding chestnut-tree, and heard little birds singing. I was listening to them beneath the great oak, near Téoulé, whose basin was being cleaned out. These pretty songs and this washing of

the fountain suggested different trains of thought ; the birds delighted me, and when I saw the escape of the muddy water so clear a short time before, I could not but regret that it had been troubled, and pictured to myself one's soul when something stirs it up ; for even the most beautiful loses its charm when you stir the bottom, there being a little mud at the bottom of every human soul. But is it worth while to take ink out of the inkstand to write thee all these inutilities ! It would be better to speak of Jean Tamisier, who seated near the porch related to me some of his adventures in his rounds. I thanked him for it by a glass of wine which will give him a fresh flow of words, as well as legs to reach his sleeping place to-night. Then I read a sermon ; not being able to go and hear one, I make my little room a church where methinks I can find God, and without any disturbing causes. When I have prayed I reflect, when I have meditated I read, then sometimes I write, and all this goes on before a little cross on the table as before an altar—below is the drawer which holds my letters, my relics.

9<sup>th</sup>.—This morning I meditated upon the tears of the Magdalen. What sweet tears and how beautiful a history that of this woman who loved so much ! Here is Papa, I leave everything.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Since Papa's return I have laid by my



journal, my books, and many things. There come these days of exhaustion when the soul retires from all its affections, and sinks back upon itself in utter weariness. This weariness without fatigue, what else is it but weakness? We must conquer it, like so many other weaknesses that attack this poor soul of ours. If we did not kill them one by one, they would end by fretting us away, as worms do cloth. I pass so suddenly from sadness to joy; when I say *joy* I mean that sweet calm happiness of the soul which only shows externally as serenity. A letter, a thought of God or of those I love, will have this effect upon me, and yet sometimes too a quite contrary one. It is when I take things ill that they sadden me. God knows the fears and the raptures he gives; you, my friends, do not know how sweet and bitter both, you are to me. Do you remember, Maurice, that little short letter which tormented me for a fortnight? how cold, how indifferent, how little kind you seemed to me!

I have just been suspending the sacred branch to my 'bénitier.' Yesterday was Palm Sunday, the festival of children, who are so happy with these consecrated branches, dressed up with cakes in the church. This joyous entrance of theirs is no doubt granted them in memory of the Hosannas sung by children to Jesus in the temple. God leaves nothing unrewarded. Here is my copybook come to an end! Shall I begin another, I know not. Good bye to this one and to thee!



## II.

*14th April, 1835.*



HY should I not go on writing to thee, my dear Maurice? This book will please thee as much as the two others, I go on therefore. Will you not be very glad to know that I have just been spending a pleasant quarter of an hour on the terrace-steps, seated by the side of an old woman, who was singing me a lamentable ballad on an event that occurred long ago at Cahuzac. This came about à propos of a gold cross that has been stolen from the neck of the blessed Virgin. The old woman remembered her grandmother telling her that she had heard in olden times of this same church being the scene of a still more sacrilegious robbery, since it was then, the blessed sacrament that was carried off one day when it was left exposed in the empty church. A young girl came to the altar while everybody was busy in the harvest, and, mounting upon it, put the pyx into her apron, and went and placed it under a rose-tree in a wood. The shepherds who discovered it told

•

where it was, and nine priests came in procession to adore the blessed sacrament under the rose-tree, and to carry it back to the church. But for all that the poor shepherdess was arrested, tried, and condemned to be burned. Just when about to die, she requested to confess, and owned the fact to a priest; but it was not, she said, because of any thievish propensities she took it, but that she wanted to have the blessed sacrament in the forest. "I thought that the good God would be as satisfied under a rose-tree as on an altar." At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon, and to comfort the pious criminal, who was burnt on a stake of which the rose-tree formed the first faggot. This is what the beggar-woman said to me, while I listened to her as to a nightingale.

I heartily thanked her, and then offered her something as payment for her ballad; but she would only take flowers. "Give me a bit of that beautiful lilac." I gave her four bunches, big as plumes, and the poor old woman went off, her stick in one hand, her nosegay in another; and I back into the house with her ballad.

15<sup>th</sup>.—On waking I heard the nightingale, but only a sigh, a mere hint of his voice. I listened a long while, and heard nothing more. The charming musician had only just arrived, and was merely announcing himself. It was like the first sweep of the bow of a great concert. Everything sings or is about to sing now.

I have not read the life of the saint of to-day. I am going to do so; it is my custom before dinner.

I find that while one is eating, while one is at the *manger*, it is well to have something spiritual in one's mind, like the life of a saint.

It is charming, this life of St. Macédone, he who by his prayers obtained the birth of Theodoret, and who said to a huntsman, who marvelled to find the saint on the mountain-side, "You pursue animals, and I, I follow after God." These words include the whole life of saints and that of men of the world.

We have an additional guest in the kitchen, a cricket brought in this evening amongst some herbs. There it is established on our hearth, where the little creature will sing when it is merry. . . .

*Holy Thursday.*—I am come in, all fragrant from the chapel of moss, where the blessed sacrament rests. It is a beautiful day this, when God deigns to repose amidst the flowers and perfumes of spring. We did our very best, Mimi, I, and Rose, the pew opener, to make this resting-place, and we had the assistance of M. the Curé. I thought, while thus occupied, of the guest-chamber, the well-furnished room where Jesus willed to keep the passover with His disciples, giving Himself for the lamb. Oh, what a gift! What can one say of the Eucharist? I know not;—one adores, possesses, lives, loves;—the speechless soul loses itself in an abyss of joy. I thought of thee amidst these ecstasies, and would have given much to have had thee by my side at the holy table as thou wert three years ago.

*Easter Thursday.*—Here are several days that I have written neither to thee nor any one else. The services have occupied all my time, and I have lived, so to speak, in the church. Sweet and sacred life that I regret to see come to an end; but I find it again here whenever I will. I open the door of my little room, and there I enjoy calm meditative solitude. I know not why I ever leave it.

There is just now on my window-sill a bird, who has come to visit mine. He is frightened—he is off—and the poor caged one is saddened, and flutters as if he wanted to make his escape. I should do the same were I in his place, and yet I keep him prisoner. Shall I open his cage? He would fly away, would sing, build his nest, be happy; but he would be mine no longer, and I am fond of him and like having him. I shall keep him. Poor little linnet, thou wilt always be a prisoner; I enjoy thee at the cost of thy liberty; I pity, and yet detain thee! So it is that pleasure triumphs over justice. But what wouldst thou do, if I gave thee thy liberty? Dost know that thy wings, which have never been spread, could not carry thee far into that wide expanse thou seest through the wires of thy cage? Then thy food—thou wouldst not know where to find it. Thou hast never tasted what thy brothers eat, and, indeed, they would probably banish thee like a stranger from their family feast. Better stay with me, who care for thee. By night the dew would wet thy feathers, and the cold of early morning would prevent thee from singing.

In digging the field a stone has been turned up which covered a large hole ; I am going to see it. Jack, furnished with a rope, has been down into the cave and explored it on all sides. It is nothing but an excavation, incrusted with pretty little stones, rough, like sugared almonds ; I kept some as a memento of our discovery. Some day I will go down into the grotto, and perhaps I shall see something more there than Jack did.

24<sup>th</sup>.—All yesterday I was expecting the postman, hoping for letters from thee. They will come to-morrow, no doubt. This is how I comfort myself at every mail, this last fortnight that I have been kept in suspense. It is a very long time, and I begin to be uneasy at your silence. Can you be ill ? This idea occurs to me a hundred times a day and at night when I awake. “Get away !” I tell it ; “I do not believe thee.” But yet it is possible. The son of M. de Fenelons has too surely just died in Paris. My God ! how sad to die far from one’s own people, far from one’s home ! To-morrow I write to thee.

And now let us speak of other things. From M. Hippolyte’s letter Papa hopes that we may see him here. It would be a great happiness to us to have him, and to pay him some small part of what we owe him for his friendship to thee. Who can tell what he might think of Cayla, our climate, and ourselves ? People often form ideas about the unknown,

of which reality destroys the charm. Besides, I should not like him to come without thee. What would Cayla be to him without Maurice?—a desert in which he would soon weary of being alone. If he brought me his daughter, as he once spoke of doing, then he would feel very differently; his little girl would give a charm to everything, and Cayla might appear Le Val. I, too, should be very glad to see that child, to hold her on my knees, to caress and embrace her, to have her in my keeping for a few days. I could never say how much that little creature interests me, attaches me, no doubt, through her mother's memory; and then the poor child is made so interesting by her bereavement! Alas! it is so sad to have no mother, and especially at her age—at two years old. Young as she is, she already feels her loss, and will feel it more every day. The heart learns to sorrow as it learns to love. As she grows up, Marie will go on loving her mother more and mourning her more. Her future occupies me a good deal: I should like to know whether she will live, or whether God will recall her to Himself before she becomes acquainted with evil. This would be a sad thing for her father; but for her, oh! certainly not. Can one regret that a soul should go to heaven in all its innocence? What a beautiful death a child's is, and how one blesses those little coffins that the Church accompanies with gladness to the grave! I love them; I contemplate them; I

approach them as I do a cradle ; only I pity the mothers, I pray God to console them, and God does console them if they be Christians.

I have only written here to-day. I do not know why it has become thus necessary for me to write, were it but two words. Writing is my sign of life, as flowing is that of the fountain. I would not say it to others, it would appear such folly. Who knows what it is, this effusion of my soul—this want of pouring itself out before God and before some fellow-creature? I say some fellow-creature ; for it seems to me that thou art there, that this page is thee, and God, it seems to me, does listen to me, nay, answers me in a way that the soul hears, and that cannot be communicated. When I am alone, seated here or kneeling before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary, quietly listening to the Saviour's words. During the deep silence, when God alone speaks to it, my soul is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that is going on below or above, within, without ; but this does not last long. "Come, my poor soul !" I say, "return to the things of this world." And I take up my distaff, or a book, or a saucepan, or else I caress Wolf or Trilby. There you have the life of Heaven on earth. Just now I was milking one of our ewes. Oh, what good milk ; and how much I should like to have made thee taste it, this good ewe-milk of Cayla ! My friend, how many enjoyments thou lovest by not being here !

Eight o'clock. I must briefly note an excellent



supper that Papa, Mimi, and I have just made, by the kitchen fire, upon the servant's soup, boiled potatoes, and a cake that I baked yesterday in the oven with the bread. We had no one to wait on us but our dogs, Lion, Wolf, and Trilby, who, as it behoved them, licked up the crumbs. All our people are at church, at the catechising which goes on every evening preparatory to the confirmation. This meal in the chimney-corner, surrounded by dogs and cats—this tray, put on the logs of wood, was charming. Nothing was wanted to make it perfect but the cricket's chirp and thee. Have I not chattered enough to-day? and now I am going to listen to the "Vialarette," who is come back from Cordes. Another pleasure!

25<sup>th</sup>.—Here I am! before me a charming nosegay of lilacs that I have just been gathering on the terrace. My little room is made balmy by it. I sit here as if in a flower-pot, so much perfume do I inhale.

26<sup>th</sup>.—I don't know what took me away from the flowers yesterday; since then I have seen others in the Cahuzac road, which is entirely bordered with hawthorn. It is a pleasure to trot along midst all this fragrance, and to hear the little birds singing here and there in the hedges. Nothing is so delightful as these morning walks in spring, and I do not grudge rising early to ensure myself this delight. Soon I shall be getting up at five o'clock. I regulate my hours by the

sun, and we rise together. In winter he is idle, and so am I, and I only leave my bed about seven ; and even then the day seems long sometimes, when the sky is cloudy or when I am sad and waiting for a little sunshine, or some brightness in my own soul. Then the time is long. My God ! to think of finding one day long, when the whole of life is nothing ! The truth is that *ennui* has got hold of me, that it keeps possession of me, and that all that lasts long brings something of eternity into time. Oh ! how I pity a soul in purgatory, where waiting causes such suffering ; and then what a waiting ! Can we put in comparison with it any of our expectations here below, whether of fortune, glory, or whatever else makes the human heart pant ? One alone may perhaps be a shadow of it : love waiting for what it loves. Accordingly, Fénelon compares heavenly felicity to that of a mother at the moment when she once more sees the son she had believed dead. Twelve o'clock strikes : the time for writing is over.

Whenever I see passing by the cross a man who crosses himself or takes off his hat, I say to myself, "There goes a Christian ;" and I feel a reverence for him and do not bolt the doors if I chance to be alone in the house ; on the contrary, I stand at the window and watch that good Christian figure as long as I can, as I have just now been doing. One has nothing to fear from those who fear God. I would willingly have opened my door to the stranger I saw bowing

F

before the cross. May God be with him, wherever he goes! I, too, am just running off, but not very far—only to the church for vespers. It is Sunday: a day of expeditions for the body and seclusion for the soul, which therefore retires within itself and leaves thee. Another post-day, and I have no letter. What canst thou be thinking of, my friend?

27<sup>th</sup>.—I met the little hero of the *jug*. The poor child has lost his father; his mother, too, is dead; and ever since the orphan has a touching habit. He takes a handkerchief into bed, places it beside him in the place that was his mother's, and falls asleep sucking it. A gentle illusion this that consoles him, and attaches him so much to his bit of handkerchief that if he wakes without it between his lips he screams and cries! Then he calls for his mother, tells her to return, and can only compose himself with his doll. Innocent want this of the doll, most worthy of a child's spirit, and even of the grown man; for every mourner has his too, and solaces himself with the least image of his lost happiness.

28<sup>th</sup>.—When everybody is busy, and I am not wanted, I go into retreat, and come here at all hours to write, read, or pray. I note down here, too, what goes on, either in my mind or in the house, and in this way we shall be able to find again day by day the whole past. For me what passes is of little worth, and

I should not write it down, but that I say, "Maurice will be very glad to see what we were doing while he was away, and to re-enter thus into the family life;" and so I note it for thee.

But I observe that I hardly make any mention of others, and that my egotism always occupies the stage. I keep saying, "I do this; I have seen that, have thought so and so;" leaving the public in the background, after the manner of self-love; but mine is that of the heart, which knows only how to speak of itself. The inferior painter can but give his own portrait to his friend; the great painter has pictures to offer. So I go on with the portrait. But for the rain we had this morning, I should be now at Gaillac. Much obliged to the rain; I would rather be here. What drawing-room can be so pleasant as my bedroom? what companionship should I have had equal to what surrounds me now? Bossuet, St. Augustine, and other holy books, that speak to me when I will, enlighten, console, strengthen me, correspond to all my needs. To leave them grieves me, to take them with me is difficult; the best plan is not to leave them.

In my leisure moments I am reading a work of Leibnitz, which charms me by its catholicity and the admirable pious passages it contains, as, for instance, this on confession: "I look upon a pious, earnest, and discreet confessor as a great instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of souls; for his counsels serve to direct our affections, to enlighten us

as to our faults, to help us to avoid occasions of sin, to dissipate doubts, to raise the downcast spirit ; in short, to remove or mitigate all diseases of the soul ; and if we can hardly find anything on earth more excellent than a faithful friend, what happiness to find one who shall be bound by the inviolable religion of a divine Sacrament to preserve the faith and to succour souls."

Now, this heavenly friend I have in M. Bories : hence the tidings of his departure profoundly afflict me. I am sad with a sadness which makes the soul weep. I should not say this elsewhere : it would be taken ill, and, perhaps, would not be understood. The world does not know what a confessor is to one : the man who is the friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light ; he who binds us and looses, who gives us peace, who opens the gates of heaven ; to whom we speak upon our knees, calling him, as we do God, our Father ; nay, faith makes him in very deed God and Father to us. When I am at his feet, I see in him only Jesus listening to the Magdalen, and forgiving her much because she has loved much. Confession is but the expansion of repentance into love.\*

\* The reader will find the preceding passage literally repeated in the next book ; we have not felt authorized to suppress the repetition ; it only proves the special importance Mademoiselle de Guérin attached to these ideas, and possibly the secret satisfaction that she may have unconsciously felt in expressing them in so concise and emphatic a manner.

5<sup>th</sup> May (at Gaillac).—Nothing was spoken of yesterday evening but the death of a young girl just as she was coming away from a ball, where she had spent the night. Poor young girl's soul! where art thou? I have too many occupations to listen to my own thoughts. Let them retire.

9<sup>th</sup>.—And I too have just returned from a dance, being the first I have seen and shared in; but my heart was not in cue, and yearned for rest; and besides, I danced ill, both from want of taste and habit. I heard myself laughed at, and this did not amuse me; but I amused the laughers, which was one way of lending oneself to the promotion of pleasure. I did so with hearty good will; but this complaisance would soon weary me, as everything belonging to the world does, since I always feel myself a stranger there. Seated on a sofa, I keep thinking of the green-sward, or the chestnut-tree, or the rabbit-warren, where one is so much better off.

Oh leave to me my reveries,  
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,  
My streamlets running where they please,  
My flowery hills, my forest trees,  
My blue-waved river flowing there.

And let my life that stream beside,  
Like it pursue its onward way,  
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,  
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,  
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,  
Bordered with flowers, the hills between,  
Playing with moss shreds in its flow,  
With grasses waving to and fro,  
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours rocked by each wind that blows,  
Linked hand in hand steal soft away,  
In their light track my thoughts uncloze,  
As fast and fresh as grass that grows  
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear ;  
My God ! it is not so to me,  
Two angels—poetry and prayer—  
Like sister's love, like mother's care,  
Cradle and keep it pure for thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,  
A hope, a wish, a memory,  
Like butterfly beside a stream ;  
And in each morning's sunny gleam,  
It sees its whole futurity.

Drop upon drop, but honey-sweet,  
Thus to its share the days are given ;  
There is not one it fears to meet,  
Oh God ! thus doubtless at thy feet,  
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,  
Death must draw very gently nigh,  
Like flowers half-faded by the sun,  
When the long summer day is done,  
We only bend our heads and die.

And if but Faith and Hope be there,  
Why what is Death ? To close our eyes.  
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,  
To yield our soul to angels' care,  
And sleep, to waken in the skies.

JUSTIN MAURICE.

This is the prettiest thing and the most to my taste that I have found since I have been here ; accordingly, I take possession of it. If it be fine, I shall leave this evening. Enchanting idea ! I shall see Papa, Mimi. What a sweet thing a return home is !

[*No date.*].—Here I am at this dear Cayla, and have been several days without telling thee. The fact is, in taking my copybook out of my portmanteau I placed it under a carpet, and there it has lain ever since. In rummaging about my hand fell upon it, the book opened, and I continue the writing. It was a sweet moment when I saw my family again—Papa, Mimi, Erembert, who all embraced me so tenderly, and made me feel how deep the happiness of being loved.

Yesterday was a fortunate day ; four letters and two friends arrived, M. Bories and the Abbé F——, the brother of Cécile. I do not know which of the two gave us most pleasure or was most agreeable, the one by his mind, the other by his heart. We had a great deal of chat ; we laughed, drank healths, and, as a wind up, set to playing childish games, and cheating each other. No solemnity at all ; it was a day of relaxation, when the soul takes its ease while retaining its bent ; it was the mirthfulness of priests and Christian friends.

As we were at dessert two letters were brought in,



the one from Lili, the other from that poor Philibert,\* who is more and more unhappy. This letter is heartbreaking. I read it out at table, and saw tears in the eyes of our good priests. M. Bories recalled that on the morning of his departure Philibert ran to his bedside, and said, "I am off, Monsieur le Curé, perhaps I am leaving my country for ever; say mass to-day, I beg you, to my intention." He did say it, I remember, and we attended it, my aunt and I weeping as much as we prayed. This good cousin says charmingly kind things to me, things that go to the heart, and may not pass the lips. I suppressed them in reading the letter. He speaks of my poetry written to my poor friend of Le Val, and sent to him by Papa. Thus, then, this memorial has crossed the seas, and they know at the other end of the world that I loved you, my poor Marie, but they do not know that I mourn you now, and that you have been so early taken from us. But they will know that, too, for I have written about this death to our friends in the Isle of France, and I shall feel that you are regretted by hearts most worthy to offer you their regrets.

Philibert is sending us two fans, and some seeds of marine-plants, gathered by him and his wife in the Bay du Tombeau. What a hurry I am in to have them, to see them; see them sprout, grow, blossom!

\* M. Philibert de Roquefeuil.

They come in return for a rose-leaf that I sent him last spring. I was holding the rose in my hand, a petal fell on the letter, and I folded it up in it, and let it go, saying to myself that it had thus detached itself in order to take to that poor exile some of the perfume of his own country; and, in truth, it did give him very great delight.

18<sup>th</sup>.—Who could ever have guessed what has happened to me to-day? I am surprised, engrossed, and much pleased by it. I think and contemplate my present constantly, my Creole poems, addressed to me by a poet of the Isle of France. I shall speak of them to-morrow, it is now too late; but I could not sleep without noting down here this event of my day and my life.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Here I am at the window, listening to a chorus of nightingales, which sing in the Moulinasse in a ravishing way. Oh the beautiful picture, the beautiful concert which I have to quit, to go and take some relief to poor lame Annette!

22<sup>nd</sup>.—Mimi has left me for a fortnight; she is at —, and I pity her in the midst of that paganism; she so holy and good a Christian! As Louise once said to me, she makes upon one the effect of a righteous soul in hell, but we shall get her away as soon as the time allowed to the proprieties is over.

I, on my part, think it long; I get tired of my solitude, so much have I the habit of being two together. Papa is in the fields almost all the day, Eran out shooting; for sole society I have Trilby and my chickens, which are as noisy as imps, and occupy without amusing me, for *ennui* is at the very core and basis of my soul to-day. What I like best has little power to divert me. I have tried to read, write, pray, but each and all only lasted a moment; even prayer wearied me. 'Tis sad, oh my God! Fortunately I recalled those words of Fénelon, "If God wearies you, tell him that he wearies you." Oh! indeed I did tell him this folly!

23<sup>rd</sup>.—I have just spent the night in writing to thee. The day replaced the candle; it was not worth while to go to bed. Oh, if Papa knew it!

24<sup>th</sup>.—How swiftly it passed, my friend, that night spent in writing to thee! The dawn appeared when I thought it was about midnight; it was three o'clock, though, and I had seen many a star pass, for from my window I can see the sky, and from time to time I look up to and consult it, and feel as though an angel were dictating to me. Whence, in fact, but from above, can come so many tender, exalted, sweet, true, pure things with which my heart fills when I speak to thee! Yes, it is God who gives them to me, and I send them to thee. May my letter do thee good! Thou wilt

get it on Tuesday. I wrote it by night, in order to have it despatched by the morning mail, and thus save a day. I was in such a hurry to come directly and strengthen thee in the state of weakness and weariness I see thee in. But I do not see it; I guess it from thy letter, and from a few words of Félicité's. Would to God I could see it, could discover what disturbs thee, then I should know on what to lay the balm that I now apply by hazard. Oh, how I long for thy letters! Write to me, speak, explain thyself; let me see thee; let me know what it is thou art suffering, and what makes thee suffer. Sometimes I think that it is nothing but a little of that dark mood that we have at times, and which makes us so sad when it pervades our hearts. One must get rid of it as soon as possible, for it is a poison that spreads rapidly, and would make us mad or brutal. It prevents our desiring anything noble or elevated. I know some one who in this condition cares for no other pleasure than eating, and in general this person's soul is very independent of the senses. This shows how every passion degrades us, and defection is a passion that consumes, alas! many lives. I look upon those whom it possesses as pretty nearly lost. Has some duty to be fulfilled? Oh, impossible! They are melancholy men; ask from them nothing, whether for God or for themselves, except what their mood may allow.

27<sup>th</sup>.—In my solitude to-day I have nothing better

to do than to hunt among my papers, to look over my old memoranda, my writings, my former thoughts of various kinds. I saw some that were good, that is, rational; some pious, some exaggerated, absurd, like this. "If I dared, I should ask God why I am in this world? What do I in it; what have I to do? I know not. My days pass uselessly by, hence I do not regret them. . . *If I could* but do myself or any one else good for one moment only in the course of the day!" Why, good heavens, nothing was easier; I had only to take a glass of water, and give it to a poor man! This is how depression leads us into extravagance; makes us say, Wherefore life, since life wearies me? Wherefore duties, since they weigh upon me? Wherefore a heart, a soul? Wherefores without end, and we can do nothing, will nothing? We neglect ourselves, weep, are wretched, shut ourselves up; and the devil, who sees us thus alone, comes to divert us with all his seductions. Then, when these are exhausted, suicide still remains. Heavens! what an end, what madness, and how it gains ground every day, even in the country. A young peasant of Bleys, well off, and loved by his parents, killed himself out of melancholy. Everything wearied him, life above all. He was religious, but not enough so to conquer a passion. God alone can give us strength and resolution in this terrible conflict, and, however weak and small we be, with His aid one can at length hold the giant down beneath one's knees. But for that we must

pray; pray much, as Jesus Christ has taught us to do, crying, "Our Father!" This filial cry touches the heart of God, and always obtains us some blessing. My friend, I long to see thee pray like a good child of God's. What would it cost thee? Thy spirit is naturally loving, and what is prayer but love, a love that gushes out from the soul, as water from the fountain. You understand this better than I. M. de Lamennais has said divers things on this subject, which must assuredly have penetrated thy heart if thou hast heard them; but, unfortunately, he has also said other things which will, I fear, have prevented the good effects of the former. What a misfortune, once more; what a misfortune that thou shouldst be under the influence of this misguided genius. Poor Maurice! One must not think of this.

27<sup>th</sup>.—I made a mistake in the date yesterday, and anticipated one day. I correct myself; let us not go quicker than time itself, which advances, alas! rapidly enough. Are we not already at the end of the month, which finishes in a fine commotion? At the moment I write, we have thunder, wind, lightning, the castle shaking, torrents of rain like a deluge. I listen to all this from my inundated window, and I cannot write on the sill, as I do every evening. It is a great pity, for it makes a charming desk, overlooking this garden-mound, so green, so pretty, so fresh, all perfumed with its acacias.

28<sup>th</sup>.—Our sky to-day is pale and languishing, like a beautiful face after a fever. This languid state has many charms, and the blending of verdure and *débris*, of flowers that open above fallen flowers, of singing birds, and little torrents flowing, this stormy aspect, and this look of May, make up altogether a something unformal, sad and smiling both, that I like. But this is Ascension-day, let us leave earth, and the earth's sky; let us rise higher than our own abode, and follow Jesus Christ whither he has entered in. This is a very beautiful festival, the festival of detached, free, heavenly souls, which delight themselves beyond the visible, there, whither they are attracted by God.

29<sup>th</sup>.—Never was there a longer storm; it still lasts. For three days the thunder and rain have been going on incessantly. All the trees are bent beneath this deluge; it is sad to see them thus languishing and oppressed in the glorious triumph of their May. We were saying so this evening at the hall window, as we watched the poplars of the Pontet drooping their heads quite mournfully, like some one bending beneath adversity. I pitied them, or very nearly so; whatever appears to suffer seems as if it had a soul.

30<sup>th</sup>.—Rain, always rain. It is weather for composing music or poetry. Every one yawns as they count the hours that never come to an end. It is an eternity for Papa especially, he, who is so fond of out-

of-door life and its amusements. There he is, as it were, in prison, turning over from time to time an old history of the Berlin Academy, a very opiate, most drowsy reading, which made me run away the moment I touched the volume. Only think! I stumbled upon the 'Theology of Being.' I shut it up at once. I fancied I was looking down a well, a well without water; a darksome void has always frightened me. There are, however, some profundities that I delight in, as, for instance, the 'Existence of God,' by Fénelon. The impression that book left on me is still as it were present; it afforded me infinite enjoyment, which could not have been the case if I had not in some measure understood it. To feel, we must be touched. I felt therefore . . . . I am reasoning in *Salabert* fashion, am I not? But, be it as it may, that reading was good for me; I seemed to know more of God, both by the mind and the heart, in the same way Fénelon did. I should like to have his religious works, those 'Spiritual Letters' especially, in which Fénelon is so elevated, so tender, so loving. I have those of Bossuet, which are my delight, the others are my desire. Since I have got upon this subject I will just tell thee all my fancies as regards works of piety. I have been for a long time back forming a library, the shelves of which, alas! are still empty. Here it is: first, of St. Augustine's works, the 'City of God;' his meditations, sermons, soliloquies, and all else within my grasp; the letters



of St. Jerome, his treatises on education for the benefit of the little Marcella; the letters, too, of St. Gregory of Nanzianzen; the poems of St. Paulinus; the 'Spiritual Field' of Jean Mose; the writings of St. Theresa, of Louis de Blois, the letters of St. Bernard, and his opusculi, addressed to his sister; the writings of St. Catherine of Genoa, so esteemed by Leibnitz; St. Francis de Sales. I will go on with my catalogue by and bye; I must now tell my rosary.

[*No date.*].—Since this pause many days have passed, many events occurred at Cayla, which kept me away from my little room. Here I am for a moment, in which thou shalt see my four days, all that time that passed without writing. But no; is it worth while to mark down my time? It is but writing in dust. I don't know why I fancy that it can give thee any pleasure, this rubbish of things, days and paper. Mimi arrived yesterday with Eliza, to whom I have given up my little room; that is to say, that I enter it less, read less, think less. I belong to Eliza, and am just going to join her for a walk.

13<sup>th</sup> June.—I return to my forsaken book, and note down therein what has come to me in the course of the day: two beautiful books, the 'Imitation' of Lamennais, and the 'Spiritual Guide' of Louis de Blois. Thanks, Maurice, for these pious presents. They will be two relics for the soul and the heart both, and

we will pray for thee every time that we read, Mimi her 'Guide,' and I my 'Imitation.'

18<sup>th</sup>.—M. the Curé has just gone away, leaving me one of thy letters, that he furtively slipped into my hand in the midst of them all. I very quietly *trembled* my thanks, and, guessing what it was, I went out and read thee at my ease in the rabbit-warren. How fast I walked, how I shook, how I burned over that letter in which at last I was to see thee! I have seen you, but I do not feel that I know you; it is only your head that you show me; it is the heart, the soul, their secrets, that which constitutes your life, that I had expected to behold. You only show me your way of thinking. You make me rise, and I wanted to descend, to know thee through and through in thy tastes, thy moods, thy principles; in a word, to make a tour of discovery in every chink and cranny of thy nature. I am therefore not satisfied with what you tell me, and yet I find in it reason to bless God, for I expected worse. I shall tell thee all this in my letter, it is useless here; my reflexions would be all ancient history by the time you read them.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Am I not unfortunate? I wanted to write a letter; I began it, and could not go on, for want of ideas. My head is empty just now. There are times when I find myself exhausted, when my mind dries up like a fountain; then it takes to flowing again. Mean-

G

while, waiting for a fresh water supply, I admire my turtle-dove, who is cooing away with all its might below my window.

I am going to write to thee privately, and, to circumvent the inquisitive who may chance to come into my room, I shall have two letters, one above, one below, and, when any one comes, I shall only have to transpose them. What I am telling thee would be understood by no one, with the exception of Mimi, who is in the secret. Papa would be pained at it, and would make himself uneasy about thee. It is better to deceive him, and let him believe that I am writing to Louise, as I told him. For I really am going to begin my double letter, and to speak in two voices. Now for it.

A wedding is going along the Cordes road; just now they were tolling for a death in that direction. Such is human life. I see the whole of it in my little picture.

12th.—We have lost one of our poor people, the lame Annette, she who kissed me so warmly for some grapes I gave her. Poor girl! I hope that she is now praying for us in heaven. She died without thinking of it, or rather she thought of it every day, but she was not conscious of the approach of her last hour.

17th.—A day of mourning. We have lost my

grandmother. This morning Papa entered my room early, came up to my bed, and, taking my hand, pressed it, saying, "Get up, dear." "Why?" Again he pressed my hand. "Get up." "Something is the matter, tell me?" "My mother . . ." I understood at once; I had left her dying.

31st.—This book, that I forsake and then return to, of what use will it be if I continue it? An idea occurs to me. If I die before thee, I bequeath it to thee. It will be pretty nearly all my property, but this legacy of the heart will surely have some value for thee. I determine therefore to enrich it, that thou mayest say, "My sister left me all she could." A fine fortune, indeed; a few sadnesses, tears, thoughts, making up almost the whole of the life! If anything better ever occurs in it, it is rare; so rare that one gets transported with it, as I do, when something comes to me from Heaven, or from those I love.

For the last fortnight I have had several of these sweet moments. All my friends have written to me about my grandmother, and said many tender and consolatory things on the subject of her death; but God alone can console. To the heart when it is sad, human props, that bend beneath its weight of sadness, will not suffice. This reed must have better supports than other reeds. Oh! how well Jesus has said, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden." It is only there, only in the bosom of God, that we can

weep tears that truly relieve us. How happy we are, we who are Christians! We have no sorrows that God does not soothe.

*1st August.*—This evening my turtle-dove has died, I have no idea of what, for it was cooing away quite lately. Poor little thing, how I regret it! I loved it; it was pure white, and every morning its voice was the first I heard under my window, winter and summer alike. Was this enjoyment or complaint? I do not know; but it gave me pleasure to hear it. Here is one pleasure less. So it is, each day we lose some delight. I shall place my dove under a rose-bush on the terrace. It seems to me that it will be comfortable there, and that its soul (if soul it has) will repose sweetly in that nest beneath the flowers. I am rather inclined to believe in the soul of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for harmless and gentle ones, like doves, dogs, and lambs. But then, what to do with wolves and other wicked sorts! To damn them goes against me. Hell is only the punishment of unrighteousness, and what unrighteousness does the wolf commit when he eats a lamb? He wants it, and this want, which does not justify the man, justifies the animal, that has not received any law superior to that of instinct. In following its instinct, it is good or bad merely with relation to us; there is no *will*, that is to say, no choice in brute actions, and consequently neither right nor wrong, neither paradise

nor hell. Nevertheless, I can't help regretting paradise, and that there should be no animals in heaven. My God ! what is it I am saying ? Shall we want anything pertaining to here below to make us blest there above ?

*2nd.*—Rain ; and one of thy letters. This letter was confidently expected because of the events that have taken place both here and at Paris. You had heard from the family plans of marriage and tidings of death, and you were bound to inform me what that infernal machine that exploded was, and what came of the explosion. Deaths, calamities, tears ! How I pity thee for being upon that volcano, Paris !

*3rd.*—Nothing.

*4th.*—I have wanted to speak to thee of thy birth, of my joy when I heard of it, and how I made haste to open that portmanteau where Papa told me he had got thee. I wanted to tell thee all that and many other things, about the baptism and thy early life ; but I was sad, afflicted, tearful, and when I weep I do not write, I only pray ; it is all I can do ; but now a degree of serenity is returning to me. God has been with me ; then came books, and a letter from Louise, three things that make me happy. When I began to write I was quite sad, and afterwards I felt almost joy, and that I had God within my heart. O, my friend, did you but know how sweetly the soul in affliction con-

soles itself in God ! what strength it draws from divine power !

The book—I mean the work which gives me such delight—is Fénelon, that Papa has bought me. All my life long I had wished to have these Spiritual Letters, so sweet, so heavenly, so adapted to every condition and attitude of the soul. I shall make them my consolation and support now that I am about to lose M. Bories, and that my soul feels itself as it were orphaned. I had asked some substitute from God, and these letters have come to me ; accordingly, I look upon them as a gift from Heaven. Thanks to God and to my father.

20th.—I have just been hanging around my neck a medal of the blessed Virgin that Louise has sent me as a preservative from the cholera. It is the medal that has worked so many miracles, they say. This is not an article of faith, but it does no harm to believe it. I do therefore believe in the holy medal as in the sacred image of a mother the sight of whom may do one good. I shall throughout life wear on my heart this holy relic of the Virgin and of my friend, and will have faith in it if the cholera comes, a disease for which there is no human remedy. Let us then have recourse to the miraculous. People do not sufficiently trust to Heaven, and so they tremble. I don't know why, but this advance of the cholera does not affect me. I should not think about it were it not for

the prayers ordered by the Archbishop. Why is this, I wonder? Can it be through indifference? I should be sorry for that. I would be insensible to nothing, not even the plague. Whence comes my security?

21st.—Here is another ornament for my little room, St. Theresa, that I have been at length able to get framed. I was longing to have this beautiful saint before my eyes, above the table where I say my prayers, where I write, where I read. It will be an inspiration, helping me to pray, love, and suffer well. I shall raise my heart and eyes to her in my prayers and my sadnesses. I begin at once and say: "Look down on me from Heaven, blessed Saint Theresa; see me on my knees before your picture contemplating the features of a lover of Jesus with an earnest desire to have them engraved in me. Obtain for me this holy resemblance, obtain for me something of yourself; lend me your glance to seek for God, your mouth to pray to him, your heart to love him. May I obtain your courage in adversity, your meekness in suffering, your constancy in temptation." St. Theresa suffered for twenty years from disinclination to prayer without letting herself be disheartened. This is of all her triumphs the one that surprises me most. I am far from such constancy, but I like to remember that when I lost my mother I went, like St. Theresa, to throw myself at the feet of the Holy Virgin, and pray her to take me for her daughter. This occurred be-



fore the Chapel of the Rosary, in the Church of St. Peter's, at Gaillac. I was then thirteen.

23<sup>rd</sup>.—But for the dreams that I had last night I should not write to thee, but I have seen thee, have embraced thee, spoken to thee ; and of all this, illusion though it be, I needs must speak, because my heart is touched thereby. Raymond is arrived. Who knows whether he may not be bringing me a letter from thee ? I should be very glad to have some private communication, such as thou hast often sent on similar occasions. 'Tis one sign of life and tenderness, this dear writing ; let us write to each other, then, and do thou write to me. I have just despatched a letter of nine pages to Louise. This would be long, would be endless to any one else, but between us two there can never be enough. When the heart truly loves it is insatiable. I should dearly like to write to thee in the same way. There is a cloud that passes, such a black one that I can hardly see on my white paper. This reminds me of many a dark thought that sometimes passes thus over the soul.

24<sup>th</sup>.—The morning began pleasantly with a letter from Auguste, who tells me much about you. This good cousin is fond of you ; one sees that. I wish with all my heart that this charming plan of travel could get itself accomplished, and that I were one of the party. Oh ! to come and see thee in Paris ! . . .

But no ; that would be too charming for this world ; let us not think of it. I have half an idea that we are only to meet again in the other world. There is this cholera ; no doubt it will come here. I expect it, and put my soul in order as well as I can, so as not to die unprepared, the only thing to fear, for the misfortune does not lie in quitting life. I do not say this in the sense of one merely tired of living ; there are holy desires of death that occur to the Christian soul. Another cloud, which forces me to leave thee. That cloud brought a deluge—thunder, wind, all the hurly burly of a storm. While it lasted I was running here and there, thinking of my chickens, and warming a shirt for this little boy who has arrived half-drowned ; at present everything is calm and going on as usual. The extraordinary does not last long here. My cousin Fontenilles is come to see us ; he is to sleep in the little room, my dear nook that does for everything ; an excellent use of human things, all for all. But thou, my copybook in with thee ; *this is not for the public, this belongs to the intimate, the soul* ; THIS IS FOR ONE.

25<sup>th</sup>.—St. Louis' day ; a great festival in France during a long period, but only kept in heaven now that kings are being done away with. Saint Louis, pray for France and for thy descendants ; obtain for them the kingdom of Heaven.

26<sup>th</sup>.—How marvellous grace is ! To-day I have

to admire it in St. Genès, of whom it made a Christian while he was acting the mysteries of Christianity on the stage. All at once God revealed himself to his soul, and the comedian became a martyr.

27<sup>th</sup>.—My heart is stirred, penetrated, entirely filled with a letter that I have received this morning from M. de La Morvonnais, in which he speaks to me of Marie, of another world, of his depression, of thee, of death, of all those subjects that interest me so much. This is why these letters give me a delight that I feared to feel too keenly, for all delights are dangerous. But you wished it, and therefore only for love of you I have kept up this correspondence, which will now have many charms ; in the first place, those of sympathy. As you had told me was the case, I find that your friend has nearly the same ideas as my own respecting the religious and the mournful ; his soul often weeps and prays, like mine.

To-day he tells me that his prayers are lukewarm and wandering, and asks me to plead for him before God. Most assuredly I will, for his soul is dear to me, and this soul suffers, and excites my compassion. I will therefore pour over it the balm of prayer, which, far away as I am, will reach him by way of heaven. At least, I believe it will ; blessed faith, which gives me the hope of consoling the afflicted. This is another reason why I enjoy this correspondence ; to do good is so sweet ! to comfort those that weep is divine !

Jesus did this when on earth, and it is from Him I learn it. Yes, my friend, it is from the cross that come the thoughts your friend finds so sweet, so *inexpressibly* tender. Nothing is my own. I feel my aridity, but feel also that God, when he wills, makes an ocean flow over the sandy bed. It is thus with many a simple soul from whence admirable things proceed, because they are in direct relation with God, have no science and no pride. Hence I am losing my taste for books. I say to myself, what can they teach me but what I shall one day know in heaven? Let God be my master and my study! And I act accordingly, and find it profitable to me. I read little; I go out little; I introvert myself. Within, how much gets said, done, felt, how many things go on there! O couldst thou see them! but what were the use of their being seen? God alone should penetrate into the sanctuary of the soul. To-day my soul abounds with poetry and prayer. I observe that these two streams flow together both in me and in others.

The blind man prays and sings upon his wandering way, the soldier on the battle-field, the sailor on the seas, the poet over his lyre, the priest before the altar, the child as it begins to speak, the hermit in his cell, the angels in heaven, the saints throughout the earth, all pray and sing; it is only the dead who neither sing nor pray. Poor dead!

28th.—Saint Augustine's to-day, a saint I love so

much because he loved so much ; and besides, I bear his name, and I have implored him to give me a portion of his spirit as well. What a beautiful spirit, and how divinely it reveals itself in his Confessions ! At every word of that book one feels the love of God penetrate drop by drop into the heart, however hard it be. Why have I not a memory to retain it all ? but unfortunately mine is so evanescent, I might as well read nothing ; it did not use to be so. The truth is, I am declining, and all my faculties decrease, except that of loving. Love is the soul which dies not ; which goes on growing, soaring like flame. I have had a letter from Louise, from my sweet friend, who always tells me that she loves me. The letter is short, three pages only, because she was hurried, and quite taken up with her sister the countess, who had only just arrived. It was in her arms that Louise wrote me the tender *memento* that quite suffices me to-day. It was the Abbé de Bayne d'Alos that brought it me, on his return from Rayssac.

29<sup>th</sup>.—A beautiful sky, beautiful sun, beautiful day. This is in itself a delight, for fine weather is rare just now, and I feel it a boon. It is indeed a great boon to have lovely scenery, a pure air, and a radiant sky—slight images, these, of the celestial abode—making us think of God ! I shall go this evening to Cahuzac, my dear pilgrimage. Meanwhile I must occupy my-

self with my soul, and see how it has stood as to its relations with God during the last week. Such a retrospect wonderfully enlightens, instructs, and advances the heart in the knowledge of God and of its own self. Was there not a philosopher who prescribed this mental exercise three times a day to his disciples, and his disciples practised it? I will do the same in the school of Jesus, that I may learn to be wise with Christian wisdom.

31st.—I spent the whole of yesterday at Cahuzac, and a few hours alone in our grandmother's house. First of all I knelt down on the "Prie-Dieu," where she was in the habit of praying; then I went over her room,—I looked at her chairs, her arm-chair, her furniture all deranged, as it is when one moves; I saw her bed *empty*. I went everywhere where she used to go, and remembered that passage of Bossuet, "The time will come when others will pass where I once was, and they will find me there no more. There is his room, there is his bed, will they say, and of all this nothing remains but my tomb, where it will be said that I am, and *I shall not be there*." Oh what an idea of our nothingness lies in this absence from the very tomb, in this so rapid dispersion of our dust in the vaults of death! To-morrow, I change, and go to Cahuzac, on account of some repairs in the house, which will detain me some days. These will be quite

unique days, and I mean to note them down, and to take my Journal with me. I am going now to write to Antoinette, my angel friend.

Some hours have passed, and now I have written to Antoinette and Irène, and yet I had nothing, next to nothing, to tell them. My life affords but little or Cayla either, because everything is so quiet there. But then heart-communications are sweet, and I am easily led into them. Besides they do me good, and relieve my soul of its sadness. When waters begin to flow they set out with foam on their surface, and grow clear on their way. For me, my way lies in God—or in a friend—but especially in God; there I hollow myself out a channel, and find calm therein.

*1st September.*—Here I am at Cahuzac in another little room, leaning on my elbow on the small table where I write. Everywhere I must have tables and paper, because everywhere my thoughts follow me, and want to pour themselves out for thee, my friend. I have sometimes the idea that thou wilt find a certain charm in them, and this idea encourages and leads me on; but for this, my heart would very often remain closed, through indolence or indifference, to whatever is mine.

I have sometimes childlike pleasures, as, for instance, that of coming for a few days here. You could not imagine how cheerfully I came to take possession of this deserted house. The fact is, you see, that I find

myself alone—quite alone—in a place that favours meditation. I hear the passers-by without even disturbing myself; I am at the foot of the church; I can catch the very last vibration of the bell which rings in noon, or the Angelus, and I listen to it as to a harp. Then I can go and pray, can confess when I will; this is enough for a few days of happiness, of a happiness *my very own*. Papa will come and see me this afternoon. I enjoy this visit as though we had been separated for a long time.

The devil tempted me just now in a little closet, where I stumbled upon some romances. Read a word or two, I said to myself; let's just look at this, look at that; but the titles were very displeasing to me. There were 'Love Letters of a Nun,' 'The General Confession of a Rake,' and other histories of that character. Fie upon the very idea of my reading such trash! I am no longer tempted now, and am only going to remove those books from the closet, or rather to throw them into the fire.

22nd.—Ever since I returned from Cahuzac, my confidant has been sleeping in a corner, and would sleep there still, were this not the 22nd of September, the day of St. Maurice, and thy name-day, which has afforded me a degree of joy, and re-opened my heart to the pleasure of writing to thee and leaving some memorials here. I remember that on the same day last year I also wrote to thee, and spoke about



thy festival. I was happy, I saw *to-day*, and thee; hoping then to embrace thee on St. Maurice's, and there thou art a hundred leagues off! My God! how ill we reckon, and how little ought we to reckon upon anything in life!

Monsieur the Curé and his sister have come to keep thy festival, and drink thy health. But what is better is that Monsieur the Curé remembered thee at mass, and that Françoise also prayed for you. May St. Maurice protect thee, and make thee strong in the conflicts of life! Will you bring me back his image that I gave you?

27<sup>th</sup>.—\* . . . . .

[*No date.*—]—You must not be surprised at the gaps in this Journal, not even at an entire abandonment of it. I do not care much for writing down what passes, sometimes not at all, unless the idea of giving you pleasure comes across me. Sometimes it puts the pen in my hand and dictates to me interminably. But, my friend, wilt thou indeed ever read me? Would it be well for thee to see me thus, to see down to the very depths of my soul? This doubt keeps me back, so that I do not say much, or rather say nothing for whole months. To-day, a Sunday morning in my little room, before my cross and my St. Theresa, my soul has felt

\* Here a whole page is effaced.

calm ; and therefore I thought I should not do you harm, and give myself up once more to the charm of a confidential outpouring. Do not let us dwell on the past, let us leave a blank.

[19<sup>th</sup> Nov.]—To-day, November 19, I have taken up my poor forsaken book, already gnawed by rats, and the idea has occurred to me of returning to it and continuing to write. This writing gives me pleasure, diverts me in my solitude ; but I have often neglected it, and I shall neglect it again. Nevertheless, I will fill my page to-day, and to-morrow we shall see. I find myself changed. My books, my poems, my birds, that I was so fond of, all these used to occupy my heart and head, and now. . . . No I am not doing right, and I am not happy since the renunciation of the affections of my life ; are not they sufficiently innocent for me to permit myself the whole of them ? My God, the recluses of the Thebaid occupied themselves in the same way. I see them work, read, pray, write ; some of them singing, others making mats and baskets, all working for God, who blessed the labour of each. In like manner I will offer him my days and everything that is to fill them, whether work or prayers, whether writing or thoughts, not excepting this little manuscript book that I also desire to see blest.

[No date.]—I have passed the day in complete solitude, alone, quite alone ; Papa is at the Cordes

H

fair, Eran dining at the priest's house, Mimi at Gaillac. They are all dispersed, and I for my part have thought much, and realised what a longer dispersion would be ; and that, alas ! will come one day. But I am wrong in dwelling upon gloomy thoughts that do me so much harm. These things are to the soul what clouds are to the eyes.

30th.—Oh, my God, more tears ! In vain we determine not to afflict ourselves, every day brings some affliction, some loss. Here we are now mourning that poor cousin De Thézac, who was so fond of us. Oh ! no doubt he is better off now than we ; he must be in heaven, for he suffered much. His patience was admirable, both throughout his life of pain and just now in his last trials. Mimi, whom I was expecting, was not able to come ; she remained with the sufferer, helping him, exhorting him in his last moments, speaking to him of heaven.

Oh, how well Mimi knows to speak on these subjects, and how I should wish to have her by my side when I was dying ! Papa is gone to see the bereaved family, and I am alone in my room with my thoughts in mourning, and the thousand voices of the wind that, like an organ, moans for the dead. One should find this accompaniment good for praying, for writing ; but what should I write ? A little sleep will be better. The repose of the body passes over into the soul. I am therefore going to bed, after a *De profundis* for the

dead, and a remembrance of thee before God. May He grant thee a good night! I never go to sleep without occupying myself about thy rest. Who knows, I say to myself, if Maurice is as comfortable as he would be here, where I should see to the making of his bed? Who knows whether he may not be cold? Who knows? . . . and a thousand other too tender tender-nesses.

*1st Dec.*—I am thinking of the grave that opens this morning at Gaillac to swallow up those human remains until God shall revive them. This is the fate of us all, we must be thrown into the earth, must decay in the furrows of death before we can attain to flowering time; but then, how happy we shall be to live, and even to have lived. Immortality will make us feel the full value of life and all that we owe to God for having drawn us out of nothingness. This is a blessing of which we think but little and enjoy almost unconsciously, for often life gives no pleasure. But what matters that to the Christian? Through tears and rejoicings alike, he ever walks towards heaven; his goal is there, what he meets on the way can hardly turn him aside. Do you think that if I were running to you, a flower in my path, or a thorn in my foot would have power to stop me?

Here I am at the evening of a day filled with a myriad of thoughts, and with a variety of things of which I am taking account beside my bedroom fire,

by the light of a little lamp, now my only companion at night. But for the misfortune that has taken place at Gaillac, I should have Mimi by my side, and we should chat, and I should tell to her herself what I should but say ill to this dumb confidant.

*2nd.*—Nothing interesting but the arrival of a little dog, who is to be Lion's substitute with the flock. He is handsome and very caressing, I like him and am trying to find a name for him. It would be Polydor in remembrance of the dog of La Chênaie ; but for a shepherd dog it is a pretentious name ; Battle will be more appropriate to the champion of the flock.

The air is mild this morning, the birds sing as in spring, and some sunshine visits my little room. I like it thus and enjoy myself as much in it as in the most beautiful place in the world, all solitary as it is. This is because I make of it just what I will, a drawing-room, a church, an academy. When I like I am in it with Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Fénelon ; a crowd of great minds surrounds me ; next come saints, St. Theresa, St. Louis, the patron of my friend Louise, and a little image of the Annunciation, in which I contemplate a gracious mystery and God's purest creatures, the angel and the Virgin. This ought to be enough to satisfy me here, and to wall up my door against all that may be seen elsewhere. But no, I could not keep to it long, nay, at the least word of letters or news, I should leave it to go and read or

listen, especially to-day that I am expecting something from Mimi and from you. You neglect me : it is a month and more since you have written to me. I shall find this a long day ; in order to cut it short I am going to write to Louise. I have had two letters from her ; two treasures, two little marvels of wit and tenderness. Oh what letters ! all these exquisite things are for me, and yet I feel sad ! What wouldst thou have, then, poor heart ?

3<sup>rd</sup>.—A letter from Mimi ! How much happiness a letter brings, and what a charm there is in hearing from those who are away, and whom we cannot see for a long time to come. This voice of the heart brings them near and seems to say to you : Here they are ; in these pages you see their soul and their love, their thoughts, their actions ; their whole being is contained therein, it is the envelope only that is wanting to you. And this consoles wonderfully for absence. I would fain wish, should you ever read this, to *persuade* thee of the profound delight I receive from thy letters, and of my corresponding sorrow when they do not arrive. No doubt you will write to me oftener in future.

4<sup>th</sup>.—A letter from Mimi, a letter from Louise, Paul is arrived, joy, joy, joy ! I have not time to write to thee.

5<sup>th</sup>.—In the course of the day, in a few hours I shall be at Gaillac, far from here, far from Papa, from my little room, from all that makes my life. Not a moment to write in. With what regret I go, but then I am to join Mimi, and be with her for a day, and that consoles me.

---

Wilt thou accept it my friend, this book, written during the last two years? It is old indeed, but the things of the heart are eternal. Time, methinks, in no way affects them; I therefore give thee up these, after a few corrections, a few lines erased. When we go back over the past, we must needs efface; we find so many errors in it! We used even to talk nonsense with thee once upon a time as we walked together.



### III.

1836.



CHANGE the form of my Journal, to make it more convenient for my pocket, into which I mean to put it when I go from home. In this way we shall find in it whatever chances to strike me when I go out, whether into the world or into the country. Upon such occasions I see, hear, feel, think, a thousand things that please, displease, surprise me, and that I should like to fix somewhere or other. This would be useful, showing me in some degree what I am when away from home, when mixing with the world, its conversations and amusements, and all else to which I am unaccustomed. I am conscious of something unwonted going on within me at these times ; thoughts and feelings before unknown occur to me, and I feel that I am not like others, nor like what I am here. When thus in this unusual mood I am aware of it, indeed, but fail to take any particular note of it, and yet it would be well to see whither it leads me. I shall revert to this subject; but now I have something even



better to do than to write, I am going to pray. Oh, how I love prayer!

I would that all the world knew how to pray; I would that children, and those who are old; that the poor, the afflicted, the diseased in body and mind; that all who live and suffer could feel the balm of prayer! But I cannot speak of these things. What should be said of them is ineffable.

Our new Curé came to see us to-day. He is a mild cheerful man, wearing on his countenance the impress of a beautiful soul. I should think he was clever, but he does not let it appear. His conversation is most ordinary, without any characteristic features, any bright sallies, merely going on in a plain way from one thing to another. But, however, I observe that he answers correctly, and speaks *à propos*. He is a simple pastor of simple souls; quite full of God, and nothing more.

11th March.—I have a very happy heart to-day. Eran is gone to confess. I hope much from this confession to the gentle Curé, who knows so well how to speak of God's mercy. And then to-day is Papa's birthday too.

12th.—I was admiring just now a little landscape, presented by my room, as it was being illuminated with the rising sun. How pretty it was! Never did I see a more beautiful effect of light on the paper, thrown through painted trees. It was diaphanous, transparent. It was almost wasted on

my eyes ; it ought to have been seen by a painter. And yet does not God create the *beautiful* for everybody? All our birds were singing this morning while I was at my prayers. This accompaniment pleases me, though it distracts me a little. I stop to listen; then I begin again, thinking that the birds and I are alike singing a hymn to God, and that, perhaps, those little creatures sing better than I. But the charm of prayer, the charm of communion with God, they cannot enjoy that; one must have a soul to feel it. This happiness that the birds have not is mine. It is only nine o'clock, and I have already known joy and sorrow. How little time is needed for that! The joy comes from the sun, the mild air, the song of birds, all delights to me; as well as from a letter of Mimi's (who is now at Gaillac), in which she tells me of Madame Vialar, who has seen thee, and of other cheerful things. But then in the midst of all this I learn the departure of M. Bories, of that kind and excellent father of my soul. Oh, how I regret him! What a loss I shall have in this good guide of my conscience, my heart, my spirit, my whole self; committed to his care by God, and entrusted to him by me with such full confidence! I am sad with an internal sadness, which makes my soul weep. My God, in this my desert, to whom can I have recourse? Who will sustain me in my spiritual languor; who will lead me to the great sacrifice? It is in this especially that I regret M. Bories. He knows what God has put into my heart; I needed his strength to follow Him. Our new Curé cannot

possibly replace him. He is so young, he seems so inexperienced, so undecided! Firmness is required to snatch a soul from out the world, and to uphold it against the assaults of flesh and blood. It is Saturday, the day of pilgrimage to Cahuzac. I am going thither; perhaps I shall return thence tranquillised. God has invariably granted me some blessing in that chapel, where I have left so many miseries behind.

I was not mistaken in thinking that I should return tranquillised. M. Bories is not going. How happy I am, and how I have thanked God for this favour! It is a very great one for me to retain this good father, this good guide, this *chosen* of God for my soul, according to the expression of St. François de Sales. I have just been writing off these tidings to Mimi. I shall not say elsewhere what I say here, it might be taken ill, or not understood. The world does not know the value of a confessor, of the man who is the friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; the man who binds and looses us, who gives us peace, who opens to us heaven, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him our father, as we do God, since, in fact, faith does truly make him God and Father. Woe to me if, when I am at his feet, I see anything but Jesus Christ listening to the Magdalen, and forgiving her much, because she loves much. Confession is an expansion of repentance into love. It is a very sweet thing, a great happiness for the Christian soul, a great

benefit, and ever greater in proportion as we enjoy it more, and as the heart of the priest to which we pour out our tears resembles the Divine heart *that has so loved us*. This it is that attaches me to M. Bories. Thou wilt understand me.

On my way to Cahuzac I wanted to see a poor sick woman who lives beyond the Vère. It was she of the ballad of the 'Rose-tree,' which I think I related to thee. My God, what wretchedness! On entering I saw a low bed, from which a death's head, or nearly so, raised itself. However, she knew me. I went nearer, that I might speak to her, and I discovered water, a regular puddle, beside that bed; all sorts of filth, rendered liquid by the rain, which falls through the miserable roof, and by the fountain that lurks below that miserable bed. It was all infection, wretchedness, rotten rags, vermin. To have to live there! Poor creature! She was without fire, without bread, without water to drink, lying upon some hemp and potatoes that she kept under her, to preserve them from the frost. A woman who followed us removed her from that dunghill, another brought in some faggots. We made her a fire, and put her to sit on a *sélou*; and, as I was tired, I seated myself beside her on the unused faggots. I spoke to her of the good God; nothing more easy than to get listened to by the poor, the unhappy, the forsaken, when we speak to them of heaven. This is because there is nothing in their heart which prevents them from listening. Accord-

ingly how easy it is to console them, to reconcile them to death. The ineffable peace of their soul might well make us envy them. This sick woman of ours is *happy*, and nothing is more surprising than to meet with happiness in such a creature, and in such a dwelling. It is a thousand times worse than a pig-sty. I did not see a place to lay down my shawl without dirtying it, and, as it was in my way, I flung it on the branches of a willow before the door. For all that there was on it . . . .

14<sup>th</sup>.—A child's visit cut my story short yesterday. I am as fond of children as of the aged poor. One of these children was very taking, quick, lively, inquisitive. He wanted to see and know everything. He watched me writing, and took the sand for pepper, with which I was supposed to be preparing my paper. Then he made me take down my guitar from the wall, to see what it was. He placed his little hand on the strings, and was enchanted to hear them sing. *Quès aco qui canto aqui?* The wind, which whistled loudly through the window, also surprised him. In short, my room was an enchanted place in his eyes, a thing he will long remember, as I should, if I had seen the Palace of Armida. My crucifix, my St. Theresa, and the other drawings I have in my room delighted him. He wanted both to see and to hold everything, and his little head kept turning like a little mill. I watched him with infinite pleasure, enchanted on my side with

all these charms of childhood. What must a mother feel for these loveable creatures!

After having given the little Antoine all that he wished, I asked him for a curl of his hair, offering him one of mine in exchange. He looked at me with some astonishment. "No," said he; "mine are prettier." He was quite right; hair thirty years old is very ugly by the side of his fair curls. I obtained, therefore, nothing but a kiss. They are sweet things, these child's kisses; it seems to me as though a lily had rested on my cheek.

Yesterday this visit began my day. I have nothing pleasanter to record of to-day, so I leave it blank. All my time has been spent in household occupations, in business; no reading, no writing; a quite material day. Now that I am all alone in my little room, I should like to read, should like to write a great deal. I don't know about what, but I am in the vein for writing. This would be a good time for poetry, and I am sorry to have none in progress. Shall I begin some? No; it is too late. Night is made for sleep, unless one were Philomel; and, besides, even if I did begin anything, to-morrow perhaps I should leave it to the rats. Reflection soon plunges me to the bottom of all things, and I see nothingness in all if God be not found there.

20th.—A little gap. I jump from the 14th to the 20th. I find so little to say about my days, as like

the one to the other as drops of water, that I say nothing. It really is not worth while to spend ink and time in recording them, and I should, perhaps, be doing better in occupying myself with other things. But then, again, I feel the want of writing and of a confidant continually. I speak at will to this little book. I tell it everything; thoughts, pains, pleasures, emotions; everything, in short (except what can only be said to God), and even then I grudge what remains unspoken. But that I think I should do ill in revealing, and conscience interposes between the pen and the paper. Then I am silent. If this surprises thee, my friend, knowing the life I lead, remember that Mary the Egyptian was greatly tormented in her solitude. There are evil spirits scattered abroad in the air.

To-day, and, indeed, for some time back, I am calm, enjoy peace of heart and head; a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open; how tranquil everything is! All the little sounds from without reach me. I love that of the brook. Adieu; I hear a church clock at present, and ours is answering it. This sounding of the hours far away, and in the hall, assumes by night a somewhat mysterious character. I think of the Trappists who awake to pray, of the sick who count hour after hour in suffering, of the afflicted who weep, of the dead who sleep frozen in their beds. Oh, what solemn thoughts night brings! I do not think that the wicked, the impious, the

sceptical, are as perverse by night as by day. A gentleman who doubts on many subjects, has often told me that in the night time he always believes in hell. This is apparently because in the day external objects dissipate us, and divert the mind from the truth. But what am I about to say? I had such pleasant things to speak of. This evening I have received thy ribbon, the net, the little box, with the beautiful pin, and the pretty little note. All these I have touched, tried on, examined, and put by in my heart. Thanks! thanks! Thou art anxious that I should sleep. I tear myself hence. Why sleep, instead of writing?

22nd.—Yesterday passed away without my being able to say anything to thee, on account of occupations, of those household arrangements, those domestic occurrences which take away all my time, and all myself, except the heart, which rises above them, and goes off in the direction that it loves. It is now here, now there; at Paris, at Alby, where Mimi is; in the mountains, sometimes in heaven, or in a church; in short, where I will, for I am free in the midst of my incumbrances, and feel the truth of what the 'Imitation' says, that one may pass without care through the cares of life. But often these cares weigh on the soul, fatigue it, vex it, and then it is that it yearns for solitude. Oh, the blessed condition in which one may occupy oneself solely with the one thing needful!



in which, at least, material cares only occupy one slightly, and do not take up the greater part of one's time. Now, here am I, who have had to spend the whole day long in the kitchen, my hands busy about the stoves, and in the *oulos*, on account of forty diggers, or joiners, or I know not what.

Oh, how much better I should like to have been here with a book or a pen! I should have written to thee, should have told thee how grateful thy missives were to me, and I know not what beside; that would have been far pleasanter than plates of soup. But why complain, and thus lose the merit of self-denial? Let me make my soup with a good will; the saints smiled at everything, and we are told that St. Catherine of Sienna used to take much delight in cooking, and to find that it gave her a great deal to meditate upon. I should think so; if it were only the sight of the fire and the little burns one gets, which make one think of purgatory.

*7th April.*—Many days have passed since I put down anything here: the holy week, the great festival of Easter, all those solemnities that keep the soul far away from earth. I have hardly remained here at all except for meals. Monday I was at Cahuzac, and Tuesday too, detained there by the rain; Wednesday I spent at Andillac preparing the chapel for Holy Thursday, with Monsieur the Curé and the little Virginie.

A gap of several days. I find myself now arrived at a torn page; an accident that shall not prevent me from writing. I know besides that a similar thing often happens to the pages of the heart. Shall I tell thee why I keep my Journal so little consecutively? It is because I am taken up with a thousand things which fill all my time with duties or occupation. Now this writing is only a relaxation, spare moments that I give thee when I can, at night, in the morning, at any hour, for every hour one can converse when it is with the heart one speaks. A fly, the slamming of a door, a thought that strikes, what not, innumerable things that one sees, touches, feels, might lead me to write volumes. Last evening I was reading Bernardin; the first volume of his '*Études*,' beginning with a strawberry plant, that strawberry plant which he describes with so much charm, brilliancy, and feeling; which might, he says, prompt numberless volumes, the study of which would suffice to fill the life of the most learned naturalist, because of its relation with all the kingdoms of nature. My friend, I am this strawberry plant, in relation with earth, air, heaven, with the birds, with so many things invisible and visible that I should never have done if I began to describe myself; to say nothing of what lives in the folds of the heart, like those insects which lodge in the recesses of a leaf; all this, my friend, what a volume it would make!

Here is a little creature travelling on under my pen not bigger than the dot over an i. Who knows where

it is going to, what it lives upon, and whether it has not some anxiety on its mind ; who knows whether it may not be looking for some Paris where it has a brother? It goes very fast. I pause to watch its way ; there it is beyond this page, how far it has got, I hardly see it, I see it no more ! A good journey to thee little creature, may God conduct thee whither thou wouldst go ! Shall we ever meet again? Have I frightened thee? I am, no doubt, so large in thy eyes ; but perhaps, for that very reason, I escape thee like an immensity. My little insect might lead me very far, I stop at and rest in this thought, that thus I too am in the eyes of God a little, an infinitely little creature that He loves.

Every evening I read some of Lamartine's 'Harmonies ;' I learn bits of them by heart, and this study charms me and causes a something to spring up in my soul which transports me far from the book, which drops from my hand, far from those who speak around me ; I find myself then where dwell those *spirits that balance the stars over our heads and live on fire as we do on air.*

I shall always be sorry not to have written my 'Infantines ;' but to do so, I should have required to be as quiet in my own room as a bee in its hive. Sometimes I have found myself wishing to be in prison in order to give myself up to study and poetry. Oh ! what enjoyment to be free from distraction, with

God and with oneself, with that in us which thinks, feels, loves, and suffers.

15<sup>th</sup>.—We have M. Bories here to-day, our Curé, the Faciens, and some other people. I leave them all playing games, and steal away to speak to thee for a moment about my day. It has been one of those that I take note of, that charm me by a beautiful sky and welcome events. In the first place while rising I received a letter from our friend in Brittany, whom I had believed dead. What pleasure I received from that handwriting, those expressions of pure attachment, that expansiveness of a sad and pious spirit! Poor friend! in what a state of dejection I find him. I would fain console him, do him good. He speaks of poetry as a balm, I must send him some. I am very busy, but the care of the sick takes precedence of all else. The good God blesses this good work. Let us then see what is left of poetry within me. I am afraid it must have all gone out, so long have I left it to die. Nothing but this poor sufferer would have been capable of rekindling it. I already feel a something reviving within which will soon gush out. I got this letter from the hands of Pouffé, who looked to me like one of those dwarfs one reads of charged with secret embassies to castles. A thank you to my hump-back—and then I am on the hill-side of Sept-Fonts, reading my beautiful letter! There

I mused over these words coming from the Ocean shore to the Cayla woods ; upon that stranger soul speaking to mine as a sister would to a sister ; upon what brought about our correspondence, upon Brittany, La Chênaie, and its distinguished recluse, upon thee, poor Marie, and her grave. There I checked himself by a pious thought : that I ought to pray for her ; and I prayed. Then as I went away I gathered some flowers for our altar to the Virgin and listened to the nightingale, equally interpenetrated with these sad thoughts, and with the laughing nature around, perpetual contrast, alas ! of human things.

[*No date.*].—While carrying on some calculations just now, I wanted to know the number of my minutes. It is awful, 168 millions and some thousand.\* Already so much time in my life ! I can better understand its whole rapidity when I measure it thus out by degrees. The Tarn does not more swiftly accumulate the sand on its banks. My God ! what have we done with these moments that Thou also art one day to number ? Will there be found any that count with regard to eternal life ? will there be found many such ? will there be found a single one ? *Si observaveris, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit ?*

This examination of time makes the soul that engages in it tremble, however short a space it may have

\* She makes a mistake, and puts a zero too much. But this is scarce worth remarking.

lived, for God will judge us differently to the flowers of the field. I could never understand the security of those who have nothing to depend upon in appearing before God, except good conduct in human relations, as though all our duties were included within the narrow circle of this world. To be a good father, good son, good citizen, good brother, does not suffice to make us enter heaven. God requires other merits than these sweet heart-virtues from one whom He designs to crown with a glorious eternity.



#### IV.

*1st May, 1837.*



It is here, my friend, that I intend to return to that intimate correspondence which pleases and is necessary to us : to thee in the world, to me in my solitude. I am sorry not to have continued it, now that I have read your letter, in which you tell me why it was you did not reply. I was afraid of wearying you by the details of my life, and I see that it was quite otherwise. No more anxiety, then, on that head, no more doubts about thy affection or anything else in thy truly fraternal heart. It was I that was wrong : so much the better ; I was afraid it was you. Let us, then, in all joy and freedom, resume our conversation—that secret, confidential, strictly private intercourse, which stops short at the least sound, the least glance. The heart does not approve of being overheard in its confidences. You are right to say that I have to plot and contrive a little in writing my books ; I have indeed read some parts of them to Papa, but not all. The good father might, perhaps, be made a little

anxious by what I say, by what sometimes crosses my soul; an air of sadness would seem to him a sorrow. Let us hide these little clouds from him: it is not well that he should see them, or know anything of me but my calm, serene side. A daughter should be so sweet a thing to a father! We ought to be with regard to parents much what the angels are to God. It is different between brothers and sisters: here there is less respect and more freedom. For thee, then, the course of my heart and life just as it occurs.

*2nd.*—Two letters from Louise, graceful, tender, but sad. My poor friend is surrounded by deaths, and mourns a neighbour, the mother of Mélanie, of whom I have, I think, written to you. She is the poor mountaineer who has been taken out of the fields to be dressed like a young lady, and brought up at Toulouse, where she sees the ladies of Villèle. Her education takes well, and the young lady is being most successfully engrafted on the rustic. There will be two lives in her life. She interests me, especially now that the poor orphan is weeping for her mother and grieving in her grand saloons that she could not have been beside that poor mother's bed. Louise tells me that she will not return to Rayssac, where she has no longer any ties, but will go into a convent. That is the true home of sad spirits, of such as are strangers in the world, or who are timid, and take shelter there as in a dovecot.



3<sup>rd</sup>.—The nightingale sings, the sky is clear,—both novelties this late spring. This might well give rise to a word or two, but I leave thee for useful avocations. This is only a pastime ; for a woman a pen is but the heart's plaything. With you men it is different.

4<sup>th</sup>.—Nothing but the date. I have not been able to write, having spent the day at Cahuzac,—a poor spot, which, moreover, gives but little to say.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Rain, cold wind, winter sky ; the nightingale singing from time to time below dead leaves. Sad this, in the month of May ! Accordingly, I am internally sad in spite of myself. I regret that my soul should be so much affected by the state of the atmosphere and the seasons, that like a flower it should thus close against the cold and open to the sun. I do not understand it ; but so it must be, I suppose, so long as it is enclosed in this poor earthen vessel of a body. To amuse me, I have been turning over Lamartine, that loved poet. I am fond of the Hymn to the Nightingale, and of many other of his *Harmonies* ; but how far removed this is from the effect produced upon me by his *Méditations* ! What transports, ecstasies, then, to be sure ! I was sixteen : how glorious it was ! Time changes many things. The great poet no longer thrills my heart ; to-day he has even failed to amuse me.

Let us try something else, then, for we must not tolerate this dejection which gnaws the soul. I com-

pare it to those little worms which lodge themselves in the wood of chairs and furniture generally, which I sometimes hear crack in my room, when they are at work reducing their abode to powder. What, then, shall I do? for it is not good for me to write and to pour out mere turbidity. Let the vessel settle first, and then the water may flow—not before. I throw away books and pens; I know something more effectual; I have made proof of it a hundred times. It is prayer—prayer that calms me. When, in the presence of God, I say to my soul, “Why art thou sorrowful, and why art thou disquieted within me?” something—I know not what—responds, and gradually calms it down like a crying child when it sees its mother. This is because the Divine compassion and tenderness are indeed quite maternal towards us.

6th.—John of Damascus had been forbidden to write to any one, and, because he had made some verses for a friend, he was expelled from his convent. This seemed to me very severe; but how much wisdom one descries in it, when, the saint being pardoned, after much supplication and humility, we see him ordered to write and to employ his talents in combating the enemies of Jesus Christ! He was considered strong enough to enter the arena so soon as he was stripped of pride. He wrote against the iconoclasts. Oh! if many distinguished writers had but begun by a lesson of humility, they would not

have made so many errors or so many books. Pride gives birth to numbers: hence see the fruits they produce. Into how many errors the erring lead us!

But this is too extensive a subject for me, this chapter of the science of evil. I would rather record that I have been sewing a sheet, and have sewn several things into my seam. A sheet is favourable to meditation: how many it is destined to cover, and what different kinds of slumber—perhaps that of the grave. Who knows whether it may not be my winding-sheet? if these stitches of mine may not be unstitched by the worms? Meanwhile Papa was telling me that he had, unknown to me, sent a poem of mine to Rayssac, and I have seen the letter in which M. de Bayne spoke of it, telling him that it was good. I was beginning to feel a degree of vanity, but it dropped into my seam. And now I say to myself that the thought of death is good for preserving us from sin: it moderates joy, tempers sadness, makes us regard the passing as already past. I find some excellent meditations on this subject in a book that I have just been getting myself, the *Retreat* of Father Judde. How I delight in this book, and how much obliged I am to the one who introduced it to me!

7th.—I don't know what came to turn me away yesterday, when I wanted to tell thee of my little library, of the books I have, and those I should like to have. I want St. Theresa, those most spiritual of

pious letters. I saw them in the possession of a servant, poor girl ! But who knows ? perhaps she can comprehend them better than I ? Holy things come within the reach of the heart and of every pious intellect. I have very often observed this, and that a person who seems simple and ignorant in the eyes of the world is marvellously well versed in intellectual matters and in the things of God. I know many clever people who are stupid here : two gentlemen, for instance, who would not allow that God was good, because he gave us restraining laws, because there was a hell. They considered the observance of fasting and the belief in original sin absurd, and the veneration of images thoroughly ridiculous. Poor people ! how many such there are who pretend to be wise on sacred subjects, holy hieroglyphics that they read without understanding and then call follies.

Our country people are actually getting as bad : one of them quoted the Council of Trent to our Curé, in a case where his learning ill became him. To venture to interpret the Councils, and not say the *Pater*, how lamentable ! This is to what science leads in our country districts—the science of the alphabet ; for it is because it knows how to read that the people believes itself learned. Mounted on its pedestal of pride, it meddles with the highest matters, and considers as within its reach what it ought to contemplate on its knees. It is bent on seeing, comprehending, grasping, and walks boldly on to unbelief.

It requires to have its faith proved to it now-a-days ; whereas formerly it believed everything. Our peasants have lost much by coming into contact with books ; and what have they gained but an additional ignorance—that of their duty ? One cannot but grieve over these poor people. It would be better that they should not know how to read, unless they were at the same time taught what reading was profitable. In the mountains at Rayssac they all read ; but then it is the catechism, missals, or devotional books. That is the proper end of schools, and the thing that should be taught in them is religion, the making good Christians. At Andillac and elsewhere they learn to write their names, and say *Qué sony sapian !*

But this digression has led me far from the books I was speaking of. My collection grows : every now and then I get myself something. I brought back from Alby the new *Month of Mary*, by Abbé Le Guillou,—a sweet, tender book, all full of flowers and devotion. I read some of it every morning. We keep the month of Mary in our room before a beautiful image of the Virgin that Françoise has given to Mimi. Above it there is a framed Christ which belonged to our grandmother ; higher up Saint Theresa, and higher up still that little picture of the Annunciation that you are familiar with ; so that the eye follows a whole heavenly series as soon as it is raised and fixed. It is a ladder that leads to heaven.

5<sup>th</sup>.—What have I to tell thee now? that it rains, that the sky positively refuses to smile on us. May will pass away, I fear, without sun, without flowers, without verdure. Our woods are bare and dry, as in winter. The nightingale sometimes sings in them in a melancholy kind of way, and I pity him for having no shelter. It is calamitous weather, everything suffers. The air is unwholesome: one hears tell of nothing but the dead and the dying. The influenza makes sad ravages: it is another cholera, which almost decimates the population in certain places. At Toulouse as many as sixty people have died in a day. Here nothing has befallen either us or our servants: happy that we are to be so far from towns and their infection! If we must perforce go without many things, those that we do enjoy are very sweet, and I bless God for them every day; every day consider myself happy to have woods, streams, meadows, sheep, hens that lay; to live, in short, in my pretty, tranquil Cayla with a family that loves me. What is there sweeter in the world?

Nothing, indeed, is wanting to us but thee, dear absent member, for which the body pines. When shall we have thee? Nothing seems to shape itself for this, and so we shall have to spend our lives without meeting! This is sad; but let us resign ourselves to whatever God wills or permits. One day we shall know everything; one day I shall find out why we were separated, we two, who would fain have been

together. Let us draw near, my friend—draw near, at least in heart and thought, by writing to each other. These communications are very sweet; these outbursts relieve, nay, purify, the soul, just as the running of water carries away its mud.

As for me, I am better whenever I have allowed myself to flow out here. I say here, because I just note down my innermost, without being over-particular as to what it may be, sometimes even without knowing it. There are times when what goes on within me is a mystery to myself,—ignorance this, doubtless, of human nature. I have seen so little, known so little, whether of good or evil! But for all that I am not a child. I am very fond of writing to Louise, but it is not the same as to thee; besides, my letters to her are seen, and the heart is not a book one likes to throw open to the public. Thanks, then, for liking my correspondence, for giving me the innocent sisterly delight of telling thee very often that I love thee with that vivid, tender, pure affection which springs from charity. It is thus that we truly love each other; thus that Jesus Christ has loved us, and wills that we should love our brethren.

9th.—A day spent in spreading out a large wash leaves little to say, and yet it is rather pretty, too, to lay out white linen on the grass, or to see it float on lines. One may fancy oneself Homer's Nausicaa, or one of those Biblical Princesses who washed their bro-

thers' tunics. We have a basin at Moulinasse that you have not seen, sufficiently large and full of water, which embellishes that hollow, and attracts the birds who like a cool place to sing in.

Our Cayla is very much changed, and changes every day. You will no longer see the white pigeon-house on the hill-side, nor the little terrace-door, nor the corridor and the *fenestroun*, where we used to measure our respective heights when we were children. All these have disappeared and made room for large windows and large rooms. These new things are prettier ; but why is it that I regret the old, and keep replacing in memory the doors removed, the stones fallen ? My feet even cannot accustom themselves to the new steps ; they go on with their old habits, and trip and stumble where they have not trod when little feet. Whose will be the first coffin that will pass through these new doors ? Whether ancient or modern, all doors have space enough for that, as every nest has its aperture. This it is which disenchants us of these dwellings of a day, and makes us lift our eyes to that house not made by human hands.

A letter from Marie has just reached us. I always note a letter as I do the arrival of a friend. Marie's are charming, quite full of news and the little things of the day. This morning she announced to us the arrival of M. Vialar, the African, and that of an Arab Prince : striking facts in this country, and for those who can see things in men. How much an African



has to show to Gaillac, and an inhabitant of Gaillac to Africa ! Providence, that orders everything, has not, we may be sure, made these two men meet for nothing, or led the Arab out of his desert to show him France, our civilisation, our arts, our manners, our beautiful cathedrals.

10th.—A letter written to Louise, my prayers, household avocations,—there you have my day. As I was taking down a large cauldron from the fire, Papa told me that he did not like to see me doing such things ; but I thought of Saint Bonaventure, who was washing the pots and pans of his convent when they went to offer him, I think, a cardinal's hat. In this world nothing that is low, sin excepted, can degrade us in the eyes of God. And so my cauldron gave rise to a salutary reflexion which will save me from disquiet in doing certain disgusting things, such as blackening my hands in the kitchen. Good night ! to-morrow morning I am going to confession. The north wind has been blowing all day long ; our labourers were shivering in the fields. To think of having winter in the month of May !

Since yesterday I have not had time to sit down and write. It is a privation to me not to touch my pen, just as it is to a musician to be unable to touch his instrument. The pen is my lyre ; I love it as a friend ; nothing can detach me from it. There is, as it were, a magnetic attraction betwixt us.

The bark to the billows returns,  
To her mate returns the dove;  
And to thee I return, my lyre,  
With an ever-constant love.

It was God that bestowed thee, no doubt,  
For a voice to my heart when stirr'd,  
And I sing out to him on my way,  
Just as sings the wandering bird.

I blend in this hymn of mine  
Every simple villager's song,  
I garner the music that's made  
By brooks as they warble along.

I list to the sounds that die down  
With day in the solemn woods,  
To the myriad voiced strain  
Of the thunder and the floods.

I list what the waking infant  
By a smile to its cradle says,  
What the bee to the rose it rifles,  
What the wind to the forest it sways.

I list what in church the organ  
Chants to God in its mighty peal,  
When the virgins the altar surround,  
And the faithful meekly kneel.

And ye Heaven-loving souls, to you too,  
I list as your yearnings arise,  
And deem that I find a holy hymn  
In each of your secret sighs.

Poetry would go on apace if I let it have its own way ; but to-morrow is Whit-Sunday, a solemn festival that disposes to meditation, that silences the soul for prayer and supplication for the Holy Spirit, the spirit of love and understanding which makes us know and love God. I am going therefore to shut myself into

my "guest chamber," my little room, and to exclude all without if possible. But still, I keep thinking of thee, poor wanderer in the world. If you could but know how I long to have you with us! May God be pleased to bring thee some day, to restore thee to the society of thy own family!

13<sup>th</sup>.—I come back here on Whit-Monday, without dwelling on yesterday, grand and divine as it was. Let us chat a little about the present moment, while I make Miou, my pupil, read to me. I lend her my ear, but my heart is here, although I am often interrupted by having to correct her. This child's mind is slow and supine, so that one must be continually by to stimulate her. Patience and perseverance; with these something may be made of Miou, not, indeed, a cultivated intellect, but a Christian mind, which knows why God has placed her in the world. Poor little thing! a short time ago she had no notion why. How ignorant we are, how ignorant we all are to begin with! At the age of ten a Lamennais would have known nothing more than Miou does, if he had not been better taught. So it seems to me; as though our intelligence only developed by instruction, just as wood only kindles by contact with the fire.

I am rather fond of teaching little children, and of making them say their catechism. It is a pleasure, and even a duty, to instruct these poor Christians. We may continually act the part of missionaries in our

country districts ; and I doubt that the savages themselves can know less in the matter of religion than certain of our peasants. Our cook, Marianne, confused *cochons* (pigs) with the commandments ; another thought that to work out one's salvation (*salut*) was to *salute* oneself ; and a hundred other pitiable absurdities. But God is merciful, and it is not exactly ignorance that he will punish. We ought to be far more alarmed about men of genius who go astray, about those who know the law and will not keep it, about those blind ones who close their eyes against the daylight. Oh, how all these move me to compassion ! how much to be pitied they are ! One sees their fate in the parable of the vine and the barren fig-tree. I would write it out, but you know it.

A distress ! we have got Trilby sick, so sick that the poor beast will die. I am fond of my little dog, she was so pretty. I remember, too, that you used to be fond of her, and to caress her, calling her *little rogue*. All sorts of memories link themselves with Trilbette, and make me regret her. Small and great affections, everything in turn leaves us and dies. The heart is like a tree hung round with dead leaves.

The pastor has been to see us. I have not told you very much about him. He is a worthy, simple man, well acquainted with his duties, speaking about God better than about the world, of which he knows but little. Accordingly, he does not shine in society ; his conversation is commonplace, and makes those

who do not understand a priestly mind think that he has but little. He does good in the parish; his gentleness wins hearts. He is our father just now. I find him young after M. Bories. I miss that energetic powerful preaching that sustained me; but it is God that has taken it away, and He knows why. Let me submit and walk on like a child, without looking at the hand that leads me. Meanwhile I am not to be pitied; he preaches well, very well for calm natures. Never has Andillac known so gentle an eloquence; he is the Massillon of the country. But God alone can still the agitations of the soul. If you had been a priest you would have known them, and I should have asked counsel from you; but I can say nothing to Maurice. Ah! poor friend! how I regret this! how fain would I pass from the confidence of the heart to that of the soul. There would be something very spiritually sweet in such an outpouring. The mother of St. François de Sales used to confess to her son; sisters have confessed to their brothers. It is beautiful to see nature thus losing itself in grace.

I have just had a young pigeon brought me, which I mean to keep and tame and caress; it will be a substitute for Trilby. This poor heart of mine must always have something to love; when it loses one object, it takes up another. I notice this, and that we go on loving without interruption, which proves our destination to eternal love. Nothing better enables me . . . . Papa came to cut short the words

on my tongue. I begin again. Nothing better enables me to understand heaven than to picture it to myself as the home of love; for if here below we cannot love for a moment even without happiness, what will it be to love for ever!

16th.—I have just made a discovery. In turning over an old book of devotion, the ‘Guardian Angel,’ I found those litanies to Providence that Rousseau, we are told, was so fond of; and those too to the child Jesus, simple and sublime as was that divine childhood. I have been particularly struck with these: “Child that weepest in the cradle, Child that thunderest out of heaven, Child that restored the grace of the earth, Child that art chief of angels,” and numberless other touching designations and invocations. If I ever execute a certain project that I have, these litanies shall come under the eyes of children. My pigeon keeps flying over me and whining so tenderly to be put into its nest that I leave thee.

17th.—A fine sun-rising makes us hope for a fine day, a rare thing this May. Never was there a colder, sadder, more barren spring. It does harm to everything; neither chickens nor flowers get born, nor cheerful thoughts either.

Early to-day I went to Vieux, to visit the relics of the saints, and more especially those of St. Eugenius, my patron. You are aware that this holy bishop was

exiled from Carthage into Gaul by an Arian Prince. He came first to Alby, thence to Vieux, where he built a monastery, in which a great many saints assembled, and which is now the Mill of Latour. I wish that all who come to have their corn ground there were aware of the sacred veneration due to the place, but the majority are ignorant of it. Indeed, people no longer know why it is that processions should be made to Vieux, of all the parishes in the country. I explained it to Miou, who accompanied me, and who perhaps understands now what relics mean, and what is done in presence of the pavilions where they are exhibited.

I like these pilgrimages, remnants of a former faith, but the time for such things seems nearly over now ; the spirit of them is, generally speaking, extinct. People used to go to Vieux praying ; now it is a mere promenade. And yet, if Monsieur the Curé omit this procession, he will be held to have brought down whatever hail falls. Where faith disappears, credulity abounds. We have, however, some good souls who are well worthy of the saints' approbation, such as Rose Drouille, the Durelle who knows how to meditate, who has learned so much over her rosary, and then, too, Françoise de Gaillard and her daughter, Jacqueline, so attentive and devout in church.

This pious escort, however, did not accompany me ; I was alone, with my good angel and Miou. Having heard the mass, and said my prayers, I came away

with one hope more. I had gone there to ask something from St. Eugène ; the saints are our brothers. If thou wert all powerful, wouldst thou not grant me what I requested of thee ? It was of this I thought while invoking St. Eugène, who is, moreover, my patron. We have so little in this world, at least let us hope in the other.

20th. — Three letters have arrived ; one from Euphrasie, one from Antoinette, and a very sad one from Félicité. And so you are ill, poor Maurice, that was why you did not write to us. My God ! what would I give to be there close beside thee, to see, to touch, to nurse thee ! Thou art well cared for, no doubt, but thou must need a sister. I know it, I feel it. If ever I have desired to be with thee, surely it is now. Must it always be some misfortune that brings thee ! once the Revolution, then the cholera, now thy illness ! Would the pleasure of meeting be else too sweet ? God will allow no perfect happiness in this world. All these last days I had been thinking : If Maurice were to come here during the vacation, what delight, how happy Papa would be ! And now all this happiness is lost in an illness ! But only come, come quickly ; the air of Cayla, asses' milk, and rest will cure thee. I am sorry not to have answered thee ; I shall have perhaps been the cause of sad thoughts which may have done you harm. You will have supposed that I no longer meant to write, no longer cared for your



affection. I wrote to you here every day, but I wanted to give you time to long for a letter; that delay would I thought make you reply sooner another time. But a truce to all that, let us not speak of the past, we are going to see and hear each other and everything will be explained.

22nd.—No writing yesterday. The whole of Sunday gets spent in church or on the road; in the evening I am tired, it was with difficulty that I read after supper a little of the 'History of the Church;' but for all that I thought much of thee, God knows. I have asked Rose to pray for thee. She has promised to do so. This has comforted me; and ever since I am more tranquil, because I believe prayer to be all powerful. I know a proof of it in the case of a little child suddenly restored from total blindness. It is a pretty story and I must tell it thee. There was at Ouillas, in one of our mountain convents, a young girl as pupil, who was so pious, so sweet, so innocent, that every one loved and revered her like an angel. They say that her confessor, M. Chabbert, whom we had once for curé, found her so pure that he admitted her to her first communion without giving her absolution. She died at the age of fourteen, held in such love and veneration by her former companions that they daily went one after the other to visit her grave which is kept quite white with lilies in the season of flowers, and to ask her whatever they would; and more than once the

saint granted their prayers. For two years people had been flocking to the cemetery, when a poor woman coming to pick up wood close by, with her little blind boy, happening to call to mind the wonders related of Marie, bethought her of taking her child to the grave and imploring his cure. This was pretty nearly her prayer :

“ Little St. Mary, you whom I have seen so good and compassionate, hear me now out of Paradise where you are ; restore my son’s sight ; may God grant me this mercy through you ! ”

Hardly were the words uttered when the poor mother, still on her knees, hears her child exclaim that he sees : *Ay, mama, tè bési !* Scales that closed up his eyes fell off : the same disease had covered his head, so that not a hair was to be seen, and eight days after, the poor mother was showing everybody her child with beautiful eyes and pretty flaxen curls.

I heard this from Mademoiselle Carayon d’Alby, who had seen the child both in its blind state and after its miraculous cure. It is a charming story, in which I fully believe, and which almost makes me long to go to Ouillas to implore also a something that I should pray for with the whole fervour of my soul.

I expected an account of you this morning. Félicité tells us that you were to have written at the same time she did ; but no letter has come, and this delay makes us anxious. Who knows ? perhaps you are worse. The weather is not in your favour ; always

cold or wet. How I shall be longing for it to become fine, for the spring to appear and the air to be mild. Since yesterday I have made many weather-glasses. It is this severe winter, this cold ungenial air, which has done thee harm.

I have been giving a good scolding to my little pupil, who is often disrespectful to her mother. In order to make an impression upon her, I told her the incident of ten children cursed by their mothers, whom St. Augustine had seen at Hippo, perpetually trembling and in a dreadful state altogether. Miou seemed struck by this story ; perhaps it will make her more obedient, when tempted to say *No* to her mother. I remember how terrified I was by the idea of these children under a curse. Disobedience was man's first sin, and it is the child's earliest fault ; he takes a wicked delight in everything that is forbidden him. We all inherit this feature of our first parent. It was only the Child Jesus of whom it could be truly said that he was submissive and obedient. It would be a beautiful model to set before children, that of the divine childhood with all its virtues and graces, illustrated by some pious Raphael. I have very often thought of this, and formed my group of holy children of the Old and New Testament : Joseph, Samuel, John the Baptist, led into the desert at the age of three ; Cyril, who died a martyr at five, the brother of St. Theresa, who used to build little oratories for his sister ; the virgin Eulalie—but no, she at the age

of twelve seems too tall amidst these infantine forms ; but I should be sure to find some other little saint to frame in. All this, interspersed with flowers, birds, pearls, would make a pretty picture for childhood. Something prompts me to turn it into a book, as I once talked to you of doing. I do not know how it is that I have never been able to get rid of this idea ; on the contrary, it presents itself more frequently than ever.

27<sup>th</sup>.—Nothing put down here for some days past ; but I have written a good deal elsewhere, for I feel a necessity of pouring myself out in some direction. I have done so to Louise and before God ; nothing is better than faith for the soul and friendship for the heart. You know what it is that distresses me ; to think that you have been very ill, that you may still be so. Who can tell ? a hundred leagues off ! My God ! what misery this distance occasions. I cannot even know where you are, and I want so to know everything. An anxious heart is a very craving and very suffering thing.

. Here is the whole of my day : this morning to mass, writing to Louise, reading a little, and then in my own room. Oh, but I do not tell all I do there ! I have got some flowers in a glass ; and for a long time I kept looking at two, of which one bent down over the other which opened out its chalice below. It was sweet to contemplate them and to represent to

oneself the confidence of friendship typified in these little blossoms. They are stellarias, small white flowers with long stalks, some of the most graceful flowers our fields have. One finds them along the hedges, amidst the grass. There are a good many in the road to the mill, sheltered by a bank which is all spangled with their little white faces. It is my favourite flower, and I have put several before our image of the Virgin. I should like them to be there when you come, and to show you the two friendly blossoms I spoke of. A sweet image, charming on both sides, when I think that a sister is the flower below. I think, my friend, that thou wilt not say nay to this. Dear Maurice, we are going to see and hear each other! These five years of separation will all be recovered in our conversations, our chit-chat, our every moment's say.

30th.—For two days I have said nothing to you, dear Maurice; I have not been able to note down here anything that has occurred to me, whether ideas, events, fears, hopes, sadnesses, or happiness. What a book all this would make! Two days of life are sometimes long and full; nay all are, if we choose to pause over whatever presents itself in their course. Life is like a road bordered with flowers, trees, bushes, grasses, with innumerable things which might indefinitely fix the eye of the traveller, but he passes on. Oh, yes! let us pass on without allowing ourselves to be too long detained by what we see on earth, where

everything withers and dies. Let us look above—gaze on the skies, the stars; rise thence to the heavens, which will not pass away. It is thither the contemplation of nature leads; the soul soars from sensible objects to the regions of faith and looks down on creation from on high, and then the world seems quite different.

*How small is earth to him who views it from the skies!* says Delille after a saint, for saints and poets sometimes have the same ideas. Nothing more true than this smallness of the earth thus beheld by the eye of a soul which knows where to place itself to obtain a correct view. Thus Bossuet learnt to estimate the nothingness of worldly greatness, thus the saints trampled under foot all that shone in the eyes of other men—fortune, pleasures, glory; and got themselves treated as fools, by this their singular wisdom.

[*No date.*].—At last a letter from you. You are better, almost well, you are coming. I am thankful, happy; I bless God a thousand times for this good news, and I take up my writing neglected for many days past. I was suffering, I still suffer, but it is only a remnant, a discomfort which will soon be over; indeed I do not know what it is, nor what I have wrong about me: it is neither head, nor stomach, nor chest, nothing physical; it must then be the mind, poor sick mind!

*June.*—Two visitors, both persons that I like and who will give us pleasure so long as they will stay here. One cannot say as much for all guests, but Eliza R—— is good and clever, her cousin A—— is very sweet, and without being beautiful has a youthful charm which makes me admire her. My little room is given up to them, so that I shall come to it less often. However, from time to time, I do escape and make my way here, as I am doing now, to write, read, and pray—three things that are of use to me. Every now and then the soul needs to find itself alone, and to recollect itself undisturbed. This is what I come here to do. I have written to Félicité, and answered Gabrielle, who eagerly asked after you so soon as she knew that you were ill. These proofs of friendship touch me and make me bless God for being loved. Affection is so sweet a thing, it blends with joy and softens affliction. Marie de Thézac, too, has shown the same interest. At all events thou hast true friends.



## V.

26th of January, 1838.



RE-ENTER for the first time the little room in which you still were this very morning. How sad the room of an absent friend is! One sees him everywhere, without finding him anywhere. Here are thy shoes under the bed, thy table all dressed out, the looking-glass suspended on the nail, the books thou wert reading last night before going to sleep; and here am I, who then embraced thee, touched thee, beheld thee! What is this world in which everything disappears? Maurice, my dear Maurice, oh, how I want thee and God! Accordingly, as soon as we had parted, I went to church, where one can weep and pray at one's ease. What do you do—you, who do not pray—when you are sad, when your heart is broken? For my part, I feel that I require a superhuman consolation; that one must needs have God for friend, when what one loves makes one suffer.

What has happened to-day that can be written down? Nothing but thy departure; I have seen only thee going away, only that cross where we parted.



Had the King come here, I should not have cared ; but I have seen no one but Jeannot bringing back your horses. I was at the window at the time, but drew my head in ; it seemed as though I were looking at the return of a hearse.

It is evening now ; the end of a very long, very sad day. Good night ; thou mightest still almost hear me, thou art not far away yet ; but to-morrow—the day after—ever further, further off !

27th.—Where art thou this morning ? After this cry I am going hence as if to look for thee, here and there, where we have been together so lately.

I have done nothing but sew and iron. I have read but little, only the good old St. Francis de Sales, at his chapter on the affections. That was the very one for me ! the heart ever seeks out appropriate food. For my part I could live upon loving ; whether father, brothers, sisters, something I must always have.

What is there to be said on Sundays, when the pastor does not preach ? It is the manna of our desert—this word from Heaven—which drops down gentle and stainless, and has a pure and simple taste that I love. I came back fasting from Andillac ; but since, I have been reading Bossuet, those fine sermons so scored by thy hand. I left them with my mark often above thine. So it is, everywhere we meet, like a pair of eyes ; what you see to be beautiful, I see beautiful too. The Almighty has made a part of the soul very much alike in us two.

28<sup>th</sup>.—By this time, no doubt, you have left Toulouse ; you roll on, go your way, get further from us. Oh that, at least, you may not cough during your journey—that it may not be cold—that no accidents may occur !!! “What is to happen to him, O my God, I cannot know ; all I do know is that nothing will happen that has not been arranged, foreseen, ordained by Thee from all eternity. This suffices me, my God, this suffices me ! I adore Thy eternal and impene-trable designs ; I submit to them with all my heart for love of Thee ! I will everything ; I accept every-thing—I sacrifice everything to Thee ; and I unite this sacrifice to that of Jesus Christ, my Saviour. I ask Thee in His name for perfect submission to all Thou willest and permittest to happen. May the most just, most exalted, and most gracious will of God be accomplished in all things.”—Prayer of Madame Elizabeth in the Temple tower, very often repeated by me in the little room.

I am going to write to our cousin Saint-Hilaire ; then we shall go to Cahuzac, with Mimi, to see Fran-çon, who is very ill.

29<sup>th</sup>.—Thunder, hail, autumn this morning. Sum-mer weather now, the sun is hot and oppressive. What variations in the sky and in all things ! Everything was frozen a fortnight ago, and thou wert here : it is not the cold that I lament. Oh, that north wind, that blew then, gave me such pleasure ! I used to bless it

each time that I passed shivering through the hall. And yet you had to go; I consented to it for the sake of her who was waiting for you in Paris: one must know how to part in this world. Would that I could know where you are; what point you have got to; what way you make; in order to join thee, to embrace thee! Would that my arms were long enough to reach all those I love! I can conceive how God, who is Love, should be everywhere.

The pastor has been to see us; his visit was a pleasure to me. I like his little chit-chat, which does not go further than his parish, nor require an effort to follow, however downcast one's mood may be. I don't know what I have been scribbling; my ideas are constrained, ill at ease, tied by the leg, as it were, and struggling oddly enough in my head. Shall I let them have their way? No! After a tender good night, I leave you.

31st.—I have discovered in myself a droll affection indeed. Foolish heart of mine, that takes to everything! Shall I tell it? I am fond of the three leeches that are on the mantel-piece. I should not like either to give them away, or to see them die; I change their water every day, taking great care that none of them drop out. If I do not see them all, I take up the phial and look what is going on inside it, with other unequivocal signs of affection; and this because these leeches were brought here for Charles—that

Charles came with Caroline—and that Caroline came for thee! Droll sequence this, which makes me laugh at what the heart can string together. What a variety of things! It is amusing to reflect on this, and to be able to see you, amidst leeches! Impossible even to separate you as yet; these creatures indicate hot or cold weather, rain, sunshine, and I have been continually consulting them since you went away. Fortunately the phial has always stood at fair. We say, over and over again, “Maurice will have arrived without catching cold, without severe weather, without rain.” Thus it is, my friend, that we keep thinking of thee—that everything makes us so think.

*1st February.*—A dark cloudy day, dismal inside and out. I am more dejected than usual, and, as I do not choose to yield to dejection, I have taken up my sewing to kill it with the point of my needle; but the ugly serpent still writhes, though I have cut off head and tail both, that is to say, idleness and enervating thoughts. The heart gets debilitated by these mournful impressions, and that does harm. Oh, if I but knew music! They say it is so good, so soothing for disorders of the soul.

*2nd (Friday).*—This day week, at this very hour, you went away. I am about to pass along the road where we parted. It is Candlemas, I am going to church with my taper.

We have come back from Andillac with a letter from Félicité; there was one for thee from Caroline, which I returned, slipping into it a word for the dear sister. I may well call her so at the point we have got to; it is but anticipating a few months, I hope. And yet who knows? I am always in anxiety about this affair, and about you, bad artisan of happiness that you are! I am afraid that you will not perfect this happiness; that you will leave unfastened the last link of the chain that would unite you for ever. . . . *For ever* seems to me alarming for thee, independent, wandering eagle! How fix thee in thy aery! . . .

Nor is this the only particular. God knows what others I find in thee that distress and sadden me. If from the heart we pass on the soul, oh it is there, it is there! . . . But what is the use of talking, and observing, and complaining? I do not feel myself holy enough to convert, or strong enough to influence thee. God alone can do this. I pray much that He may, for my own happiness depends on it. You may not perhaps conceive how. You, with your philosophical eye, do not discern the tears of a Christian eye over a soul in danger, a soul so much loved, the soul of a brother, sister soul of one's own. All this makes one lament like Jeremiah.

Here is this day ending with snow. I am glad to think of you at your journey's end, now that the cold has returned. Provided only that you do not suffer from your long walks—that your chest keep well—that M.

d'A—— do not make you sit up too late while relating his troubles. A thousand anxieties suggest themselves and sadden me ; a thousand thoughts rise in me, and fall in flakes over Paris.

I found my first poem among some scraps of paper, and put it by. I put by everything I find that I should have shown thee, hadst thou been here. That you should no longer be here sometimes seems impossible ; I keep saying to myself that you will soon return, and yet you are very far away ; and your shoes, those two empty feet that still stand in your room, do not stir. I look at them, I love them almost as much as that little pink shoe you were reading about to me the other day in Hugo. The heart can thrust itself in everywhere, into a shoe, into a phial ; one would say it was a very silly thing. Do you not say so ?

3<sup>rd</sup>.—I have begun my day by fitting myself up a distaff, very round, very firm, very smart, with its bow of ribband. There, I am going to spin with a small bobbin. One must vary work and amusements ; tired, of a stocking, I take up my needle, then my distaff, then a book. So time passes, and carries us away on its wings.

Eran has just arrived. I was longing to see him, and to know on what day you had left Gaillac. It was on a Friday, then, the same day you went from here. It was on a Friday, too, that you set off for Brittany. This day is not a happy one ; Mamma died

on a Friday, and I have remarked that other sad events have happened on it. I do not know whether one ought to believe in fatal days.

4<sup>th</sup>.—There are some days that are happy, the Sunday—often the Sunday. Letters as we came from mass; one of yours from Bordeaux. At length news of you, your handwriting at length! When shall I have other letters from Paris? How ambitious the heart is. This morning transported with what I hold, now it is not enough! I sent you back a letter from M——, very sorry not to have time to slip in a word for you. This word is here, you will come upon it very late. Who knows when this little book will reach you, whether it will be it or me you will see first? I should like it to be me.

I leave thee with a regret, a secret that I may not tell thee because it is not mine. One day perhaps I shall be able to speak of it. It would take up a great space on this paper, my confidant, if it had not been written before under seal of secrecy in my heart.

5<sup>th</sup>.—I have not time to write.

6<sup>th</sup>.—I have written a good deal, but far from here, not for here. It is a pity, for I could have filled many sheets with what springs from my heart to-day. This is what you like. Augustine came to spend the day with us, no one being at home at the parsonage. This little one, who generally amuses me, failed to do so,

and must have found my face stern and my air pre-occupied. I took my distaff by way of diversion, but all the while I was spinning my mind spun, and wound, and turned its bobbin at a fine rate. *I* was not at my distaff, the soul just sets that kind of mechanical work going, and then leaves it. Where does that soul go to? Where was mine to-day? God knows where, and you too in a measure; you know that I am seldom away from you, not even when I read those fine sermons with which you made me acquainted. I find in them so many things applicable to thee. Oh, you ought indeed to continue to read them.

7<sup>th</sup>.—A loud north wind, a grand orchestra at my window. I am rather fond of this harmony proceeding from all the ill-jointed frames, the ill-closed shutters, and all the holes in the walls, and having a variety of notes, some so ridiculously shrill that they would pierce the hardest hearing. Droll kind of music this of Cayla that I, as I said, am fond of, because I have no other. One who never hears anything else will listen to a noise, whatever it be.

A visit, a friend! M. Linier. Almost in entering, "How is M. Maurice; have you heard from him?" "To-morrow, to-morrow we shall, no doubt." Questions like this please, one sees that it is the heart that puts them. These worthy priests love us; we have no better friends in the whole country. Good night; I must needs busy myself with the supper, and prepare the



bed. To-night Eran is to occupy your little room. To-morrow morning I shall come to see if it is you who are there; I shall listen if you call out to me: "Come in alone; open the door, and come in." Alas! alas! how things pass away, and how memories remain!

8<sup>th</sup>.—Oh! letters, letters from Paris; one from thee. You have arrived, well in health, cheerful, welcome! God be praised! I can give nothing else a thought. I tell everybody: "Maurice has written to us; he has got well over his journey, has had fine weather," and a hundred other things that start up.

We have a fine day, sweet weather, mild air, a cloudless sky; nothing but leaves are wanted to make us suppose ourselves in the month of May. This smiling nature mollifies the soul, and disposes it for happiness. "Impossible," thought I, as I was walking this morning, "impossible but that something pleasant must occur," and I got your letter. I was not mistaken.

These letters, this writing, what pleasure it gives me! how the heart falls and feeds upon it. But by and by one grows sad again, joy subsides, regrets rise, and makes one think that after all a letter is but a small thing in place of a person. One is never satisfied, all our joys are truncated. God will have it so—will have it so, and that the beautiful bit that is ever wanting be only found in heaven. There happi-

ness in its completeness, there eternal reunion. This ought surely to excite desires in certain hearts, ought to make them live like Christians.

Wrote to Louise, to Marie.

9th.—Anniversary of our grandfather's death. We have been to mass, on my return I wrote to thee; I am still writing. I could write always and everywhere, on the tiles of thy little room, on the soles of thy shoes; who can say where thought may not go and light: but I carry it in here, like a bird upon its branch, and it sings. What shall I tell thee? the first thing that comes uppermost?—that at this same season there was once mourning and joy at Cayla, death and baptism—the death of the grandfather, the birth of the grandson. At this time Erembert came into the world. It is sad to be born beside a grave, but so we all are; life and death touch. What is it that Shakespeare's grave-diggers say about this, I know not where?

I have not read much of your favourite author, though I consider him admirable, like M. Hugo, but these geniuses have blots that shock a woman's eye. I detest to meet with what I do not choose to see, and this makes me close many a book, 'Notre-Dame de Paris,' for instance; that I take up a hundred times a day, the style, that Esmeralda, her goat, so many pretty things tempt me, say to me, "Read, look." I do look, I turn over the pages, but there are stains here and there in those pages that stop me; no more

reading, and I content myself with merely looking at the pictures. I am still as fond of them as a child. I could hardly help tearing out the one about the cake of Indian corn, of that very pretty mother, and very pretty child. We have admired it together, which accounts for its delighting me.

But I have got very far from our grandfather, and from the serious thoughts that were arising upon birth and death. Let us return to them, they too are dear to me, and I happen to have a book open before me with this passage of Bossuet on the subject: "Does there not indeed appear to be a certain relation between swaddling clothes and winding-sheets? Those that are newly born are wrapped almost in the same way as the newly dead, a cradle has some resemblance to a sepulchre, and it is a token of our mortality that we should be buried at our birth."

10th.—I come back to where I was yesterday, to speak about death, life, and Bossuet, those three grand things. The infant belonging to the wife of Jean Roux is at this moment being carried to the churchyard. We hear the bell, which is making the poor mother weep bitterly, and occasions in me thoughts that are half sweet, half gloomy. One reminds oneself that these little departed ones are happy, that they are in heaven; but one thinks of adults, of those souls of full-grown men that go to appear before God with so many days to number, and

what days? . . . . When their life is laid open, that journal kept by God, as says Bossuet, and one sees . . . . But I erase; it does not behove me to make an examination of souls, that is the office of God only. May they all be happy, may not one of those I love be wanting in heaven! This is enough to occupy me, and to change all my questionings into prayer.

A letter from Marie, another from Hippolyte, laconic in its style. "Come such a day, thou wilt oblige me." This was not for me, as you may suppose, but an invitation to Eran for a luncheon and a ball. Everything is stirring just now; gaiety has sounded to arms, and few are absent from the muster. Here we merely listen, we converse, we spin, we read, we write to our friends; such is the peaceful Cayla life that I love, and should regret if I had to leave it. I am as attached to it as a bird to its cage. My goldfinch always used to come back to his when I let him out, and he could make but little of flying. So it would be with me, my wings would not carry me far into the world. A corner of a room in which you would be, with Caroline your wife, is all. That is my Paris, my world.

11<sup>th</sup>.—A letter from Louise, the dear friend who on setting out for the wedding wrote me a letter prettier than the jewels of the bride.

12<sup>th</sup>.—Papa is gone to the \* \* \*. The pastor has

been here. We have had snow and sunshine, great variety of weather, and little to say. I am not in a mood to write or to do anything amiable, quite the contrary. There are these days when the soul draws into its shell, and plays the hedgehog. If you were there, close beside me, alas! I should prick you very badly, I think. But would to God it were so! I should not be fancying that perhaps you are not feeling well in that Paris air.

13<sup>th</sup>.—I am just come from Andillac with a beautiful large apple that Toinon d'Aurel gave me, to thank me for having been to see her son, who is ill. Nothing more grateful than a mother, and a poor mother. Our leeches have come in for the poor child. What better use could we make of them after they had served as a weather-glass during your journey? I care much less for them now. Thus it is that my affections very often prove to be interested, and ebb and flow according to the day. And now here is Papa, arriving ill from \* \* \*, as he does every time he goes there. There are places which are not good for us. I am always afraid Paris should have this effect upon you. At all events, if Papa is ill, we have him here to nurse. Perhaps it will be nothing after all. Who knows? Anxiety soon gets possession of the heart.

Papa is better; he has been feverish, and has slept ill. We gave him up our room, which is warmer than his, and I took your bed. It is very long since I slept

there before; not, I think, since I tore from the paper on the wall the hand of a man who was about to rob a nest painted on it. At all events, I gave him credit for this wicked intention, which used to put me in a passion every morning I woke, and which at last I punished by an act of severity for which I was myself punished in my turn. They scolded me for having mutilated the poor man, without listening to my assurances that he was wicked. Who, indeed, discerned this but me? In order to manage children well, we must borrow their eyes and their hearts, see and feel as they do, and judge them from their own point of view. One would spare them thus many tears that flow because of ill-said lessons. Poor little children! how it pains me to see them unhappy, teased, contradicted. Do you recollect the *Pater* that I used to repeat mentally, that Papa might not scold you at lessons? I have the same compassion still, with this difference, that now I pray God to make parents reasonable.

If I had a child to bring up, how gently and cheerfully I should set about it, with all the care that is given to a delicate flower! Then I should speak to them of the good God in loving words: I should tell them that He loved them even better than I,—that He not only gave me everything that I gave them, but the air, the sun, and the flowers besides; that He had made the sky and all the beautiful stars. These stars,—I can recollect, what a beautiful idea

they gave me of God ; how often I used to get up, after I had been put to bed, to look at them out of the little window at the foot of my bed, in our cousin's house at Gaillac. This window was nailed up, for I used to open it and to hang out of it, at the risk of falling over into the street. This proves that children have a sense of the beautiful, and that it is easy to inspire them with faith and love by means of God's works.

And now you must know that this morning, in opening the window, I heard the song of a blackbird who was singing as loud as ever he could up above on Golse. It was delightful, this song of spring, amidst the crows ; it was like a rose in snow. Mimi is gone to the hamlet, Papa is in his room, Eran is at Gaillac, and I with thee. This is often the state of things.

15<sup>th</sup>.—Another letter about a ball. Poor dancers ! to whom do they address themselves ? As well knock at a convent as at the Cayla. But I am wrong ; they have Eran, Eran who dances, converses, plays, does all manners of pleasant amiable things, and gets himself called charming. Indeed, he is very agreeable both to men and women ; he is a complete man of the world. Alas ! there are many such !

I have read some pages, written a little, thought a great deal, and made a charming spindleful ; and all this is called a day—one of my days.

•

16th.—A blank,—that is better than anything that I should have put down. Is it worth while to say that I did not feel well to-day; that I went with Mimi to walk off my discomfort in the woods and fields; that we came upon a lark that went off singing, and that I rather envied it its wings and its joy.

17th.—A letter from Caroline. What a happiness to know you so loved, so well cared for, only having to cross the street to find yourself in your own room! No more colds, no more fears, no more of those dragons that I used to fancy at thy heels in Paris. God be praised, I am at rest! In all this I see the arranging of Providence, who orders all for your good. And yet, you do not love the good God! His mercies towards you shine in my eyes like diamonds. Only look, my friend, at all that has come to sweeten your poor position; at this unexpected assistance, this family affection, this mother, this sister, who is more than sister, so loving, so gentle, so pretty, who promises you so much happiness. Do you not see something in all this, some Divine hand ordering your life? I now begin to hope for you a future better than the past, that past which has made us suffer so much. But all of us have our time of tribulation, misfortune, servitude in Egypt, before the manna and the sweetness of life.

Romiguières has been to spend the evening here, to warm himself at our fire, and talk of sheep and asses,



and, what especially amused me, to show his papers in order to get to know his real age ; he had made a mistake of seven years ! Happy man, ignoring his own life ! These peasant-lives pass on, like the brooks, without knowing how long they have been flowing. They have indeed their epochs, but they do not date as we do. They will tell you, "I was born when this field was in corn. I married when that tree was planted, or that house was being built." Grand and beautiful registers ! Bernardin, I think, makes Virginie speak thus ; for my part I have heard it a hundred times at Andillac or here. Simple nature is everywhere the same.

*At night*, with my feet in a footbath.—In this rather too hot water, I am thinking of the martyrs ; of what those baths of pitch, oil, or boiling water, into which they were plunged must have been. What men ! Were they really of our nature ? Can one believe it, when one feels so acutely the least touch of pain—a spark, a drop of water ? when one cries out, and draws back as I have just been doing ? What should I have done in Blandina's place ? My God ! doubtless as she did, for faith renders us superhuman, and I think I do truly believe.

18<sup>th</sup>.—Brought back from Andillac one letter announcing a death, and another a marriage ; that of Mademoiselle de Saint-Géry with M. de Morlière. Tears and joys ; blendings of almost every day in life, which is composed of perpetual contrasts. •

19<sup>th</sup>.—Waited till evening, to see what I should have to say. Nothing. Do you like that? If you preferred words, I could find some in my heart, even when they did not spring from anything without. A woman's heart is talkative, and does not require much; it is able of itself to extend to infinity, and to play the eloquent out of that little chest where it dwells, as out of an orator's tribune. My friend, how many times I have harangued thee thus! but when I do not believe either that I can give thee pleasure, or be of use to thee, why then I am silent. I take up my distaff, and, instead of *the woman of the seventeenth century*, I am the simple country-girl, and this pleases me, diverts me, relaxes my mind. There is one side of my character which comes into close contact with the simplest classes, and infinitely enjoys them. Accordingly I have never been given to dream of greatness or fortune, but how often of a little home far from cities, very neat, with its deal furniture, its shining household utensils, its trellised door, hens! and myself there, with I know not whom, for I would not have a peasant such as ours, who are boors, and who beat their wives. Do you remember . . . ?



## VI.

*Continuation of the 19th February (1838).*



HERE is a new book. What shall I put into it? what shall I say, shall I think, shall I see, before I get to the end of it? Will it contain happiness or unhappiness—will it have . . . ? But what matters it! I shall take whatever comes, just as the brook does down yonder. These inquiries into the future only serve to torment one, because we generally foresee in it more pains than pleasures. The sick, the dead, the afflicted, how know I what phantoms are to be met with in this obscurity?

Yesterday it struck me that Papa might be going to have a stroke, because he complained of a numbness of the right side; his father having died of one much at the same age. Poor Father! what should I do on earth without him? I have never looked upon myself as placed in the world for anything else than his happiness, God knows this, and that I have devoted my life to him. The idea of leaving him never occurred to me, except to enter a convent; and even this thought is

wearing out, so impossible do I feel it to tear myself hence, to go away from home even to go with thee. Paris has little attraction for me, I assure you ; I should never take two steps in its direction if you came here as a family man to be with us, to live with us. Impossible delight ! Present sadness and bitterness ; this is all that comes of meddling with the future ! It would have been better to have taken up the thread of the other book ; to have continued my tale like Scheherazade.

I was about then to ask you whether you remembered that man we met once upon the Gaillac road, who by his way of entering his home like a thunderclap gave me a sort of terror ; and how much talk you and I had about conjugal happiness and unhappiness. Then, turning to the subject of your marriage, pleasant thoughts came into our minds. I told thee that the good God had surely made Caroline for thee as He did Eve for Adam, and you asked me to pray that He might also grant you a little angel of a daughter. As soon as you are married I shall not fail to do so. Night calls me hence.

24<sup>th</sup>.—A day that begins with rain and the cawing of crows. We shall see what will happen between this and evening. I have not written for some days, owing to certain visits we have had ; to I know not what besides that prevented my writing. It is not the heart that keeps silence.

How well I did to wait until evening! Could I have put in anything more charming than what I see, what I hold, what I feel,—than the pleasure thy letter has given me, the second thou hast written since thy return to Paris? Oh! how full of happiness it is, and how delighted I am to know thou art at length as I have long wished thee to be! You do not go out, you do not endanger your health, you do not see company; in the midst of Babylon your letters might be dated from some solitude. Unexpected wisdom this, which enchants me, makes me bless God, makes me hopeful, consoles me, fills my heart with a nameless feeling that leads me to rejoice on your account. O! brothers, brothers, we love you so much! If you but knew it, if you but understood how precious your welfare is to us, and by what sacrifices we would purchase it! O my God, may they indeed understand it and not so readily expose their dear healths and their dear souls.

More letters and packets, report of the *Propagation of the Faith*, mandate from our Archbishop. This medley has been poured out of an apron and covers the whole of the round table.

*Ten o'clock in the Evening.*—This day was marked out for pretty things, for arrivals. The box, the long expected box is come. Cuffs, frills, comb, brush, pins, fragrant powder, all circulate from hand to hand. It is M. de Thézac's little Mariette who has brought this to us from Gaillac. Good night, I am going to think

happily about thee and Caro ; I am going to sleep well.

25<sup>th</sup>.—A month this very day and hour since thy departure. This somewhat changes the “couleur de rose” of last evening, but adieu. I have to think of quite other than human things, it is Sunday and I am setting off to church. We all dine at the priest’s ; he shall have your remembrances, and you mine before God. It is there that they are most precious.

26<sup>th</sup>.—One moment’s escape, one moment with thee while I am waited for in the kitchen. I should prefer my own little room, but they are stewing ducks, making pastry, preparing a little carnival dinner which needs my aid. We are expecting the pastor ; if I could but expect some one besides ! All who come make me think of you who come not. Let us, however, draw near in heart, let us write to each other, thou from thy cell in the world, I from my little room in this solitude. From without, very different things will suggest themselves to us two, it will not, I hope, be so from within. Paris and the Cayla have less resemblance than our souls, our thoughts, our two beings. It is tiresome to have to separate in order to make pastry.

27<sup>th</sup>.—It rains, I was watching it rain, and then I proposed to myself to let my thoughts, too, fall thus

drop by drop on this paper. This will clear my sky, which is laden as well as the other, not indeed with great clouds, but with a something that veils the blue, the serene. I would fain smile on everything, and feel myself inclined to tears ; and yet I am not unhappy. Whence, then, comes this? Probably it is because our soul grows weary on this earth, poor exile that it is! . . . There is Mimin at her prayers ; I will do as she does and take my weariness to God. Oh me ! what would have become of me without prayer, without faith, without the thought of Heaven, without that woman's piety which turns into love, into divine love ? I should have been lost, and devoid of any happiness on earth—you may believe me ; I have as yet found none anywhere, or in any human thing, not even in thee.

28th, Ash Wednesday.—Here I am with ashes on my brow and solemn thoughts. This *Memento pulvis* is fearful ; the whole of to-day I keep hearing it. I cannot abstract myself from the thought of death, more particularly in this room where I no longer see thee, where I have seen thee dangerously ill, where thy presence and thy absence alike suggest melancholy images.

One thing alone is smiling, the little medal of the Virgin suspended at the head of thy bed. It is still bright and in the same place where I put it as a safeguard for you. If you knew, my friend, the pleasure I take in looking at it ; the memories, the hopes, the secret, sacred things connected in my heart with that

holy image ! I shall keep it as a relic, and if you ever return to sleep in this little bed you will sleep once more beside the medal of the Virgin. Tolerate in me this confidence, this love, not for a bit of metal, but for the image of the Mother of God. I should much like to know whether in your new cell one would see the Saint Theresa that used to hang in the other near the holy-water vessel,

Where thou in need of grace  
Fainting, wouldst take the alms that met thy case.\*

You no longer take them thence, I much fear, your alms ; whence do you take them ? Who knows ? Is the world in which you are living now, rich enough for your needs ? Maurice, if I could but infuse into thee some of my thoughts on this subject, if I could but insinuate into your mind what I believe, and what I learn in books of devotion, those beautiful reflections of the Gospel ! If I could but see you a Christian.  
. . . . I would give life and everything for that.

M. Fieuzet has been with us for the last three days, and introduces a little variety into our somewhat uniform conversations ; always about fields or sheep, unless indeed letters arrive ; and they do not come every day. This worthy Curé amuses us, narrates all sorts of little incidents connected with parishes, parsonages, and the church, which, blended with sprightly sallies, are really amusing. We laughed heartily over a curé in the neighbourhood who had

\* Lines by St. Theresa to her brother.



the bells rung for a wedding party who were passing through his parish; we laughed over that wedding party mounted on a cart, drawn by oxen, over the triumphal arch above the cart, and the motto on the arch. . . .

*1st March.*—Just now I was watching two little vagrants passing in a state of extacy under the great poplar tree. They could not sufficiently lift their heads and eyes, and I was thinking that in like manner whatever is high attracts our intellect, and that I should do just the same as they below the Pyramids of Egypt, . . . when a very small bird chancing to light upon the summit of the poplar, made me feel the impotence of our poor human nature and took down the pride of my thoughts.

Come, here are provisions for Lent, Massillon just sent me by Eliza. I shall read a sermon every day. Thus the soul is catered for, the mind must fare as it can; I do not know with what to feed it; I have no books that suit my taste. And yet I needs must have something. I cannot dispense with reading; furnishing that which thinks and lives with aliment of some kind. I am going to devote myself to serious subjects; to *Indifference in matters of religion*. This is the best thing I can get at; and then I am glad, too, to read again what I first met with in my youth, what amazed, penetrated, and enlightened me like a new sky. When M. l'Abbé Gagne recommended me this work I hardly

knew anything besides the *Imitation* and a few devotional books. Judge therefore of the effect these powerful lectures made, and how widely they expanded my mind. From that moment I had a new view of things, a revelation, as it were, took place in me, of the world, of God, of everything. It was a delight and a surprise like that of the chicken leaving its shell. And what charmed me above all was that my faith, by feeding upon all these grand subjects, grew deep and strong.

14<sup>th</sup>.—A gap, a silence of twelve days. A journey to Gaillac whither I had not taken my book. I meant to return that same evening, but Louise, whom I went to see, was at Saint-Géry, so I had to wait for the dear friend, which kept me out longer than I wished—I am not fond of going from home. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as my desert ; to-day, that it is resplendent with sunshine and soft light, I would not change it for the most magnificent city. I do not like a house-top for horizon, nor to walk in the streets when our roads are fringing themselves with flowers. Just now it is a delight to be in the open air, and to wander as the partridges do. Papa has been able to go with us to the end of the long vine. We sat down for a short time in the wood, near the spot where Caroline lost her footing. We talked of her and her fall. I saw again the group that we then formed in the midst of the oak trees, a group, alas, so widely dispersed ! and these reflections over, I ran to look for violets on

a hill-side exposed to the sun. They were the first we had seen. I put one here, and offer it thee as the first fruits of the Cayla spring.

I do not tell you what I did and saw at Gaillac, it is not worth while, unless I were to speak of Louise. And indeed I saw but very little of her, and she was so occupied, so surrounded, that we could have no confidential talk. We are getting anxious; you do not write, nor Caro, nor any one. This is a post day, but nothing comes; and yet I wrote to you by M. Louis de Rivières and sent you one of my copy-books. Is this not worth a word?

15<sup>th</sup>.—A letter, but not from thee! It comes from Euphrasie, who gives me news of Lili, sad news which make me dread to lose this poor friend. I am going to Cahuzac to communicate them to my aunt.

16<sup>th</sup>.—The *Vialarette* will never more bring you chestnuts and *échaudés* from Cordes; poor girl, she died last night. I regret her on account of her good qualities, her fidelity, her attachment to us. If we were ill, there she was at once; if we wanted any little service rendered, she was ready; and then she was so discreet, so much to be trusted, one of the small number of persons to whom one might safely confide a secret. This was the sublime feature of her condition as it seems to me, this religion of secret-keeping which she had not learnt from education. I would have trusted her with anything.

Not one of the Andillac women approaches this poor Marie in elevation of feeling, or strong and living faith. You should have heard her speak out, clearly and straightforwardly to the village philosophers, to those who spoke lightly of God, of confession, of all the holy things at which it is too much the custom to laugh in village gatherings. Oh ! she loved them all ! She used to confess, to fast, to keep Lent with five pennyworth of oil, to believe in heaven ; and she must be there, I hope. God will have accepted this pure and simple soul. Her faults were merely inequalities of temper ; oddities of character which sometimes made her disagree with her neighbours. But they were soon forgotten, some service rendered would rub out hasty words, and now they are all sounding her praises.

I went to see her yesterday evening, she did not know me. I took her hand, it was cold and pulseless, when I went away I was quite aware that I had seen her for the last time. That cold hand, that smothered pulsation, it was death that I had been touching ! How sad, how gloomy, how awful it is, this passage into the other life ! What would become of us, my God, if faith did not throw its light, its hopes athwart it ! Happy they who can hope, who can say with La Vialarette, "I have known God and have served him !" Her knowledge did not go beyond the Catechism, nor her prayers beyond the *Pater Noster* ; but everything is included therein for Christians, great

and small. Would to God that M. de Lamennais had never gone further !

Mimi acted as sister of charity to our poor friend, and by her exhortations helped her to endure. It was to her the sufferer confided her secrets connected with the next life, told what masses she desired for the repose of her soul, and for this purpose made over to her sixty francs that she had kept deposited in a faggot, a faggot collected branch by branch as was the money penny by penny. Holy idea this of the poor ! What merit this deposit will have in God's sight ! Of how much cold and heat, of how many steps, efforts, privations, has it been composed ! Who knows how many bits of bread she bought from her hunger to devote their price to her soul ? Simple and admirable faith !

17<sup>th</sup>.—I have just returned from the funeral of this poor girl, the first person I ever saw committed to the grave. It was a painful sight ; but I wished to accompany to the last her who had neither brother nor sister of her own, her who had followed to that same churchyard all those members of our family whom she had seen die, her who had taken so many steps for us, alas ! on this very day, *Saturday*. In short, I determined to show her this mark of affection, and to accompany her by my prayers to the borders of the next world. I heard mass by the side of her coffin.

There was a time when this would have terrified me ; but now, I know not how it is, I find it quite natural to die ; coffins, deaths, tombs, churchyards, only inspire me with feelings of faith, only raise my soul on high. The thing that struck me most was hearing the coffin drop into the grave : hollow, lugubrious sound, man's last ! Oh ! how penetrating it is, how far it enters into the soul that listens to it ! But all do not listen ; the grave-diggers seemed to look on as at a falling tree ; little Cotive, and other children, kept peeping in as into a ditch where there were flowers, with inquisitive, wondering faces. My God ! my God ! what indifference surrounds the tomb !

How wise the saints are to die beforehand, to perform their own obsequies by retiring from the world ! Is it worth while to remain in it ? No, it is not worth while, were it not for a few beloved souls with whom God wills us to keep company in this life. There is Papa who has just been to pay me a visit in my room, and in going away left two kisses on my brow. How can one leave these tender fathers ?

Again in anxiety about you ; no letters. I have written to you in Paris. Just now I am going to the sermon, that is, going to read one in the chimney corner. One can make every place a church.

18th.—Rain, mud, wind, wintry day and Sunday. A good little discourse to make up to me for the fatigue of my walk. Uneasy this evening ; no letter.

19<sup>th</sup>.—The relations of La Vialarette have been to thank us before they went away, for the care we took of her, and to offer us whatever we might like. . . . Amidst a heap of phials and other rubbish I saw a little white pot that we used yearly to fill with preserves for her. I asked for it as a remembrance. I have it, shall keep it and look at it, sacred little pot that it is, as if it were that of the widow of Sarepta.

A spindleful, a little reading, a little writing, a few glances at the rain, have made up my day. I am not speaking of what goes on within the soul. Last night I dreamed that I saw your bed all in flames. What mean these fears by night and day that you cause me? Oh! that at least I may not have to be anxious about thy health! All the rest, that God knows of, is quite enough. Will there be letters from thee to-morrow?

20<sup>th</sup>.—No letter.

21<sup>st</sup>.—I go on waiting. To-morrow, perhaps to-morrow!

24<sup>th</sup>.—At last something! It is not from you indeed, but what of that? I know that you are alive, that is enough for me. I had been so full of fears! My God! how much your silence has made me suffer! what torments, imaginations, suppositions, distresses! What terror, too, on seeing that letter with a black seal! Ah! M. d'Aurevilly little knows the shock he

gave me. I let his letter fall ; Erembert took it up, opened it, and returned it me. I understood, I read, I saw ; no more terror. The poor pear is the cause of all this ! Very eloquent thanks and compliments, but unwelcome under that black seal ; accordingly their effect was merely sad, a nameless gloom remained behind in my soul, like a black dye upon which no other colour can take. I say to myself over and over again, “ you thought he was dead, he is living, he is well, his health you are told will soon be on a par with his happiness,” but neither that nor anything else can free me from anxiety on your account. I have re-read the letter, and see to a certainty from it that you have been ill. Would your friend tell me that when I arrive in Paris I shall find thee perfectly well if thou hadst not been suffering ? Oh ! yes, thou art ill ; I have had a fear of this for some time back. Poor dear health, that I can neither observe nor take care of. . . . Nothing is left me but to recommend it to the good God, my holy resource.

*25th, Sunday.*—An excellent discourse on confession. How clear, simple, and true it was ! How well the preacher succeeded in bringing the proofs of the divine institution of confession within the grasp of Andillac minds, and at the same time instructing our poor philosophers, ignorant of their catechism. I should like to have had you there, you would have approved it highly, especially when, after having



answered objections, confounded enmity, refuted pretexts, got rid of objections, he spoke of the benefits of confession—of the peace it instils into the individual, the family, and the parish, illustrating this by examples, and ending by calling us all with his Good Shepherd's voice to his feet, his arms, his heart. "My brothers, a mother who loses her daughter does not grieve more than I when I see one of your souls die in sin." And this was no mere phrase, it was an expression of faith and charity. This is really what these good priests think and feel !

Oh, how worthy of our reverence are those who have the Spirit of God, who go about doing good. I venerate them as I do relics, and think poorly of those who speak ill of them. This occurs to me in connexion with certain mockers. But it is night, and, moreover, it is not worth while to speak of such people. If I can, I shall return this evening before going to bed.

27th.—They were true, then, those presentiments of mine ; you are ill, you have had three attacks, you cough ! What distress ! My poor Maurice, must I then be thus far away from thee, unable any longer to see thee, to hear thee or to take care of thee ! It is now that I long to be in Paris, to have a room next to thine as I had here, so as to hear thee breathe, sleep, cough. Alas ! I have to hear all this across two hundred leagues ! Oh ! distance, distance ! I suffer

greatly, but God wills it so, and makes me pay thus dearly for my sisterly affection. No joy without bitterness, nor even without sacrifice. If I were near thee I fancy that you would feel better, that I should watch over what you eat, what you drink, over the very air you breathe. May Providence do this, and keep thee as the apple of an eye ! And then, again, that sweet tender child, who is as a sister to thee, consoles me. She it is who has just written to Eran, telling him of your illness and bidding him not to let the sisters know. Dear Caro, she is well aware how easily sisters are made anxious. How I love her, how rejoiced I am to know that you are near her, how I bless God for it ! What would become of you in your Hôtel de Port-Mahon, alone with men ? Your friend would indeed be there ; but whatever he may say, whatever he may do, a man can never replace a woman with the sick any more than with children. Weakness and suffering require those attentions, alleviations, comforts, which it is ours to invent.

28<sup>th</sup>.—Oh ! letters, letters of the heart, letters of sorrow, for it is all one ! Kind aunt ! She, like Caro, tells us that you have had three attacks, that you arrived at Paris pale, knocked up, out of spirits—all which rends my heart. God knows what I would not do rather than know thee to be suffering in mind or body. But I can do nothing for either. I have only power to pray, and I do pray and hope

because faith is mighty. God is our strong help, this I feel experimentally. Oh ! if, as St. Paul says, we had hope in this life only, we should be the most miserable of all creatures.

Here is Lucy, my goddaughter, come to bid me good night. I must first caress her a little, then comes the Catechism. I like teaching children, like opening their little minds to see what perfumes are enclosed in these flower buds. In Lucy I find a penetration, a memory, and a gentleness of character, which render the child plastic to my touch. I shall be able to teach her to know God, the only indispensable knowledge in this sad and swift life as I believe M. de Lamennais calls it.

My catechising over, I am going to read a sermon ; we are in Lent, a season when the soul feeds more than ever on holy things. Besides, I need them as a counterpoise to the griefs, alarms, anxieties which weigh my heart down. Oh, my friend, why hast not thou recourse to this, why dost thou not get thyself raised by some heavenly influence ? You would not then be so dejected ; as it is, I believe you are unhappy in spite of your apparent happiness, and that this is the cause of your illness. Most of our miseries come from the soul ; thine, poor friend, is so sick, so sick ! I know very well what would cure, or at all events relieve it, you understand me ; to make it once more become Christian, to bring it into relationship with God by the fulfilment of religious duties, to cause

it to live by faith—in short, to establish it in a condition suited to its nature. Oh! then would come peace and happiness,—in so far as they are possible to man ; —and the tranquillity of order, a rare and excellent thing only to be obtained by the subjection of our passions, as we see exemplified in the saints.

20th.—Two letters written to-day ; one to Marie, the other to Irène, my Lisle friend. I owe her this token of remembrance and gratitude for her long standing and constant friendship. It was she who wrote to me first, seven years ago, I think, after a few days' acquaintanceship at Lisle. Friendship soon springs up between women ; a smile, a word, a nothing is enough to bring about amicable ties, but then, they are, generally speaking, mere bows of riband, which leads to the saying that women do not really love each other. I cannot tell ; some may love for a day or two, more or less, and yet love very much ; but I have always dreaded such ephemeral affections for myself and my friends. Nothing so sad as a dead thing in one's heart, as making the heart a coffin. Hence whenever I feel or see an affection threatening to go out I make all haste to revive it.

Accordingly I am about to write to L. *of the mountains*, who seemed to me slightly changed. Perhaps it was preoccupation, company, circumstances ; but she has left in my heart fears and doubts as regards her friendship. And yet, when I recollect

the long tears that rolled down her cheeks last year when I left her, these fears vanish from my mind.

As to what are called acquaintances, I have plenty of them, and I know not how I make them, I, who hardly ever leave my desert, and who, like Paul the hermit, would willingly live a hundred years in my retreat without enquiring at all how the world goes on. But God wills it thus, no doubt, for some purpose to me unknown. Providence orders all things, even the very least events, and therefore one accepts.

I have just been reading the story of the child raised up by Elisha. Oh ! if I knew some prophet, some one who restored life and health, I would go like the Shunamite to prostrate myself at his feet.

30th.—This fine weather, and mild air, what good they would do thee ! I keep thinking of this, and shall regret the whole of this spring that I cannot see thee inhale it here. It would be so much better for thee than Paris. Why cannot you live with us, my friend ! What a sorrow to see thee banished as it were from the family circle ! Oh ! Fortune, Fortune ! what can she not inflict upon us when she is unpropitious ? We have suffered much from her in thee.

31st.—I do not know who, or what made me fling my copy-book under the counterpane of thy bed ; I break off and hide the moment any one enters the room. I only write for thee, and in order to do this

avail myself of the first excuse that I hit upon: now it is a letter to be written, now some notes that I am taking; but what always answers the purpose is the copy-book filled with poems, that Papa has asked me for. I write out three or four verses a day, and when Papa comes into my room and says, "What are you about?" I reply "The copy-book." This is not an untruth, only I am writing two copy-books, and I take more delight in the one than the other. However, I shall finish Papa's since he wishes it; the dear father well deserves that I should please him too, he who would give me the moon.

Why cannot I give every one a something or other, some mark of affection to brothers and sister, to all I love. Let me see and make my will. To thee, my Journal, my pen-knife, the '*Confessions* of St. Augustine;' to Papa, my poems; to Erembert, '*Lamartine*;' to Mimi, my rosary, my little knife, my '*Way of the Cross*,' my '*Meditations* of Father Judde;' to Louise, the '*Spiritual Conflict*;' to Mimi, again, my '*Imitation*;' to Antoinette, the '*Soul on Fire*;' to thee, too, my little strong-box for thy private papers, on condition you burn all mine should any be found therein. Why, as for that, what could you make of them? They only concern one's own conscience, are secrets between the soul and God; a few letters of advice from M. Bories, and from that good curé from Normandy, of whom I have spoken to you. I keep them, both as mementoes and for use; they

are *my papers*, but they must never see the day. If, therefore, what I am now writing playfully comes to pass, and you do become my executor, remember to burn all that strong-box contains.

*2nd April.*—"If the inevitable necessity of dying saddens human nature, the promise of a future immortality encourages and consoles our faith, since for Thy faithful people, Lord, to die is not to lose life." This, my friend, is what I read in the Preface of 'The Dead,' and have thought of the whole of this day on which our mother died. We heard mass for her this morning. You were hearing it, too, in Paris, and I beheld thee with satisfaction engaged in this communion of prayer. I thought that my mother was watching thee especially, and sending thee down some grace from Heaven as Rachel would have done to her son Benjamin. Wert thou not her youngest and best loved child. I can remember that you sometimes made me jealous, that I used to envy the endearments, bonbons, and kisses which you got in larger measure than I. This was because I was a little older, and I was not then aware that our age modified the expression of affections, and that caresses and pettings, the milk of the heart, are the portion of the youngest and least. But my vexation did not last long, and as soon as reason began to dawn I took to being very fond of thee, which still goes on. Mamma was pleased with this union, this fraternal love between us, and delighted

to see thee on my knees, child on child, heart on heart, as now, only with feelings fuller grown. If from that other life they watch what goes on upon earth, my mother must be pleased that we love each other thus ; that this affection is profitable, sweet, consolatory to us ; that we give each other advice, warning, prayers, spiritual help.

But you no longer pray, you . . . This is sad. There is no day that passes, this day more especially, without my feeling the power of faith over my soul, either in calming, controlling, or elevating it. This morning I was suffering ; death, tears, separations, our whole sad life, were killing me, and, over and above, apprehensions, terrors, heart-rendings, a demon's talons in my soul, the beginning of I know not what anguish. Well, then, at present I am calm, and this I owe to faith, to nothing but faith, to an act of faith. I think of my mother, of death, of eternity, without distress or terror. Over a gloomy ground floats a divine calm, a sweet serenity that God alone can create. It is in vain that I have tried other things on like occasions ; nothing human consoles or sustains the spirit.

The child must have its mother,  
My soul must have its God.

3rd.—I was expecting letters from Paris, tidings of thee, but nothing came. What is to be said or thought ? Mere *who knows*, conjectures, doubts.



How sad doubt is, whether to heart or mind ! May God deliver us from it ! Papa is gone to Andillac to see if the carrier has left anything there. I am waiting here in my little room, my resting-place. Oh ! how weary I am, 'tis soul-fatigue, but what matters it. I will work, I will write, I will not give in. Some one is expecting a letter. I had letters the day before yesterday from Félicité and Marie de Thézac. There is no lack of any letters but thine.

*4th.*—It is cold, it rains, it snows. A low, doleful wind sings at my window and makes me inclined to answer it; but what can one say to the wind, to a little agitated air ? Alas ! how often we are nothing more ! Last night I had a remarkable dream. I found myself with M. de Lamennais, I spoke to him of thee, and of his earlier and later works ; we kept up an animated conversation and were far from agreeing, for he did not agree with himself. He contradicted all that he had formerly said. And I was pitying him, the poor wanderer ! “ Oh, you detest the heretic.” “ No, Sir, no indeed ; you occasion me a deep sorrow, you seem to me a wandering star, but one that cannot fail to re-appear in heaven.” And upon that, he, the room in which we were, and I, all got confused in the chaos of sleep, but this much I remembered, and all to-day I have had this man of genius in my head. When I reflect that you lived with him, and received his instructions, the interest I take in him becomes intense.

Oh, how much this man occupies my mind, how I think about his salvation, how I implore it of God, how I lament his lost, his holy renown ! It often occurs to me to write to him without giving my name ; to let him hear a mysterious voice, all tears and entreaties. Folly and audacity this on my part ; but yet one woman did encounter him in the interests of hell, to complete the reprobation of the priest ; might not another draw near to him in the cause of heaven ?

They are burying a worthy and holy man, the *Durel* of Lentin, del Mas des Merix ;\* a model peasant, simple, kind, religious, respectful, taking off his hat to us to the very ground. He was one of those whom one could not help saluting as though one beheld virtues personified. These excellent men are rare, they go, and we see none like them come in their place.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Letter from Mademoiselle Martin ; arrival of M. de Faramond ; events of the morning. I must think about dinner and helping Mimi.

6<sup>th</sup>.—Nineteen years ago to-day, was born on the bank of the Ganges a fragile little child, who was called Caroline. She comes, she grows up, gets beautiful, and the sweet young girl is now thy betrothed. I admire thy happiness, my friend, and how careful God

\* The hamlet of Mérix.

has been of it in giving thee such a companion, giving thee this Eve come out of the East with so many graces and charms ! And then I see in her such admirable moral qualities, so much sweetness, goodness, devotedness, candor ; everything about her is so beautiful and so good that I look upon her as a heavenly treasure for thee. May you be united, be happy ! We have just been hearing mass to your intention and according to the expression of Mademoiselle Martin, asking God for Caroline's happiness and for the graces necessary to the new life that is about to open out to her. Let us, oh ! do let us have Heaven on our side, let us ask God for what we need, we poor and impotent creatures. The good pastor will say another mass for you to-morrow, he proposed this himself. "One must pray, too, for M. Maurice. . . ." Consequence this of the idea of the nose-gay, presentiment of your union.

7<sup>th</sup>.—"Where do you think I have just come from, dear Marie ? Oh ! you would never guess ; from warming myself in the sunshine in a cemetery. A gloomy hearth this, if you will, but where one finds oneself surrounded by one's kindred. There I was with my grandfather, my uncles, my ancestors ; with a whole crowd of beloved dead. My mother alone was wanting, she, alas ! reposes rather far from here. But why did I find myself there ? Do you suppose that I am a lover of tombs ? Not more so than others, my

dear. The fact was I had been this morning to confession ; and as there were people waiting there, and I felt cold in the church, I went out and sat in the sunny churchyard ; and there reflections arose, and thoughts tending to the other world, and the account we must give to God. What a good book of self-examination a tomb is ! How many truths one reads there, what light one finds, how the illusions and dreams of life, and all its enchantments, get dispelled ! When we go away hence, the world is fairly judged, we cling to it less.

Our foot on a grave, we care less for the earth.

There is no dancer but would throw off her ball dress and wreath of flowers ; no young girl but would forget her beauty ; no one, in short, but would return improved from this land of the dead.

“ But what is this I am saying to my dear invalid ? Forgive me, dear friend, I ought to enliven, to amuse you, to sing you a strain like that of the *piping bulfinch* ; but I am a bird that lights everywhere, and warbles according to feeling and place. It is for you, my kind one, to listen to me indulgently and not to wonder too much at what may spring from my heart, often little in harmony with yours. In spite of our sympathy, there are in us differences of character and education which would make me tremble for myself and for our friendship if I did not believe it was the work of God, and rested on nothing human. Not to

know, never to have seen, and yet to love each other, is this not wholly spiritual? Accordingly I have for you a quite sacred affection; something in my heart which is only tenderness and prayer for you.

“How I would I could see you happy! Your happiness . . . who can make it? Where do you believe it to lie? Tell me, and let me help you to find it. It is for this only that I am your friend. Let us see, let us look about. What a search! Did you ever read the story of the king mourning for the loss of his wife, to whom a philosopher promised to raise her up, provided there could be found three thoroughly happy persons whose names might be engraved on the tomb of the queen. Never could they be found, which doubtless signifies that our soul would remain for ever dead if human happiness were essential to its life. But, on the contrary, it must go out of the boundary of this world and seek beyond, that is in God, in a Christian life, for what the world does not possess. The world contains no happiness. Those who have loved it best tell us this. It diverts, but can never fill the empty heart. *Oh, the world has indeed gay festivals that attract; but, be sure of this, you would but feel yourself alone and chilled in the midst of the joyous crowd.* In these candid expressions, this avowal of a lover of the world, we have the world’s sentence pronounced. How much sadness in this isolation, this chill, this frost, of which the heart is conscious, while surrounded by pleasures and by those

who partake of them. This alone would make me give them up, if ever they came in my way.

“Do you know, dear Marie, that you do me good by your reflections, that you make me acquainted with the world by your letters, which are pictures, and that you greatly detach me from all my illusions, from all that does not make us happy. Your experience instructs me, and I bless God a hundred times for my retired and tranquil life. Otherwise, what danger! I feel within my heart all that I observe in others, there is the same leaven in us all, but it rises differently according to circumstances and will, for the will goes for much in the development of the heart. One can help it to be good or bad, weak or strong, much in the same way as a child one is bringing up. Accordingly it is not by our tendencies, but by our works, that the Gospel tells us we are to be judged. Oh! when one thinks of that judgment, well may one pay strict attention to one’s life, one’s heart, there are so many perils within and without! My God, how it makes one tremble and take every precaution, and almost desire to quit the world altogether.

Alas! my spirit dreads a stain contracted from the ground!  
How shall it guard the robe of white that was its heavenly  
dower,  
Here where we walk in mire and clay, and dust is flying round,  
Which clings to everything it meets, yes, even to the flower!

“There is something for your *ejaculatory prayers*, I am very happy to furnish you with any such. You

might find holier ones, but do not say them thus aloud in company, my vanity hears you, have a care.

“This reminds me of a sorrow and a regret. I see that my packet for the Isle of France was all left with you; my poor cousin will have died believing that I had forgotten him. It is this alone that I am sorry for. Else I only congratulate myself upon a chance which has gained me your friendship. Since then you have loved me, you say. Why did not you tell me so before? It has taken many days, many events, many different things to link us together, but when shall we meet? It is not your fault if it be not soon, and I know not how to thank you enough for your gracious offers. How obliged I should be to you. But I cannot yet accept, not having settled the time for my journey to Paris. I shall only go for the marriage, or soon after. They are waiting for papers from Calcutta, which will decide the affair at once.

“How I long, how I do long to know if my brother will have a suitable position! I am very anxious about his future, about his health more especially. That precious health, what alarm it causes! There he is ill again; he has had three attacks and his pallor has returned. They assure us that he is better, that the fever is leaving him, but I am afraid they are deceiving us, and I now beg of you not to deceive us, to have the kindness to send some one to see him and to tell me openly how things really are. It was only too true what he told you about the doctor for-

bidding him to go out. I, too, should forbid him that bad Paris atmosphere, and above all, emotion. It is that that kills him. Let his friends avoid anything that excites his feelings. I am much obliged to M. de M—— for the visit he has kindly paid him, and for your friendly interest in him, which I hope you will maintain.

“But now let us speak of you and of your dear health which also interests me as you know ; but you cannot know how much, nor all the pleasure that these words gave me : ‘I am better, much better !’ Oh, that this improvement may last ! that it may go on increasing so that when I see you I may find you recovered, dear invalid, *recovered*, do you hear ? You must labour at this, follow the prescriptions of your physician, occupy yourself exclusively with your health ; only, for my sake, cultivate friendship a little, which is, besides, a consolation for much. Then, God helping, we shall see if things do not go on better. Do not forget prayer either, that best remedy for the soul ; if my book pleases you read it, and your *guardian angel* will be pleased. What a name that is for me to take ! but I accept everything from you, and bless God if I can be of use to you under any denomination whatever.

“Do you know that fever positively inspires you, and that your ‘Hymn to Suffering’ has much struck me ? It is a Byronian strain. But do not go and choose such subjects for poetry I pray you, or represent yourself as crucified on that hopeless Calvary, where suffer-



ings say to you : *Thou wilt not escape us, fatality stamped thee in thy cradle, thou belongest to us.* It is true, we are all born as it were dedicated to misery. Every one suffers from something ; but like the first martyr, if we be Christians while we suffer we see heaven opened. Oh, faith ! faith ! nothing else comforts me and makes me comprehend life. This is speaking to you without any reserve, 'tis because I love you. Adieu ; I return you a kiss as tender as your own."

This is what I was writing this morning to a friend recently made, of whom I am already very fond. The tone I adopt with her is not that of women's letters in general, has none of our light chat ; but it is exacted, it is inspired by what she expects from me. Alas, alas ! poor sick soul !

What is shyness, and whence does it arise ? I have been trying to find out, I have asked myself what it was that made one blush, prevented one speaking or appearing before others, and it still remains a mystery to me. This very morning, having a word or two to say to M. le Curé, who most certainly is not alarming, I could not make up my mind to go into the sacristy. What folly ! one is aware of it and suffers from it ; I don't know what it is that chokes one, compresses one so that the blood seems to leave off circulating and to rush to the heart, which keeps beating furiously.

8th.—Poor Lili ! she is dying ; I have just heard

that she is dying of consumption. Heart-sorrows have killed her, she is sinking beneath the many blows that have shaken her these ten years past. It is from Paul that we got the melancholy tidings, and he asks one of us to go to the sufferer, who wishes for us. We shall go next week, after Easter. This is Palm Sunday. I have just placed mine in the chapel, you know where, below Saint Theresa. It will be withered next year, alas ! and so will many things besides ! I must write to Louise.

*9th.*—A letter from Caroline at last ! I know, I hear, I read that you are going on quite well. What delight ; but must I also read, “ Maurice is sad, he has an under-current of sadness that I strive to dispel, I read it in his eyes. . . . .” My poor friend what can be the matter with thee, if it be not fever that oppresses thee ? Art not thou satisfied with thy life, never so sweet before ? Art not thou happy with that good and beautiful girl who loves thee, with your union drawing near, with a future to look to. . . . Oh ! I do believe that nothing pleases thee ; a charm once tasted, it is over, exhausted. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I seem to see in thee a something which poisons thee, thins thee, will kill thee if God do not deliver thee from it. How you grieve me. How you do grieve me ! If I could be of use in any way, but we are far apart ! Else you would tell me what ails you, and what is the meaning of this depression

that you took with you hence. Is it regret at leaving us? That is a sorrow, but not a consuming one, and then to leave sisters for a betrothed, to go from the sweet to the sweeter, is a thing easily got over. But I will not enquire or say so much. We shall see, alas! we shall see. I have mournful forebodings.

Swallows, oh, swallows flying by! the first I have seen. I am so fond of these lovers of the spring, these birds that follow after the sweet sun, after songs, perfumes, verdure. I do not know what there is in their wings that makes me so delighted in watching them as they fly; I could spend a long time thus. I think of the past, of the time when we used to pursue them into the hall, to lift a plank of the garret, in order to see their nest, to touch their eggs, their young ones; pleasant memories of childhood, with which everything here is fraught if one comes to look at it. Walls, flowers, birds, all have these associations. Some little chickens have just been hatched and are chirping away by the fireside. That, too, gives pleasure. Every birth brings joy with it.

10th.—The date has been put, one must therefore write a something. What will it be, what will this sheet of paper bear? Nothing at all; no one has come, nothing has been done, nothing happened in our solitude. But for the song of a bird or two, sound of life there has been none, and a splendid sun has brooded over the stillness; I, sitting in my room,

knitted away at a pair of stockings for Jeanne Marie, reading the while. I was reading about the wonderful epoch of Saint Louis, that period when men saw so great a king and such great saints.

21st. — I come from Alby ; I have just left our dear Lili in the churchyard. What a sorrow, what regrets, what a blank, what memories ! My God ! to see those one loves die ; to say to oneself : It is all over, thou wilt never see her more, no never ; eternity between us ! but a blessed eternity I hope. This it is that consoles. My friend, what would become of us but for this, but for a little faith within the soul ? It is that which sustains it, prevents it from falling into an abyss of grief or despair. Lili, my holy Lili, how blessed I believe her to be ! how I seem to see her in infinite glory, unchangeable peace, assured repose. It is she who is pitying us—we, her friends—whom she sees in this poor world, in pain, agitation, anguish ! Oh, how I saw her suffer, but how serenely, poor martyr ! Accordingly every one called her a saint ; they read it on her face, which became quite heavenly and beautiful after her death.

I did not see her then, but a short time before. Kneeling by her bedside, I read her Bossuet's prayers for the dying, which I had taken with me on purpose. When I left on Holy Thursday, I was well aware that it was to see her die, and thought of those provisions for her soul, a last sign, alas ! of my affection.

I took this book with me, too, for always I think of thee, and I wanted to write down the death ; but it was impossible to do anything but remain and pray with the sufferer. On my arrival I found thy letter which Mimi had forwarded me. What a delight at any other time. You are better, you are happy, alive, thoroughly alive, you tell me ; but this other death spoils all, saddens me so much that I am not susceptible of any joy. It is not that I am in tears, or violent grief, it is a calm, internal sorrow, a grief that I know not how to describe, but assuredly it is grief, for I loved Lili, and I have lost her. . . . . It was on Tuesday, the 17th of April, at midnight ; I had left her at four o'clock. Papa would not let me see her afterwards, and carried me away to Madame Combes', where for two days I met with the most cordial hospitality. Nérine de Tonnac, my old friend, was with me, my kind companion by night and day. I am very grateful to her for all she did for me on this occasion. I must write to Caro, then I will return here if I can.

25<sup>th</sup>.—I was unable to do so for three days, and even now it is but for a moment that I have run off here. Lili, I have Lili always in my thoughts, and feel impelled to speak about her. When I hear the bells, I recall the holy prayers she used to put up in church, and even here in this little room ; when I look at the sky, I remind myself that she is there, and

ask her for many things. Friends have no doubt much power with God. Here comes M. F——, a visit I rather like, we shall speak of Lili. To-morrow is a day of great solemnity at Andillac, a first communion. Augustine, young as she is, is of the number of happy children. Some time hence she would indeed have been better informed, but M. le Curé prefers innocence to knowledge, and I hold that he is right. The worthy man will have scope for all his good-shepherd zeal, all his tender charity, to-morrow. It is a blessed day for him, too.

29<sup>th</sup>.—What a sweet, simple, pious, and touching ceremony! I have only time to say this, and to declare that of all festivals the one I delight in most is a first communion in a country district; God bestowing himself simply on children! Miou, the little Françonil de Gaillard, and Augustine, were exquisite, both in innocence and beauty. How pretty they looked under their little white veils, when they returned weeping from the holy table! Divine tears! Children united to God, who can tell what was passing at that moment in their souls? M. the Curé was admirable in his unction and gentleness; it was the Saviour saying to children, "Come unto me." Oh! how lovingly he addressed them, and then how he recommended to their care that white robe, that innocence with which they were clothed! Poor children, what risks before them! I kept saying

to myself, "Which of you will tarnish it first?" They are not going to Paris, indeed; but earth is everywhere soiled, everywhere evil is found, seduces and leads away.

*2nd May.*—Yesterday, the 1st of May, I was unable to write anything, and yet it was a beautiful day both on high and here; bright sunshine, great chorus of birds, and three letters; Antoinette, Marie de Thézac, and Caro met in my grasp. I love them all and their letters, but Caro's seem to me sister's, the same tenderness and kind feeling for thee and for us. It is charming to have friends of the kind, devoted and disinterested; they are not often to be found. Since Victor and Philibert left, we have had no heart friends. Then, again, the Pastor is quite devoted to us; he came to spend the day, and showed himself cheerful and obliging. In the evening I was better; quiet cheerfulness does one good, and I like all who introduce it here. On this occasion I repaid it with a little tribute of amiability. This is how it was: M. le Curé has charged himself with the whole decoration of the church, for the arrival of the Archbishop who is coming over for a confirmation. He wanted mottoes, asked me for some, and I could not say him no. I don't like refusing. It teased me a little, for I am not fond of mottoes, which are always stupid things. I made mine in *patois* to save the dignity of French—and, besides, it is the language of our country districts.

The day before yesterday \* \* \* wrote to me. I am not satisfied about her health. Oh, the harm our passions do us, how they shatter body and soul ! There is no recovery from them, unless God helps us. Will he help her ? My advice has but little effect. Then who knows what thou art doing, for thy part ? All these things distress me sorely.

*May 3rd.*—We are just come from the village, from paying a visit to Romiguières, who is very ill. I fear that he will not get over it. Thus our neighbours are leaving us, one after the other. After the Vialarette, this good man, who was another of our retainers. I regret them ; these worthy souls are better friends than is commonly supposed, or than we meet in the world. Devotedness is not always the attribute of the highest rank. Thus ends this book, which is tolerably filled with mourning, three deaths so near each other. My God, who knows which of us will follow next ? At least these three were ready to give their great account, were good Christians, good souls. Romiguières himself requested to have M. le Curé sent for in the night. Having received the viaticum, he soon became delirious.

Go under lock and key, little book of mine.





## VII.

*Evening of the 3rd of May (1838).*



NOTHING of any interest since morning, except the birth of a lamb, and this new book, which begins to the song of the nightingale and in presence of two vases of flowers that perfume my little room. It is a delight to write in the midst of such fragrance, to pray, to think, to let the soul have its own way. This morning I brought in these flowers, to give my table the look of an altar, with a cross in the middle, and to keep the month of May here. I take pleasure in this devotion. *Es neyt.\**

5<sup>th</sup>.—I am tired of writing; two long letters have made my hand ache, and so I shall not put down much here; but I want to note a beautiful day, calm, sweet, fresh—a true spring morning. Everything is singing and blossoming. We have just returned from a walk, Papa, I and my dog, Lili's pretty little pet: dear little creature! it never leaves me; when I sit down, it jumps upon my knee; when I walk it follows

\* It is night.

me closely. One would say that it understood me, that it knew I was to replace its mistress. We brought back white, violet, and blue flowers, which have made us a beautiful nosegay. I broke off two to send them to E \* \* \* in a letter : they are *Ladies of eleven o'clock*; probably they get their name from opening then, as other flowers do at different hours, charming country time-pieces, floral clocks, marking such sweet hours. Who knows if the birds do not consult them, do not regulate their going to bed, their meals, their meetings, according to the opening and shutting of flowers? Why not? Everything harmonizes in nature; secret relations unite the eagle and the blade of grass; and the angels and ourselves in the order of mind. I shall have a nest under my window; a turtle-dove has just been cooing on the acacias, where there was a nest last year. Perhaps it is the same bird. The spot suited her, and, like a good mother, she once more trusts her cradle to it.

7<sup>th</sup>.—They came this morning at four o'clock to ask Papa for planks to make poor Romiguières' coffin. We are losing all our friends of the Pausadou. Two deaths in a few days! How sudden, both in the case of La Vialarette and in this!

After having written to Marie, Antoinette, and Caro, night has come, and I am going hence, but feeling more tranquil, more rested than when I came. Nothing does me so much good as writing, because then I forget myself. Prayer has the same calming effect,

and even better, since it infuses a certain sweetness into the soul.

12th.—For five days I have not written a line here, and meanwhile leaves, flowers, roses, have come out. There is one just under my forehead which perfumes me, the first rose of spring. I like to mark the day of this fair arrival. Who can tell how many springs I thus find again in books, in some rose-leaf, on which I date the day and year. One of these rose-leaves wended its way to the Isle of France, where it gave great pleasure to that poor Philibert. Alas! like him, it will have disappeared now! Though I regret him, it is not that exactly, but I know not what, that saddens me and keeps me languid to-day. Poor soul, poor soul! what ails thee, then? what dost thou want? Where is thy remedy to be found? Everything grows green, blossoms, sings; the whole air is balmy, as if it proceeded from a flower. Oh, it is so beautiful! Let us go out. No, I should be alone, and a beautiful solitude is not good for us. Eve showed us this in the garden. What is to be done, then? Shall I read, write, pray; place a basket of sand on my head, like the good hermit, and walk? Yes; exertion, labour is wanted to occupy this body that injures the soul. I have kept too quiet to-day, which is bad for me, which gives time to settle to a certain depression within me.

Why is it that I am depressed? Have I not all I want, all I love, except thee? Sometimes I think that

it is the idea of the convent that makes me so, that attracts and saddens me. I envy the happiness of a Saint Theresa, of Saint Paula at Bethlehem. If I could but find myself in some holy solitude! . . . The world is not my sphere; my future, too, would then be settled; now I do not know what it may be. What sort of a sister-in-law shall we have? I have two friends, who, after their father's death, received their dismissal from the old home; and I find that so bitter! And then, again, there is heaven, that is more certainly secured in retirement. These are my reasons, not thine: let us separate just now. I will not say anything to thee till I am more tranquil, I should say nothing right. Adieu until . . .

Here I am this evening with three letters, from Euphrasie, Marie, and Lucy, young girls very unlike each other, but having each her special charm. We women are as varied as flowers, and we are not sorry for it.

14<sup>th</sup>.—No writing yesterday, it was Sunday. To-day is St. Pacôme, the father of monks. I have just read his life, which is very beautiful. These lives of recluses have a charm for me, especially such of them as are not quite beyond imitation. These last one admires as one would the Pyramids. In general, however, one gets some good from them when one reads them with discrimination; even the most exaggerated

actions are heroic, and encourage devotedness and the admiration of what is lofty.

But in spite of this, for many people the 'Lives of the Saints' do seem to me dangerous reading. I should not recommend them to a young girl, nor even to some who are not young. Books have so much power over the heart, which sometimes goes astray even from piety. Alas! what an example of this we have seen in poor C. . . . . How much care should be taken of a young person, of her books, her pen, her companions, her devotions. All these require the tender watchfulness of a mother. If I had had mine, I can recall much I used to do at the age of fourteen which she would not have allowed. I would have done anything in God's name, would have flung myself into a furnace; and certainly the *good God* did not require that: He does not will the harm done to one's health by that ardent but mistaken piety which, while destroying the body, often leaves many defects of character untouched. Accordingly, St. Francis of Sales used to say to the nuns who asked his leave to walk barefoot, "Change your heads, and keep your shoes."

15th.—A visitor came yesterday, to cut our talk short; I take it up again on account of an anxiety I have in my heart. It is caused by your letter, which renews my alarm about your health. Why are you taking ass's milk? why do you say that the spring

will set you up again? Is it not so? You are really less well than you told us at first. People in health do not talk of remedies. They are deceiving us, you deceive us: the air of Paris does not agree with thee; it will kill thee, it killed poor Victor. I tremble lest there should be this additional resemblance between you. My God, remove these sad ideas from me! My friend, I should much like to have a letter from thee; the one of to-day was for everybody, and it is the private and confidential that I crave. Affection feeds upon this.

I have been here some time, but Mimi is alone, so I am going to join her. I was amusing myself in reading old letters. Papa has arrived this evening with a knapsack full of books. Eran is come from the fair with pigs, "échaudés" and cheese; a *peillarot*\* and some swallows have passed, pretty well for a Cayla day. They are now speaking about supper. Oh! mouth, mouth!

16th.—We are all going in a caravan to Frauseilles, to see our bell cast. This expedition amuses me a good deal; I am off.

17th.—Oh, it was not worth while going! We saw nothing at all. The bell was melted and cast under ground, nothing was visible but the furnace; flame, and smoke. However, there were crowds of people from Andillac and the environs; and what amused me

\* An itinerant vender of thread, needles, &c.

was to see the inquisitive ones still more taken in than myself, and say to them, *Qu'abès bist?* \*

I am not in a mood for writing; there's a wind blowing hard enough to sweep away everything, even ideas. But for this I might tell all that occurred to me near that furnace in the way of religious, cheerful, and sad thoughts; and how many years, ages, baptisms, funerals, weddings, fires, I fused with that bell. When it comes to an end, who knows what will have ended both in Andillac and the world at large? The age of bells is numbered by centuries, endless time, unless there come an accident or a revolution. Accordingly we—all who stood there—shall never see it re-cast. That alone is solemn, *never to see again what one sees now*. It was thus I thought of the Church of Frauseilles, where I knelt for a short time, and on whose doors, closed on me *for ever*, I looked long and steadfastly, for in all probability I shall never return there. How sad those words must be applied to places to which our heart clings. If I were to see the doors of the Cayla close for ever, the garden door, Papa's door, the door of the little room! . . . Oh, what must it be with the door of heaven!

Why art not thou here? we would share two apples given me by Julie de Gaillard, whom I went to see as a countrywoman. The good soul did not know how to welcome me enough, or to express the pleasure my visit gave her. My expedition to Frauseilles was not

\* What have you seen?

lost time. I gave pleasure, I caressed a little child in its cradle, I saw as I passed the cemetery, the burial-place of our old Clairac friends, marked out by an iron cross. Nothing more is to be seen ; the land of the dead is soon reduced to a level. What signify appearances? The soul, the life, is not there. O my God ! that would be too heart-breaking ! I thought much of thee during all this, because there was a troop of curés who all enquired for thee, and it gave me much pleasure to see thee so beloved by the Church. Adieu ! You see that I have said nothing.

*This evening at ten o'clock.*—It is dark night, but one can still hear the crickets, the brook, and a night-ingle—only one—who sings, sings, sings in the gloom. How well this music accompanies the evening prayer.

18<sup>th</sup>.—No possibility of getting out, it rains. It is a day for reading and writing, in lieu of our long walks, our sweet spring occupation. One is out at every moment ; we lead the life of birds, in the open air under the shade. This is in itself a delight, and then what varied pleasures at every step, if only one looks about one ! Yesterday Mimi brought me magnificent riband grass, with white and green stripes, lustrous, satin-like, one might have tied it under one's chin. I put it into a vase, where I still admire my somewhat faded riband. They would be prettier growing ; these fashionable articles ought not to be taken out of the woods.



I should like very much to know something of botany, it is a charming study in the country, and full of enjoyment. One grows intimate with nature, with the grasses, flowers, and mosses, when one calls them by their proper names. Study botany, Maurice ; you will teach it me. It would be very easy with a Flora. But when will you be here in spring ? You only come later on ; and it is not when winter has mowed down all the beauty of nature (according to the expression of our friend St. Francis de Sales) that one can take to botanising : no more flowers then, and it is flowers that interest me, because they are so pretty on these green carpets. I should like to know their family, their tastes, what butterflies they love, what drops of dew they require, as well as their hidden virtues, that I might make use of them at need. Flowers are good for the sick. God fits his gifts for so many purposes. Everything is fraught with marvellous goodness. See the rose, which, after having given honey to the bee and sweetness to the air, affords us a lotion which is most soothing to tender eyes. I remember having put compresses of it on yours when you were little. Every year we make bottles of this rose-water, which our neighbours come to ask for.

But I said this was a day for writing. Writing what ? I have no idea, but I feel I could write. If I had but a plan, any fixed task ; I should do a little of it daily, and that would be good for me. The too full sometimes overflows ; it is better to make a

channel for it. I hardly ever pour out anywhere but here, and not much even here because . . . paper flies. I fling it Paris-wards, but who knows where it may chance to fall? Accordingly I often efface in reading over, as you will have seen in the last book. It was about E——; I had allowed myself to be carried away into too lively, nay, even false colouring. I found this out afterwards from her letters. Hers is a passionate kindness, without any rancor or bitterness, open in her faults, she is a child with a heart of fire. I look upon our intimacy as very wonderful, as coming from God, and I attach myself to this soul confided to me by Him, which says to me: "Love me, help me to go to heaven!" Oh! I will do all I can to help her, I will always love her; for a holy friendship is but an emanation from the charity that never dieth.

The nightingale of yesterday evening has been singing all the day long. What a throat he has! If he were English I should say that he must have laid a wager.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Three letters and the arrival of Eliza. It is Louise, Marie and Euphrasie who have written to us. That poor Euphrasie, so sad and heart-broken at the death of her dear aunt, excites my compassion. Good, ardent, tender as her heart is, how much she will have to suffer now! Lili stood to her in the place of mother.

24<sup>th</sup>.—One word this evening that I have time, am alone, thinking of thee, and that it is the Ascension, a glorious, a holy day, when the soul rises, mounts to heaven. But no, I am very well contented here, methinks one can never wean oneself from writing. I am called away.

26<sup>th</sup>.—Two days between these lines, passed without writing to thee, and since have come letters, birds' nests, roses on the terrace, on my table, everywhere. A hundred things have arrived from Gaillac ; from a greater distance, news of the death of the Prince of Talleyrand ; it was enough to make one write then or never, but we are making capes with Eliza, and the world might have gone by under our needle without our dropping it. What small things suffice one ! I am amazed at it, but have not time to tell thee why.

*Evening of the 27<sup>th</sup>.*—The first *Angelus* rung by our new bell. I have just been listening to it at the dining-room window, and rose from table expressly for this pleasure, succeeded by so many different trains of thought that I love. A pious blending of joy, mourning, time, eternity, cradles, hearses, heaven, God. The bell announces all these, and brought them all into my mind just now. Oh, especially, especially do I think of the first time it will toll ! For whom ? Shall I note it down ; and in what page ? Perhaps I shall not be here to note it. Which of the living can venture to say to

himself, "I shall speak of such or such a one dead!" My God, we pass away so fast! And yet I am in good health; but I see flowers put quite fresh into a vase this morning, withered and dying this evening. So it is with us: the vase that contains our life does not hold more than for a day.

Visits from curés: of the Canton, of Vieux and ours—three very different men; the one without any wit at all, the other having flashes of it now and then, and the third keeping it to himself. They told us all sorts of things connected with the Church, interesting enough to hear and to reply to for the moment; but, in general, it is variety that makes conversation pleasant; the discussion of a thousand different topics, constitutes easy chit-chat, that rare thing. No one here can speak of anything but his own speciality, like the Auvergnats of their country. The mind stays at home as well as the heart.

Eliza has just left us, to my great regret. All departures are saddening; to console me to-morrow I have a very tender and affectionate letter under my eyes and in my heart. It is not from thee, but from E \* \* \*, who always tells me in a thousand ways that she loves me, that she suffers in mind and body, and that *I know how to throw some flowers on the too often barren hours of her life*. Poor friend, poor woman! how happy I consider myself to be of some use to her! Accordingly I am going to give her all I can of sweet, consoling and piously soothing, all the

flowers possible. How she suffers ! how much harm some one has done her ! how that inclines me to try and restore her, to point out remedies ! I do not despair of it, for God is helping us, He is evidently coming to the rescue of this poor soul ; from letter to letter her disposition seems to improve, her faith to revive, her heart to turn more heavenwards ; and that gives me every reason to hope. Each morning she says a prayer to the Virgin, that I sent her. "At eight o'clock," she tells me, "we shall be together before God," for I say the same prayer for her at the same hour with full confidence. The blessed Virgin who has cured thee is well able to cure her too. There lies my hope and my remedy. . . . Above, above ! Ah ! what do we find here below ? All we can do is to cause ourselves suffering.

Then she goes on to ask me for a little poetry, and I shall send her some ; I grant everything to the sick. She wants it that she may set it to music ; a still more intimate spiritual bond between us : spring and the nightingale, the musician and the poet, so methinks it should always be. But, alas ! it is so long since I have written anything ; and it is not easy to succeed, to attain to the beautiful, which is so high and so far from our poor mind ! One feels that it is made for us, that we have once reached it, that this grandeur was our own, and that we are now no longer anything more than dwarfs in intellect. Oh, the fall, the fall, that everywhere one meets traces of ! I could continue,

if I were not obliged to go and lay out the table. Jeanne Marie is at the fair, happier than . . . .

*Than* may be struck out. I don't know what I was about to say when I left my book in the lurch. I return to it this evening to speak about a letter from Félicité which says : "Maurice still coughs." Ever since I feel that cough in myself, *I have a pain in my brother's chest*. Oh ! when shall I be easy, when shall I be so about the dear health and the dear soul which is sick too ? The one does not depend upon thyself, the other does, and yet you let me go on always suffering, always trembling for what interests me most. Adieu, good night, naughty one that I love.

30th.—Is it the nosegays that have attracted so many bees, and turned my room into a hive. Ever since the morning there has been nothing but a buzzing and a sound of wings that I do not dislike. I am fond of bees, and would willingly let them take up their quarters in my room, were it not for the sting, which spoils the poetic insect. Yesterday I got a good hearty sting, which makes me rather shy of bees, and forces me, too, to admit that what makes honey may often be itself very wicked.

31st.—It is this evening leaning on my window, with the nightingale singing and in sight of my acacias all blossom and fragrance, that I bid adieu to the month of May, sweet month, all flowers and verdure. Alas ! everything comes to an end. It is the end,

too, of the month of Mary, beautiful spring-tide devotion that it is.

*1st of June.*—Spent the day at Cahuzac. Found, on my return, a report of the ‘Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.’ Any work that comes to the Cayla is an event, more especially this, whose pages are compiled by saints in all parts of the world.

*2nd.*—M. Jules de Villefranche came to see us ; he seemed to me grown, stronger, better looking than usual, with all his wonted gentleness. Always gay and chatty and asking for you. The good little youth !

Caro, the darling, has written to Mimi. What pleasure a letter from Paris gives us ! But, then, to find that you cough, that every one says so, that perhaps you cough more than they say : how sad that is ! And then you do not write to me, not a word about those private matters we wot of. Oh ! we are separated indeed ! I no longer know anything of thee. God knows what this costs me, and how I rank this silence among my trials. Poor heart, made on purpose for sufferings ! It is their dwelling-place, and the whole of it is occupied just now. You are not their only cause ; others come which no one guesses at, griefs of the soul, which sometimes suffers strange things. But God sends them, permits them for our good. The saints tell us that it is fire that purifies, that re-melts ; I believe it, we sometimes need to be put back into the crucible. Some one used to say to me, “At those times do as St. Jerome did, write.” Let me write

'then. Poetry occupies the mind most entirely. If I were to try ?

O God, my God, whom I adore and love,  
To say *my* God is joy all joys above,  
'Tis heaven to me come down,  
And never 'neath her bridal crown  
Did queen beside her king more rapture prove.

The lowliest spot whence I can pray to Thee,  
My Lord, my light, is worth all earth to me ;  
'Neath Thy allseeing eye  
Like wild flower 'neath the sunny sky  
My soul expands, triumphant, happy, free.

What says my soul, and how dost thou reply,  
What says to flame the flame, to dawn the sky,  
What say two streams that meet,  
What heavenly converse used to greet  
Eve in the Garden when the Lord drew nigh ?

. . . . .

*4th.*—Flageolets, hautboys, big drums, nightingales, turtle-doves, loriots, blackbirds, chaffinches, pretty but grotesque symphony going on just now. It is the noisy music of Andillac in honour of the voting festival, which makes itself heard here and blends with that of the birds. At all events we have no lack of concerts in our fields ; you like those of Paris without being always able to go to them, and I, without going, find myself at ours. Bird-notes on every side, from all the trees, and my charming musician, the nightingale of the other evening, still singing near the walnut-tree in the garden. These to me are pleasures, charms, I know not how to express. Hence some one said to



me, "You are happily constituted for a country life." I feel that this is true, and that my nature harmonises with flowers, birds, woods, the open air, the sky ; with all that lives out of doors ; great or graceful works of God.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Oh, my God ! my poor Louise. They have just told me that her father is dying or dead. Erembert, who was at Gaillac when this news came, saw Charles set off in a great hurry. What a good friend we are losing, what an excellent man ! I am going to write to Louise.

A new book sent by Louise, the 'Meditations' of Father Judde, intended for nuns, a much-esteemed work that I have long wished for.

7<sup>th</sup>.—The death of M. de Bayne is certain to-day. There is another beautiful soul in heaven. He had an overflowing faith, he steeped everything in God. Then again he was an uncommon man as regards heart qualities ; he could act the part of a friend, even against his own interests. His fortune has suffered from his devotedness in more than one case of misfortune.

8<sup>th</sup>.—Rousou ! the servant of poor Lili ! What pleasure this visit give me. There are sad pleasures, such as speaking of the dead, seeing those they loved. She brought me a letter from Euphrasie, and one, too, from Louise, who tells me "My father is very well." This was almost on the eve of his death. Death comes quickly.

"I consider your enthusiasm\* for ugliness an extreme, however good the mood in which it seems to have seized you. The love of beauty is too natural in us, to give way all of a sudden to the love of ugliness, except in the case of a miracle of conversion, such as we have seen among the saints. Sublime transformation, unveiling of the divine beauty which ravishes the soul, makes it forget all created beauty, nay, even hate that of the body as an occasion of sin. What renunciation, what refinement! Which of us women has got to that? I, who am not pretty, cannot wish to be ugly. See whereabouts I am with my 'sublime contemplations,' they have not availed to lift me above vanity. Oh! do not let us speak of contemplating; it is the state of the blessed in heaven. To us poor sinners, it is much if we know how to abase ourselves before God, to groan over our wants, and confess our faults to Him. It is grand to soar, but to look into one's own heart is very useful. One sees what is going on within—a knowledge indispensable to our spiritual progress. . . . In piety there is an ideal side, which fills the head with heaven, angels, and seraphic notions, without making any impression on the heart, without inclining it to love, and to the practice of God's law. And without this, though 'we spoke with the tongue of angels,' we should only be *sounding brass and tinkling cymbals*. This passage of an Epistle has always struck me, and made me fear to speak of piety

\* Extract of a letter to Madame A. de M.

without having enough of it in my soul. But you always assure me that my letters do you good, which encourages me, makes me think that it is God's will that I should write to you, renders me happy to believe that I give you some happiness.

"Even the throne has had its saints. We need only reflect upon St. Louis to believe in the most difficult salvation. I take especial delight in the history of his sister, the blessed Isabella; so humble in greatness, so withdrawn from pleasures, so innocent and so penitent, giving to the poor what she received for her own luxuries, the delight both of her brother and his court on account of the sweetness and graciousness that made every one mourn her when she retired into the house of Sainte-Claire, at Longchamp, to die. High and touching examples these of what grace can do in willing hearts; of the triumph of faith over the world! In the matter of salvation, will is power, according to the motto of Jacotot: Who was that Jacotot? A man, no doubt, who fully comprehended the might of the will, that lever that can lift man up to heaven.

"You are right in saying that I am happily constituted for a country life. It is my proper place, elsewhere I should probably be less happy. In this I recognize the kind care of Providence, who orders everything lovingly for its creatures and does not bid the violet be born in the streets. You may fancy me leaning upon my window, contemplating all this

verdant valley in which the nightingale sings ; then I go to look after my chickens, to sew, spin, embroider, in the great hall with Marie ; and so, from one thing to another, the day passes by and we reach evening without any *ennui*."

And now, my dear Maurice, I turn to thee ! Alas, no, not yet ! some one comes in. How many broken threads ! Half of the one above is already far away ; I should not join it together again, but for a scrap of poetry that I am sending and want to leave here for thee. But, first of all, the lesson to my goddaughter Lucy.

Since that lesson, has come a sorrow. My dear little dog, my pretty Bijou is ill, so ill that I fear he will die. Poor creature ! how oppressed he is, how he moans, licks my hands and seems to say, "Help me." I don't know what to do for him, he takes nothing but a few drops of gum syrup which he licks off my fingers ; this is how I feed him, half sugar, half caresses. Alas ! what is the use of one's fondness ! I shall not save him. This would make me cry, if I did not repress my tears. It is foolish to weep for an animal, but the heart has often neither wisdom nor dignity. And then my Bijou is so pretty, so good-natured, so graceful, so precious coming from Lili. A dog is such a cheering, caressing, tender thing, so completely one's own ! I do believe I shall shed tears over him, but it shall be in my little room, the scene of all my secrets.

One of my friends once asked me to pray for her

sick dog, I laughed at her and considered her devotion unbecoming. To-day I should do as she did, I no longer find such a prayer incongruous, so much does the heart influence the mind. I was not fond of Bijou then, now my conscience is not offended at the idea of appealing to God for the preservation of an animal. Is there anything unworthy in any creature of His, and may we not ask Him for the life of all those we love? I am inclined to believe this, and that with the exception of evil we may request everything from God, from the *good God*. This familiar, this popular name of the Deity inspires me with boundless confidence. What a difference between it and the Supreme Being, as great as between Rose Drouille and Voltaire. But what would be the use of a philosophic faith when one was unhappy? What could we expect from an inaccessible being, so far, so far from man that, while adoring, one cannot love Him; and yet the heart needs to love what it adores, and to adore what it loves, which is why God made himself flesh when He dwelt among us. It is from this infinite condescension that we derive our confiding faith. If you only knew all that one asks and sometimes obtains! Miracles prove this. I believe in miracles of healing, and in many others well authenticated, like those of which St. Augustine and Bossuet speak, or those which take place in our own day. I must now return to my poor Bijou, who has certainly led me far.

1st of July.—My poor little dog is dead. I am sad and have no inclination to write.

2nd.—I have just had Bijou put into the box-bordered enclosure, amongst flowers and birds. I shall plant a rose-tree there, and call it *the dog rose*. I have kept the two little front paws, so often laid on my hand, my feet, my knees. How pretty his attitudes were, whether caressing or at rest! Every morning he used to come to the foot of my bed to kiss my feet as I rose, then he would go and do the same to Papa. We were his two favourites. All this comes back to me now, the past melts the heart; Papa regrets him as much as I. He said he would have given ten sheep for this dear pretty little dog. Alas! everything must leave us, or we leave everything!

A letter has just come, which occasions me a very different distress. The heart's affections are as varied as their objects. How unlike my sorrow for Bijou to that I feel about a soul that is losing itself, or that at least is in danger! Oh, my God, how this pierces and terrifies one from the point of view of faith!

6th.—Always blanks; hindrances to writing. For three days I have hardly put down my needle. First of all, there was a child's frock that we were making, a pretty little pink frock, that I stitched with pretty thoughts. Childhood and its attire are so sweet! Such pretty curls will fall over that little body; such

white round arms will fill those sleeves ; such dainty little hands peep out of them ; and the child herself is so pretty, and called Angela besides ! I thoroughly enjoyed working for her.

But to-day, mending up old linen wearied me ; neither heart nor mind were in my work ; I kept thinking gloomily of thee. Alas ! we have received your letter of bad tidings ! The long-expected ship only brings disappointments, sadness. Caro must be much put out, much distressed, at seeing your union thus rendered doubtful. Who knows whether you will have enough to marry her ? This question involves your whole future ; accordingly Papa has weighed it deliberately. You will hear his opinion in his letter. This is only from me to thee ! You cannot think how much this uncertainty, this suspense about your destiny occupies me ; I will not say overwhelms, for I trust in Providence. How have I offered up to God all my happiness in exchange for thine ! If my prayer were but heard ; if some day thou wert to tell me, " I am content ! " I thrill at the idea of this happiness that I might witness ; and even if I did not ! . . . . .

7<sup>th</sup>.—I have done nothing but hear mass this morning and write the whole day almost, to thee, to Raynaud, and to Caroline. How many thoughts have flowed from my heart, and how full it is still. I am so occupied with your future ! I have done nothing

but see you, hear you, all night—all of you unhappy, and groaning over your broken-off engagement. I trust it will not come to this. Caroline and her aunt wrote to us yesterday, but nothing good or hopeful. Their letters are full of reverses, and nothing else. How all this distresses us, if you only knew it, my friend! I wrote to thee to-day, and am now putting down what it is very useless to put down here. When you read this Journal, all will be decided. Will it be happiness or unhappiness? God knows. Nothing human looks encouraging.

9<sup>th</sup>.—The first day of harvest. Nothing in the country is so charming as those fields of ripe corn, with their exquisite gilding. If the wind blow ever so gently, the ears, rippling one over the other, make the effect of waves; the great field to the north is a golden ocean. Papa may be seen at every moment looking out of the hall-window, contemplating his beautiful crops—sweet joy this of the agriculturist.

10<sup>th</sup>.—Spun my distaff full, and read a sermon of Bossuet's. We have the continuation; but thou art not there to help me to discover the beautiful passages. I have therefore got to gather all I can unaided. If you were to write to me, if I were less anxious about you, I should do everything with more pleasure; a heart-grief is a leaven which makes everything rise sour—turn bitter, as it were. So with my life, since you have taken to torment it, oh, how I wish I were freed



from it ! how often I say to God, " If it be possible, let this cup pass from me ! " Yes, my friend, I put it away, and take it up again ; I see thee sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy ; I wish, and do not wish, thy marriage. The will of the Lord be done ! our human will must lose itself in this ; else there is no repose, nor light, nor security. Lucy, my god-daughter, who has none of these cares, is there waiting for her lesson.

That over, a passage of the Sermon *on Honour* that I have been reading occurs to my mind, and I will jot it down here ; it relates to human vanity, and all belonging to it. " Ten times a count, ten times a lord, possessor of so much wealth, master of so many persons, minister of so many councils, and so on ; nevertheless, let him multiply himself as he will, one single death is sufficient to lay him low. But this he thinks not of ; and in that infinite aggrandisement that our vanity pictures to itself, it never occurs to him to measure himself by his coffin, which is yet the only correct standard." What a man ! referring everything to the tomb ! No one has been able to render death so striking and solemn as Bossuet ; he crushes you to earth.

I am going to join Papa in the hall. I have been writing to the chirp of young chickens, who are pecking the grass below my window, and to the joyous voices of the reapers in the hemp-fields. Happy people, singing in the sweat of their brow !

11<sup>th</sup>.—The exquisite things that are to be seen in the fields, that I have just seen ! A fine field of corn, full of reapers and sheaves ; and of these sheaves one only standing, and shading two little children, and their grandmother giving them their breakfast of milk.

12<sup>th</sup>.—What shall we have on this page to-day ? Nothing has happened but the grasshopper's chirp. We will wait till evening.

Evening, at twilight. I write with a cool hand, having just returned from washing my gown in the brook. It is pleasant to wash there, to watch the passing-by of fish, wavelets, blades of grass, leaves, scattered flowers ; to follow all that, and I know not what besides, down the current. So many things occur to the washerwoman who knows how to read the secrets of the brook. It is the bath of little birds, the mirror of heaven, the image of life, a *running road*, the font of baptism !

16<sup>th</sup>.—At length comes a little calm, a little hope of thy marriage. Mlle. M. informs us of facts that will decide it. I see good prospects, a pretty-fair beginning of life : this makes us all happy. No one at the Cayla but has been sad for the last three weeks. The suffering of one member is felt by the whole body. How different my heart feels ! I have got rid of a nameless bitterness, that spoiled all my pleasure in thinking or speaking of thee. I have had ample

Q

occasion to observe how a name, spoken or thought, may bring sadness or joy. A cricket is chirping in the hall; to-day there is a degree of cheerfulness everywhere. I must now write to Antoinette. Mimi has charged me to inform her of the arrival of Philibert's widow. Poor cousin from the Isle of France! she has come to seek refuge with her relations. Her son is to be sent to thee. Methinks his father is with him, and recommends him to our care. I shall soon write to thee respecting this dear little child.

Do not suppose that it is as amusing to write to a grand vicar as in my little book, or to Louise, to Caro, to my friends, when letters of affection come all ready-made from the heart; but that other had to be concocted; and nothing is so wearisome as that mental effort, as a clear and concise statement of facts, nothing ever gave me such trouble. I can only write when I don't know what I am going to say; something comes and inspires me; the pen marks it down, and that is all. But parish-matters are not to be dealt with thus. However, it is done in spite of myself. This shows one that good-will and patience can get over anything. And then I have saved Papa a fatiguing task; it was about matters of business between Alos and Andillac.

By way of relaxation I have just been resting my head on a sheaf of corn down yonder in the field of Délarue, at Sept-Ponts, amongst shepherds and cows, little Estève prattling away. He was talking to me

about his alphabet—for he goes to school—and fancies himself the cleverest child there. *Lous layssé toutes darre !\** Simple pride of six years old, which is too sure to grow. The boy is, in fact, very superior to the others ; but what will become of this ill-directed intelligence ? It is the way of developing him which makes the man. How many great villains have had the elements of great heroes in them ! Poor little Toinou, who will become a naughty boy ! If I could, I would take him away from his father.

20th.—A mingled life, *Martha* and *Mary*. After mass, which I heard, this being the anniversary of our grandmother's death, I set myself down to sewing some kitchen aprons, and mending Erembert's trousers ; all this blent with reading of different kinds, history and poetry ; that Greek poetry of André Chenier, whose 'Beggar' and 'Sick Man' I like.—Caroline's nose-gays come ! I hear this from the hall, and fly thither.

They are charming, our nose-gays for the Virgin. Sweet Caro ! how I wish I had her there to embrace ! Letters from Marie, Gabrielle, and M. Périaux at the same time ! How many events for a Cayla-day ! Accordingly, my heart is full, quite full, of flowers, endearments, and of pious feelings, for that good Normandy curé, who speaks to me in so religiously kind a way. But he speaks to me, too, of Lili, and there

\* I leave them all behind.

comes death to overshadow my little joys! Now, I am thinking of that poor cousin, who, however, is in heaven, as M. Périaux tells me we may hope. He ought to know, he who was her director, who was intimately acquainted with that intelligent lily.

21st.—A long letter to Euphrasie; this was my first pleasure this morning; now let us go and wait for others in the hall. What will occur to-day? One does not know, but one hopes, our very ignorance as to happiness constitutes its charm: this is so true that God has made Paradise a mystery to us. Those who want to understand everything do not know how to be happy.

What has occurred? Nothing but the sound of flails falling in cadence on the threshing-floor; which cadence, blent with the crowing of cocks and chirping of grasshoppers, has an intense rusticity about it that I like.

22nd.—Oh, joy, joy! A letter from Raynaud deciding thy marriage, asking Papa to let me come to the wedding. I shall not, I fear, be able to witness the auspicious day; but provided it comes, provided I know of your happiness, though at a distance, I am content; I bless God with my whole heart. I shall not forget that it was on St. Magdalen's day that this hope rose in me; how sweet it is after the bitterness past! Maurice, dear brother, how I feel that I am

thy sister at this moment, and for ever ! This said, my little book goes its way with the desk under the table, and I to \* \* \* to-morrow morning. I should much like to take it with me ; but where could I keep it down yonder ? I shall take notes in my heart, and then put down here. Adieu for the present, Maurice and paper both. What a pity to leave you !

[30<sup>th</sup>.]—Here I am again, after a space of eight days, after a fall, after death having clutched me, and let me go as God willed. Oh, it is indeed God who has saved me ! who wills that I should remain yet a while on earth, here, beside Papa ; in my little room just now, that I may write to thee and many others ; that I may make of my life—I know not what that is good, gentle, useful, so far as lies in my power. I told thee of my adventure in my letter of this morning ; and now I want to tell thee my delight at being able to come at length to Paris ; no, not to Paris, to thy wedding : it is that I am coming to see, that which takes precedence in my heart.

What a man Victor Hugo is ! I have just been reading some of him : he is divine, infernal, wise, mad ; he is the people, the king ; he is man, woman, painter, poet, sculptor ; he is everything ; he has seen all, done all, felt all ; he amazes, repels, and enchants me ; and yet I hardly know him, except in ‘Cromwell,’ some prefaces, ‘Marie Tudor,’ and a little of ‘Notre Dame.’ I shall go and see this Notre Dame in Paris. How

many things to be seen for me when I emerge from my desert !

The 8th (*August*).—Françoise, the sister of M. Limer, is come to see me in my solitude, which is more than ever solitary since Mimi is not here ; she is at Gaillac, the dear sister ! Meanwhile, awaiting her return, I am charmed that Françoise should have come to fill up the blank somewhat ; she used, you know, to be our Sunday companion, so kind, lively, and gay ! I find her somewhat changed. Time ! oh, Time ! She left us two years ago ; since then she has lost her brother, who was drowned, and a cousin, a tall, handsome, young man, whom she had to see reduced to nothing, consumed by suffering, and whom for three months she watched night and day. Poor good girl ! this is what has aged her. Now she is going to offer her life to a convent—her tried, disenchanted life—without pleasure in the world. It is thus that women console themselves, happy, very happy, in that God has provided for them happiness in Himself. I have just been writing her a long letter about her affairs. Thus it happens, that in occupying myself about these retreats for others, I return to thinking of them, to saying to myself that they will go God-wards, and I into the world, as St. Bernard's little brother used to say to his brothers setting out for Citeaux. Already a good number of my acquaintance have gone off in this direction. And now I am going to write down, in

order not to forget it, an inspiration of night that I have approved by day.

In entering my little room this evening, at ten o'clock, I am met by the white light of the moon, which rises round and full, behind a group of oaks, at the Mérix ; there she is, higher, higher, ever higher, each time I look up. She travels faster over the sky than my pen over this paper ; but I can follow her with my eyes, wondrous faculty of *seeing*, so elevated, extended, and enrapturing. We may enjoy the heavens whenever we will ; even at night from my bed I perceive through a chink in the shutter a little star that frames itself there about eleven o'clock, and shines on me long enough for me to fall asleep before it passes on ; hence I call it the star of sleep, and love it. Shall I be able to see it in Paris ? I fancy my days and nights will be changed, and I cannot think of this without regret. To take me hence is to drag Paula out of her grotto ; it must be for thee that I leave my desert, thee for whom, God knows, I would go to the end of the world. Farewell to the moonshine, the cricket's chirp, the *glouglou* of the brook. I had the nightingale in addition a short time ago ; but some charm is ever wanting to our charming things. And now, nothing but God, prayer, and sleep.

9th.—Could you guess what is now causing me positive suffering ? It is thinking of that little queen,



Jane Grey, beheaded when so young, so sweet, so charming.

10th.—A companion in my little room, a partridge wounded in the wing, but still very agile, lively, and graceful. It glides like a rat into every corner of its prison, and is getting tame, accustoming itself to see me, so that now it will eat and drink beside me. I should like to take it to Charles.

A slight indisposition made me throw myself on thy bed, that bed where you lay for six months in the fever ; where I saw thee so pale, exhausted, dying, as it seemed, whence the good God miraculously raised thee up. All this went with me to bed ; I saw, re-saw, thought, gave thanks, and then fell into a doze, and dreamed of being alone in a desert, between a serpent and a lion ; fright woke me. I had never seen any other lion than that ; but it was one most assuredly. How do we contrive thus to create in our sleep, we who cannot produce an atom ? Is it some reflex of divine power which then passes into our souls ? I am going to bed, after a letter written to, and two received from, Louise, my poor Louise, so loving, so loveable, and sad, since her father's death. "I am not one of those who easily console themselves ; the more I weep the more I want to weep ; but I blend you with my tears." Dear Louise ! Mimi, too, writes me word from Gaillac that she has seen

the picture; that the Child Jesus is very good indeed; but that the Virgin's eyes are considered strange, and her colour too high; people do not remember that it is intended for a lofty and dark position.

12<sup>th</sup>.—Oh, the Virgin! the Virgin! There she is in the dining-room, exhibited on the sideboard; the whole house is there,—Jean, Jeannot, Paul, the Shepherd, and other worshippers like those of Bethlehem; and the Child Jesus is smiling at them, divinely resting on His mother's bosom. Oh, he is beautiful, the infant Jesus! delicate, lovely, celestial: I delight in looking at Him, now near, now from a distance, in all positions and under all lights. I do not think, though, that this painting ought to be exposed to the broad daylight of a room: these holy figures are made for the mysterious light of a church.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Joy upon joy! another letter from Caroline; more kindness: all sorts of love to Papa, Eran, Mimi, and all; a box of things for us: good, good, good sister that she is; may God return her in blessings all that she does for us; all that I feel in my heart towards her! My friend, how I shall love this charming sister; how I do love her! how I long to hold her in my arms!

14<sup>th</sup>.—Only one word, because I am tired; because I ought to sleep, and should not sleep if I were to

write; and that body and soul are alike exhausted. Letters from Caroline, Louise, Irene, Mimi. My heart is full: good night!

15<sup>th</sup>.—I thought I should have died last night: a faintness, a numbness, a palpitation of the heart roused me from my first sleep. I shook myself, ran to the window, the air, the fresh night, which restored me. This attack procured me a moment's enjoyment of the beautiful sky, the beautiful stars that I had been on the point of going to see up there; then I returned to my bed with serious thoughts of death, that death which comes we know not when. Let us be ready.

16<sup>th</sup>.—What a pretty benediction this . . . (no ink.)

17<sup>th</sup>.—Come! ink at length! I can write; ink! happiness and life. I was dead for three days that the circulation of this blood had been arrested; dead to my Journal, to thee, to intimacy. My friend, my heart is full of thee, of Caro, of your happiness, of this box, these gowns, these bonnets trimmed with flowers, these white gloves, these little shoes, these open-work stockings, this embroidered petticoat. Oh, I have looked at, touched, worn, dressed my heart out in all these a hundred times since they came, an hour ago. Oh, kind, kind and charming sister; India had indeed a sweet treasure there, that God bestows on thee! What a genial nature! What pleasure in giving

pleasure ! Never was wedding present bestowed with more delight, nor received with more gratitude ; mine overflows my powers of expression ; it is one of the things that God sees and knows. From Him, the giver of all good, I ask for her all blessings and eternal happiness. I shall take great delight in my pretty dresses, though dress, in general, gives me little pleasure ; but in these there is something sweeter and more beautiful than mere outward appearance ; something more than vanity ; they are the gift of thy betrothed ; it is a sister's robe that she is giving me. I wrote to her the moment I had seen the things ; my heart goes out towards her ; I want her to know at once the pleasure she has given me, and gives us all, with her altar-flowers, her tablecloth, her Virgin, her dresses, and so many beautiful, graceful things. How I love her ! May God bless her ; God, who does not let a cup of cold water given remain without reward !

This is what came to us from Gaillac with ink, a letter from Mimi, pepper and oil ; this is telling thee everything. I may also add that Eran has killed a hare and a partridge, and has brought me back two quails alive and suffering. Whatever suffers belongs to me, and has always done so. As a child I used to take possession of all the lame chickens : to do good, to relieve, is such an intimate delight, the very marrow of a woman's heart.

I end where I began, with that benediction of

animals on the day of St. Roch, so impressive, so religious a ceremony to those who discern in it God surrounding man with so many creatures consecrated to his service; true image of creation, this gathering of animals, of them all, even down to the pig. I kept thinking of Bijou, whom I should certainly have had blessed.

(*No date.*)—Yesterday, Sunday, spent the day in church, or on the road to it; and while walking thought of the Hermit, and the Angel counting his steps—a story, read in childhood, that remains in my memory, and returns to me in my solitary walks. In the Garenne-au-Buis to Sept-Fonts, where we have been together, I find myself again with that heavenly companion.

20th.—Mimi, Lucie, Amélie, her cousin, Fontenills; all these entering the hall at once, take me hence. I must go to the kitchen, the drawing-room, to little newly-hatched chickens, which occupy me a good deal: this is more than enough to prevent my writing. I shut up my book in the cupboard.

*Ten o'clock in the evening.*—What I see is too pretty not to tell thee of; our young ladies are down there beside the brook, singing, laughing, revealing themselves now and then under the tree-tops, like night nymphs, lighted up by the flash of matches struck by Jeannot, their running lantern. They are out crab-

fishing, Erembert wishing to give this pleasure to these young girls whom everything amuses. I preferred being here to watch their sport, and tell thee about it. I hear them laugh and laugh continually ; that age is a permanent joy. As for me, I need rest, to go to bed, instead of wandering along the damp grass that borders a brook. Adieu, Maurice, we have talked much of thee while displaying the wedding presents. I would not leave thee if I could help it. One might well spend the night here in describing all that is to be seen and heard in my delectable little room, all that come to visit me in it ; small insects, black as night ; little spotted, scoloped moths, flying like maniacs about my lamp. There is one burning, another going, a third returning, and on the table something like a grain of dust is walking about. How many inhabitants in this small space ! A word, a look, to each of these, a question respecting their kindred, their way of life, their home, would lead us into infinity ; better to say my prayers here at the window before the Infinite of Heaven.

22nd. Madame and Monsieur de Faramond, a letter from Louise, yesterday one from Antoinette, pleasure and happiness. To-morrow I set out with the young ladies. Adieu, my book ; but perhaps I shall take it with me, that I may still find myself with thee.

Oh ! these old castles, with their great halls, their antique furniture, their wide windows, from whence

one sees the whole sky, their portraits of lovely ladies and noble lords; there is an indescribable pleasure in looking about one here; in wandering from room to room. Oh, I delight in old castles, and for the last day or two I have been enjoying myself in one. I am writing to thee from Montels, in an out-of-the-way room, where, fortunately, I have found some ink; for I forgot to bring any with me, and it would have been a great privation to me not to have had the power of noting down anything of what goes on within me in an abode so much to my taste. I enjoy it, too, all the more because there are childish associations linked with every turn; and you know how much pleasure that fact gives me. I was nine years old when I came to Montels before. On arriving now, I recognised the church beneath its tall elm-tree, where I used to go and jump about in the shade, then the great courtyard, and then the small one, with its well, the glazed door of the saloon, and in it the grand beautiful ladies I used to be so fond of looking at; one by the side of a meditating Capuchin, presents a striking contrast, but this I had not remarked before as I do now. In childhood the effects of reflection make little impression. We go out, we run, we wander here and there in the woods, in superb avenues of chestnut-trees, in immense meadows. A charming country life, if we were not so much alone. There are only Madame de Paulo, her daughter, Louise de Thezac, and I here, with the addition of little Henri to amuse

us. A child at all events makes a noise, and this the interior of an old castle requires, else come vague terrors, ghosts, magicians. There is more than one legend of the kind connected with this castle. Formerly a nun . . . . .

They took my inkstand away, which prevented me writing down my ghost story, but here is a legend which is quite as good :—

## THE MOUNTAINEER'S BALLAD.

Sing *De Profundis*, sisters dear,  
The bell is ringing for my love ;  
She's gone alone to heaven above,  
And I am left to mourn her here.  
Heaven is a better place, they say,  
Than earth, that only yields us sorrow ;  
Ring, bell, for my beloved to-day,  
Thou'lt ring for me to-morrow.

I saw a fiery meteor dart,  
My shepherdess, oh ! was that thee ?  
Canst thou be sentenced where thou art  
To suffer on account of me ?  
I saw at evening on the heath  
The rainbow's quivering light beneath,  
Dancing before me here and there,  
A fairy form as light as air.

Methought I knew my Rose again,  
Alas ! if she had then to pay  
By agonies of fiery pain  
For the brief raptures of a day !  
Ring for my love, ring holy bell,  
Open for her the heavenly way ;  
Call, call on all to come and pray  
Who knew my Rose and loved her well .  
And to release me from my sorrow,  
Bell, ring for me to-morrow.



I had not thus survived thee, dear,  
 Nor borne my bitter grief a day,  
 If thou hadst left a mother here  
 After thy death for thee to pray ;  
 But soon as from the earth set free  
 Thy soul shall wing its upward flight,  
 Soon as St. Peter opes to thee  
 His golden gate, his realms of light,  
 Then "come to prayer," the bell, I ween,  
 Once more to passers-by shall say,  
 "It was for Rose you prayed yestreen—  
 Pray for her lover's soul to-day."

He said, and soon his last hour came  
 And set him free from sorrow ;  
 While sadly calling on his name,  
 I heard his mother say the same,  
 "Bell, ring for me to-morrow."

Charles, Charles arriving from Paris! Everybody is running to meet him. I shall have tidings of thee. No letter; you are very cruel not to write to me—to me who write to you from everywhere.

30th.—News, letters: Mimi and Papa have written to me and my friend de Maistre; Etienne bringing all this, and carrying me off with him to Rayssac. Dear Louise will be surprised and rejoiced to see me.

4th September.—At Rayssac for four days amidst all the delights of friendship and mountains. Talking with Louise and walking to and fro have so taken up all my time that I have written nothing for thee. I have only answered Marie's letter, that other friend who makes me find another Rayssac at the Coques.

I find a good deal of similarity between Louise and Marie ; they have the same ardent and lofty character, the same devotedness, the same high and powerful intellect, the same affection for me. To be beloved by two such—whence comes this happiness to me ?

A walk, a pilgrimage, half-riding, half-walking, to St. Jean de Jeanne, a little church hidden under the hills, like one of the cells of Lebanon. We found in it a pretty statue of the Virgin, and a picture of St. John full of nature and expression. It is not often that one meets with such good execution in country places. Here the homes are poor and the churches rich : faith enables this eminently believing population to understand how much better it is to adorn the house of God than that of man, the eternal dwelling than the dwellings of a day. In these mountains and valleys, where imagination so delights itself, I have found heart-memories as well, paths which you traversed three or four years ago. How many steps taken since then !

5<sup>th</sup>.—Don't write at night if you want to be read. This morning I discovered how I had been scribbling yesterday evening ; but between us everything is excusable. You will forgive me my bad writing, as I do you for not writing to me, a far worse thing in my opinion. In reading a ' Picturesque France ' I have found out that the Nivernais was inhabited in the time of Cæsar by the Vadicassians and the Rogii ; that the inhabitants of the Nievre are hospitable, that amidst its anti-

quities have been observed a web-footed statue of a queen, and in a marble quarry at Clamecy a woman's hand, with its bones turned to turquoise. Then, again, there is the poet, Adam Billaut, of Nevers. Here I am encamped in Marie's country, and shall be able to speak about it to her first. It is for this reason that I have taken notes. Always some heart interest in what one does and says.

But for Louise who came, and lighted on this page like a butterfly on a flower, I should have gone on writing I know not what ; but it would not have been worth my conversation with my friend, those confidential matters whispered from heart to heart, which are so precious to friendship. It is of thee I am thinking now ; of thee, suffering, pallid, dying, consumed with fever, and cured, raised up this very day, the 8th of September, as if by a miracle, a true miracle of healing, the anniversary of which I am going to church to bless over again.

A pitiable incident occurred : a poor mad-woman came like a whirlwind into the church, flinging herself upon her knees before the tabernacle, and then singing a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament. It was touching to witness this holy frenzy, this delirious devotion to God, the poor maniac's only love. At all events she will one day be happy, when in heaven her reason returns, and shows her that the height of wisdom is to love what she loved unwisely. Many other lunatics will be less well off. This subject would carry me a

long way, I must now go and make acquaintance with Madame de Bayne and her suite, who have just arrived from Toulouse.

She is a sweet, good, little woman, but silent and timid, leaving one to guess at qualities of heart and head, and many agreeable accomplishments. She paints, draws, plays, embroiders a good deal, and can thus give a charm to the rusticity of mountain life—a new abode for her, and rather an unfamiliar one—out of the world into the desert—if she had not something wherewith to smooth the abrupt transition. At least these are the reflections which occur to me about the position of this young creature, coming as it were from the Court; for she has just arrived from Austria, where she was with the princes, whom M. de Monthel now never leaves. This contrast of the past and present has struck me a good deal.

Louise tells me that I can find much to say where others could see nothing at all. “Look,” she said, “you could say a hundred things about this”—the latch of the door that she was lifting in going away. Assuredly one would have a good deal to say and think about that bit of iron that so many hands have touched, which has been raised with so many different emotions, under so many glances, so many men, days, and years. Oh, the history of a latch would be a long one indeed!

I go away to-morrow. Poor Louise, what regrets just now! The end of everything is grief. It was all

joy a week ago, and yet not all joy either, for a mourning thought blent with it ; every moment we thought and spoke of her poor father : I missed him much at Rayssac, that kind Monsieur de Bayne, who was so good and gentle a converser. I approached the house as if it were a cemetery, with sadness and regret. But company, excursions, walks, diverted me. The hues of the soul are fluctuating, and efface each other like those of the sky.

12<sup>th</sup>.—At seven o'clock this morning I embraced her and left her weeping in her bed. How much affection there was in that adieu, that pressure of the hand, that *Come back*, that extinction of the voice that tears bring on ! Poor dear Louise ! I had the courage to leave her and not to weep at all. I don't in any way understand myself ; this self, that I look upon as too hard, does not give way on these occasions. But, never mind ; I can love as well as others, and what comes from the heart is as much worth as what flows from the eyelids. But this tender Louise both loves and weeps. The fact is, she did regret me very much, because she needs a friend, and used to tell me of her griefs, her future, her plans, perhaps her illusions. Women always have some.

(*No date*).—Visitors, sporting sounds at the Cayla, and I, working with Euphrasie in the embrasure of one of the hall-windows. I am very fond of thus sitting

apart, of hearing talk going on at a little distance, and of saying a word or two from time to time that connects one with it. I am so much taken up with my little travelling "trousseau," that there is no possibility of writing or reading. But then, again, I am coming to Paris in a fortnight.

19<sup>th</sup>.—There has arrived at Cayla to-day a very interesting young creature, full of charms, memories, and misfortunes, the youngest daughter of our Isle of France cousin. I cannot look at her without deep emotion, she awakens in me so much affection and regret. I think of her poor father, who was so loveable, so superior, so fond of me, his daughter says. Poor, dear little thing, how taking she is with her vivacity and cleverness, her graces of fourteen, and something foreign in her face and accent which adds a charm to her charms! Her little brother, too, is very nice, and quite happy at his college. He is only nine years old, and already feels the value of education. Both are ignorant as Creoles. "Yonder," they say, "we did nothing but play, but in France we must learn many things, otherwise we should be laughed at." My cousin during his life used to send them to school; since his death his wife has taken them away, no doubt from want of funds. But now they find all they want in France, with their Lagardelle relations and their father's brothers. Thus Providence comes to the aid of us all.

Oh ! I, too, am a proof of this ; I, who shall be able to take this journey, this delightful journey to Paris. I have told thee how it has been managed. Should we have expected last year to come to this ? God be praised and blessed ! Papa has just been to Andillac, to get my passport *viséd* by the Mayor ; a sign that we are going to meet. Writing to Marie of Gaillac, Marie of the Coques, and here, a little chatting and walking with Félicité, has made up my day. Adieu ; there have been less happy ones in our lives. This time last year we had thee so ill.

24<sup>th</sup>.—No writing, no retiring hither for many days past ; company, company, the whole county to receive. We were twelve at table to-day, to-morrow we shall be fifteen ; autumnal visitors, ladies and sportsmen, and a sprinkling of curés among them, as if to bless the crowd ; in short, the castle-life of the good old times. It would be pleasant enough without the fuss of housekeeping that it entails. Ah ! and then I have had, too, the expected visit of the Rayssac Paladin, who came as ambassador extraordinary to bring me a letter and happy tidings, a beginning of hope, the consent of some one of great influence in this affair. This has made me very glad, for my friend's sake and for his. I do not know which interests me most ; both amiable, high-principled, good, and noble-hearted, and both united in their confidence in me. Oh, if it were not so late, how many things I would

tell thee concerning the two days of this mysterious visit, of walks, of words sown in the woods beneath the vine-leaves !

28th.—Nothing, nothing since that day, not a word of writing, nor any means of saying what has been done, seen, and said at the Cayla and in me. How many persons and things, visits, laughs, games, adieus, prosperous journeys wished to me, who am about to set out ! One day we were twelve at table, the next fifteen ; guests dropped in from here and there. One would have said that people in all directions had pre-arranged a descent in large flights upon Cayla. A great party in the great hall ; it was all in keeping, and wild merriment resulted from so much youth. A good number of guests went away this evening, taking with them the young Creole, the one I was most sorry to see go away. I love her, and know not when I shall see her again. The mountain messenger left us early in the morning, promising me, as a means of communication, a letter from his sister, in which he was to put a sign if he was hopeful of happiness, if not, nothing. I am afraid of that nothing.

*Evening.*—I have come in from the Cabanas ; Erembert from Gaillac, bringing me the expected letter. No sign ! Poor young man, poor friend ! They will be very unhappy. Caroline and you have written to us too. This is enough to occupy heart and pen, but



248      *Journal of Eugénie de Guérin.*

I have not a moment to myself. There is a sweet joy for me conveyed from thee in thy letter to Papa. Oh ! God always ends by granting our requests. Dear little room ! I must leave thee for this evening, and soon for a long time.

29<sup>th</sup>.—Farewell, my little room, farewell, my Cayla, farewell, my book, although, indeed, I take it with me, but it will travel in my trunk.

I have just returned from a mass that the kind pastor has said for my prosperous journey. I have received all the good-byes and hand-shaking of Andillac.\*

\* This seventh book ends the 29th of September, 1838, when Mademoiselle E. de Guérin was leaving the Cayla to attend her brother Maurice's wedding. The eighth, which we have already printed ('Reliquiæ,' Caen, 1855), was begun at Nevers the 10th of April, 1839. We shall see further on that in this interval Mademoiselle E. de Guérin, to please Maurice, had also kept a journal of the five months they spent together in Paris ; but this book, as well as the first of the series, has eluded our most careful search.



## VIII.

You are my witness, Lord, that I find consolation nowhere ;  
rest in no creature.—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

*10th April (1839), at Nevers.*



EIGHT days, eight months, eight centuries,  
I don't know what length of time, of endless tedium, since I left thee, my friend, my poor invalid ! Is he well, is he better, is he worse ? Questions that go on for ever and ever without any reply. Distressing ignorance, hard to endure ; heart ignorance ; the only one that causes suffering, or at least that causes us most suffering. It is fine weather, everywhere sunshine, and a flower-scented air which will do thee good. Spring warmth will cure you better than any medicines. I tell thee this out of a hopeful heart, alone in a hermit's chamber, with a chair, a cross, and a little table under a little window where I write. From time to time I see the sky and hear the bells, and some passers-by in the streets of Nevers, the dull. Is it Paris that has spoiled me, and made me think everything small and gloomy ? Never was there a more deserted, dark, tiresome town than this,

spite of the *charms that inhabit it*, Marie and her amiable family. There is no charm, however, strong enough to resist certain influences. Oh! despondency! the most malignant, most pertinacious, most at home of all, which when one has driven it out by one door comes back by another, which costs us so much labour to prevent its remaining mistress of the abode. I have tried everything, even bringing out my distaff from the recesses of its case, where it had been since I left the Cagla. This reminded me of the shepherd who, when he got to court, kept the chest in which his crook lay, and was wont, by way of enjoyment, to open it sometimes. I also found some pleasure in seeing my distaff once more and spinning a little. But I was spinning so many things besides! Lastly I read 'A Voyage to the Pelew Islands,' a work about as interesting as tow. I was not able to extract thence any antidote to dejection. How it lasts, this inexorable dejection, this *groundwork of human life!* To endure, and to endure oneself, is the height of wisdom.

A letter at length! A letter in which you are reported better, a letter from thy friend who has seen and talked with thee, and found thee almost cheerful. *O res mirabilis*, cheerfulness! provided only it be not put on, that you are not trying to deceive us! Invalids do sometimes play these tricks. But yet why not believe that it really is so? Doubt is good for nothing in any case. What makes me so much esteem your

friend is that I do not doubt him, that I believe him unchangeable in friendship and a true man of his word. What makes me love him and want more of his letters is that he stands nearest to thee in heart and mind, and that I see thee in him.

14<sup>th</sup>.—Letter from thee and from our friend the General, our amiable and kindly visitor, expressing his regrets at having come too late to wish me good-bye. I had set out the moment before. Thus I lost the sight of him, and, alas! so many things besides. This departure, this unexpected separation, is painful in several respects, is a sort of martyrdom to my heart, my mind, my eyes, that turn continually towards Paris. But thy letter has done me good; it is still you that I hear, it is from you I hear that you sleep a little, that the appetite begins to sharpen, thy throat to get better. O God, grant that all this be true! How much I ask, desire, and pray for this precious health, both of soul and body. I do not know whether those are the right kind of prayers that are put up with so much human affection, so much constraint, as it were, exercised over God's will. I will that my brother should get well, that is the ground I take; but 'tis ground of confidence, faith, and resignation, as it seems to me. Prayer is a submissive desire. *Give us our daily bread, deliver us from evil, thy will be done.* The Saviour in the garden of Olivet did only this, wished not, yet accepted. In this acceptance, this

free union of the human with the Divine will, lies the sublimest act of a poor creature, the complement of faith, the most intimate participation in the grace which thus flows from God to man, and works wonders. Hence come miracles of healing, which form part of the power of the saints who are one with God *in the unity of the Spirit*, as says St. Paul. This is why Marie, loving and believing as she is, has a nine days' devotion performed for thee at Nevers. She has charged her father with this ; her father, the saint who is to unite with us thy sister and friend. Touching mark of interest which brings a man's soul into the midst of afflicted women ! I admire the intelligent Christianity of this family, and the good effects resulting from it. How beautiful society would be if composed of what I find here—intelligence and goodness !

*At the Coques.*—Loneliness, calm, solitude, re-commencement of a life to my taste. Nevers wearied me with its little society, its little women, its great dinners, dresses, visits, and other tiresome things without any compensation. After Paris—where pleasure and pain, earth and heaven, do at least meet—all places are empty. The country, nothing but the country can suit me.

Our caravan left Nevers at twelve o'clock on Monday, an hour when it is pleasant to travel under the gentlest and most brilliant of April suns. I took delight in looking at the green corn-fields, the budding

trees, the road-side ditches which are getting carpeted with grass and flowerets like those of the Cayla. Then came violets on a hedge bank, and a lark who sang while he soared, like the musician of the party.

18th.—In the room I had in the winter, from whence I see sky and water, the Loire, the white and long course of the Loire, which forms our horizon here. This is pleasanter to look upon than the Nevers roofs. My love of the country is gratified here by the expanse around me, but I have only the pleasure of the eye. I do not go out, it is imagination that plays the bird and flies off in all directions. I explore the Bourbonnais and Berry; I stop short with delight at the mountains of Auvergne, so snowy at their summits, so fresh, flowery, green and fertile on their slopes. I seek out Montaigu, whence we originally came; whence so many Knights set out for the Holy Land and other places; whence the Bishop betook himself to give the order for Bouvines (the battle was due to the order of Guérin, Bishop of Senlis, says some chronicler of the period). I traverse the domains and lands of our lordly ancestors. I see herds of cows and sheep, just as in their time, I see brooks running as they then ran, birds singing as they sang. I see everything that used to be seen then, except the masters, poor devils, now making a shift for a livelihood at the Cayla. As for that, one has seen kings turn schoolmasters, there have been reverses in all times, and all families, and these

material misfortunes are not the heaviest, if we but know the right way of bearing them.

*Evening.*—A vague feeling of discomfort, a want of appetite which disinclines me for dinner, has won me the pleasure of remaining here while the rest dine, the pleasure of solitude with God, my books, and thee. I have said my prayers and placed in my desk a pretty little box given me by Valentine, who has the same loving, giving nature as her mother. This child much resembles her in character, mind, and I fear in health, and I fear in heart too, both over-tender points in Marie. This casket will always be precious to me as a memorial of the time, the place, many other things besides, and also as being a child's gift. Everything that their little hands touch or give is so full of charm.

My mind has turned to thee the whole day long. I have pillaged your Indian enclosure of roses, poppies, and marigolds.\* I have followed the traces of cheerful and sad thoughts both, my much-loved invalid. Oh! distance, distance! "How I suffer at finding myself so far from thee!" said a friend to a friend that he had in heaven. And I, who know thee to be in thy sick bed . . . .

19th.—Just finished a book that I expected to be more interesting, a romance chosen from its name,

\* In French called "soucis"—anxieties.

'The Chamber of Poisons,' which led me to expect La Brinvilliers, Louis XIV. and his era. Instead of that a witch, tame toads, horrible things in low places, amidst princes and princesses; Louis the Great, dwarfed, a mean old man, under the finger and thumb of an old woman, and then the Jesuits and other things distorted; and the Duke of Orleans, and the Cardinal Dubois, the prominent characters of the time, who ought to occupy the foreground of the picture, hardly sketched at all. Poisons do not suit me. Let us go on to the 'Physiology of the Passions,' by Doctor Alibert.

No physiology—no key of the library: we have sought for it everywhere, as if it were the golden key; and verily a book is gold for me, a priceless thing in this our desert and famine of the soul. What riddles we are! nothing can content us! To live with Marie, to be with her here in the country, seemed to me a complete happiness: and Marie, this oriental book, with leaves of gold and letters of pearl, ceases to please. "In all things we find at last a blank, a nothingness;" how often do I hear this sentence of Bossuet! And then this harder saying follows: "Place your happiness higher than the creature." It is always here below we place it, poor birds that we are, on some broken bough, or branch so pliant that it bends with us to the earth. "Oh, what is life? Exile, sorrow, suffering—a holocaust to heavenly hope—an act of faith each day to be repeated! The



madman drinks off the full cup ; do thou pour thy chalice at thy feet, in sacrifice, and say, 'I thirst indeed, but I thirst for immortality.'

Walk with Marie in the garden, through the little wood. Read the Journal on returning, danced with Valentine, sung *ay rencountrat ma mio délus*, Marie accompanying me on the piano. Day finished, good night to all, *adiou à tu*.

20th.—No reading, then try writing, something to fix, to confine and occupy the spirit. This labour of the hands is not enough : my fingers are not those skilful fairies which enchant certain women amongst their lace and embroidery, those ten fairies lodged under ten rose-leaves, as some one says of pretty fingers with thin pink nails. I have no roses, nor anything in my hands but a prosaic stocking, which is dropping from them. Marie is singing in the room under me, and I feel that there is something in my head which responds to the music. "Ah, yes ! I have something there !" But what to do ? what shall it be ? Some little book in which I could frame my thoughts, my sentiments, my points of view. This would serve, here I could throw my life ; the overflow of my soul could find its outlet here. If thou wert here, I would consult with thee, and thou shouldst tell me what to do. Besides, it might be saleable, and I should then have money enough to come and see thee at Paris. Ah ! that would tempt me more than fame ! To me,

fame would be nothing, my name should remain concealed. Perhaps we might succeed. Some have given me encouragement. M. Andryane, M. Xavier de Maistre have said things which ought to make my pen fly joyfully and quick as an arrow. But where shall we aim? An object, a purpose—let but this present itself and I will be tranquil, my spirit shall repose in it.

The bird which seeks its branch, the bee which seeks its flower, the river which seeks its sea, all these but fly, but run to their repose. So flies my soul, oh God! so wanders my intelligence, till it finds its branch, its flower, its outlet. And all these it finds in heaven, where reigns an order infinitely perfect. In heaven, the seat of intelligence, will be fulfilled all intellectual wants. This I believe, this I hope. Only thus can I comprehend existence; for, in this world, shadow of that other, it is but the shadow of happiness we see.

21st.—Sunday; went to mass with the hope of finding a letter on my return. Returned, but found no letter! And a Paris letter is to me everything! I live between the folds of a sheet of paper. Without that, nothing interests me to-day. The sun which I love so much, the nightingale that I have heard for the first time this spring, even M. de Chouland, who was so amiable last winter, and who has returned with the spring the same amiable man—none of these please me. There are moments when the

soul is socially dead, taking part in nothing which surrounds it. My God, sustain me in this struggle with despondency ! Courage ! courage ! Thirty times a day I say this to myself. I say it ; do I act it ? I know not.

*22nd, Morning.*—What will happen under this date ? I merely set it down, waiting for the postman, and that pain or pleasure, sun or shadow, that makes up a day.

*Evening.*—No letter ! Thought that follows me to my couch with many others, all sad. *To know nothing*—how sharply this may engrave itself in the heart. What has happened to you my poor Maurice ? Nineteen days of silence, and you were but a little better, and illness may return, and it may run its fatal course so quickly ! I am glad to see that St. Theresa, whose '*Esprit*' I read here in my bed, had also a brother whom she loved much, to whom she wrote at length and tenderly, speaking to him of all sorts of things, about him and herself. A union of life, of sentiments, of ideas which shows us that the hearts of saints resemble our own, and that moreover God directs them. And now, by the magic touch of a word encountered in these letters, I am transported far away from the convent of Avila, from Spain to Paris, and from Theresa to a quite other woman ;—it is a simple ordinary word, an *obligez-moi* which I used to hear so often in the Indian house. I hear, again, that most

disobliging *obligez-moi*, and a whole troop of ideas, of recollections, of regrets, of fears, follow on it. Strange power of an accidental word ! A sound, a sight, an odour, may suddenly change our whole soul. It is thus the scent of Eau de Cologne always brings back to me the death of my mother, because at the moment she expired they threw this scent over her bed which was close to mine. They awoke me to this odour and to this agony.

23rd.—Oh, if I were nearer I should know well enough why I do not hear from you ! I should go to the Indian house, I should mount its stairs, I should enter into your chamber, I should draw back the curtains, I should look into that alcove . . . Oh ! what should I see ? God knows ! See thee pale, sleepless, without voice to welcome me, almost without life. It is thus I see thee, it is thus I find thee here, in this room of mine where I am all alone. Maurice, my friend, Caro, my little sister, and all who ought to write to me, why do you not write ? Perhaps thou art too ill, and Caro too occupied ; but thy friend d'Aurevilly, why does he keep silent ? Do you conspire to afflict me ? Ah, no ! He waits for better news, or perhaps he also is ill, and you, idle one, think of nothing. In fact he was suffering from violent headaches, as he lately told me, and these may have changed into a serious malady. A double fear

oppresses me. My poor heart has too great a burden to support. Again a word of St. Theresa's: "It is given us either to die, or to suffer."

24<sup>th</sup>.—How joyous are all things! What life there is in the sun, and how sweet and gentle the air! A letter, news, the dear patient better, and all is changed within me and without. *To-day I am happy.* Word so rare that I underline it. At last this letter has come! I have it there under my eyes, under my hand, in my heart, everywhere. I am always thus, entirely absorbed in my letter, whether for sadness or for joy. God be thanked to-day for all that I hear of thee, of thy sleep, of thy appetite, of this promenade in the Champs-Élysées with Caro thine angel-guide! The dear and good friend has sent me all this with a friendly detail very touching. It was indeed amiable to put himself thus between a separated brother and sister, to interpret my solicitude, to abridge the distance that disunites us. Always, always shall I feel the obligation and retain an infinite gratitude for this affectionate service of the most amiable of friends.

Talked a long time with Marie over this letter, and of innumerable things that linked themselves with it. Indeed one thing so interlaces with another that sometimes we knot the whole world together by a single hair. Thus have we drawn the past from that eternity into which it had fallen, to look at it again

between us, between her and me, brought here together in so extraordinary a manner.

What a beautiful vision, what an admirable figure of Christ it is that I perceive in the tapestry opposite my bed ! Never have I seen a head more sublime, or an expression more divinely sorrowful than is here given to the Saviour. And while I admire this, I am also struck with the effect my candle has made, which, standing behind a water-jug, has thrown the shadow of its handle on the tapestry, and this circular shadow has framed into a separate picture three flowers out of the tapestry. It is thus little things lead to great. Children at play discovered magnifying glasses, an accident revealed the telescope, a shadow on a paper led to a picture of a Rubens or a Raphael. The beautiful is not what one seeks, but what one meets with. My tapestry is really beautiful, more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen at the Exhibition. Some angel has lit up for me, in my solitary chamber, this image of Jesus ; *Jesus is beneficent to the soul, with him nothing is wanting and nothing is difficult.* Well, let me utilize this image, and obtain aid from it in the task I meditate. To-morrow I will make, for thee dear Maurice, a pilgrimage which will cost me not many steps, but which will demand a courage of another sort—a strength of faith. God aiding me, I shall not fail. Picture to yourself no martyrdom ; it is but to betake myself to confession to a priest in whom I have no confidence, but he is

the only one in the place, and I must confess for the approaching *neuvaine*. In this act of religion it is necessary to separate the man from the priest, and sometimes to annihilate the former.

Adieu ; I go to sleep with these thoughts, and memory of thee and of others.

26th.—Is it possible? Is it not too absurd to utter? No matter. Here all things may be said. This is my depository, my hiding-place. I laugh or meditate at will. At present I laugh over an old shoe ; a shoe as magical as Cinderella's slipper, as enchanting as that marvel on Esmeralda's foot, for has it not fascinated me, and has not the pleasure of holding it in my hands carried me off from the pleasure and purpose I had of writing to M. Xavier de Maistre ?

“ 'Tis not that it was so pretty,  
So ribboned, and so small,”

for it is old, deformed, and bound with something of my own contrivance which I alone am capable of admiring. Dear old shoe ! I would restore you, if I could, to that pristine state, when you elegantly clad the feet, and bore them across delicate carpets, and transported them from gay saloons to the marble of the cathedral, and from the Tuileries to the lawns of Nivernais. Oh, my shoe ; thy history would be long, and the history of thy steps in Paris ; I might write many pages, but I should write nothing half so

interesting, half so pleasant, as what I read, with smiles, on thy worn-out sole!

I will write to-morrow to M. Xavier.

27th.—There was a time, not many years ago, when the thought of writing to a poet, to a great name, would have enraptured me. If, when I read ‘Prascovie’ or ‘Le Lépreux,’ the hope of seeing the author or of speaking to him, had been given to me, I should have been intoxicated with delight. Oh youth! oh youth! now I have seen, written, spoken to such men without emotion, without pleasure, except that of curiosity, which is the lowest in the scale of pleasures. A curiosity which was disenchanted, for one was astonished only to find nothing astonishing. A great man resembles other men so very much. Could I have believed that a Lamartine, that a Le Maistre, had not something in them more than human! I thought thus in my simplicity at Cayla, but Paris dissipated this illusion, with many others. To live on, to see further, is to leave the fairest things behind us. But for all regrets there is consolation in our Christian reason; I say Christian reason, for reason all alone is a great blunderer, and no philosophy of mine.

Letter from thee, letter of convalescence, of spring, of hope, of something that makes me happy, of a life that revives. Oh, my friend, how I thank thee!

Visit of a lady and her grand-daughter, a young



plant already a little faded, pale, bent under a low fever, and by the sadness that follows upon suffering. She is white as alabaster, her lips scarcely tinted, a shade of violet under the eyes, altogether an air of painful but interesting languor. The grandmother has seen much of the world. These ancestors are collections of antiques of all descriptions.

28<sup>th</sup>.—"Happy those who believe without seeing." Happy, then, those who believe in the infinitesimals of homœopathy ! And I am happy who have just taken them under the prescription of Marie. I have more faith, I must confess, in the doctor than in the remedy, and perhaps that faith will serve as well. When I pressed you to make trial of this new mode of cure, it was rather for the regime that accompanies it, than for its infinitely small doses, which must produce infinitely small effects. What can an atom contain, were it fire itself, that could much affect us ? I take my atom without conviction, and to please a tender friend, full of solicitude for my health. My real remedy is to do nothing ; to trust dame Nature who carries us safely through all but the gravest cases. Health is like children, spoilt by too much care. Many women are victims to this too attentive regard for their little sufferings, they remain tormented by pains which they have caressed too tenderly. Derangements of health, which are but slight evils in the commencement, often become grave maladies,

just as faults of character, by being flattered, grow into passions. I will not therefore flatter my present indisposition, and in spite of the nerves, I will read and write and do everything as usual. It is very potent that *I will*, that word of the master-spirit, and I like that saying of Jacotot: *Power is will*. What a lever, indeed, is this will! The man who uses it can raise the world and himself into the skies. Noble and sacred faculty which makes the great genius, the saint, the hero of either world, the superior intelligence!

Read 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' and 'Les Savantes.' What a man this Molière! I must read more of him.

1st May.—It is to the sweet air of May, to the rising sun, to the radiant and fragrant morning that my pen is trotting over the paper. It is good, for it and me, to desport in this enchanting nature, amongst flowers, birds, and verdure, under this wide blue sky of Nivernais. I love much this ever graceful dome, and the little clouds of whitest fleece suspended here and there in its immensity, for the repose of the eye. Our soul shapes itself to what it sees; changes with the horizon, and takes a form and colour from it; I can believe that men in narrow scenes might have narrow thoughts, smiling or sad, severe or gracious according to the nature which surrounded them.

Every plant gathers something from its position, every flower from the vase it hangs in, every man from the country he lives in. Cayla, our beautiful enclosure, had detained me long beneath its verdure, and now I feel myself different to what I was. Marie thinks this a misfortune ; I think not : there remains enough of my former self to enable me to resume my past life. Only there will be a new branch, and two plants on the same trunk, like those trees which have been grafted on and where several sorts of blossoms may be seen together.

On a day like this, perhaps at this very instant, Mimi, the saint, is on her knees before her little altar of the month of May. Dear sister, I will join you, and construct a like altar. They have given me for this purpose a chamber which Valentine has filled with flowers. There I will make my chapel, and Marie and her little girls, and the servants and shepherds of the house, shall unite every evening before the holy Virgin. This month of Mary they do not know here. Some good may result from this novel devotion ; some ideas of Christian duty we may infuse into these poor people, while partly amusing them. These popular devotions, by being attractive in their form, offer new facilities for instruction. One drapes the good old truths, and nothing but their smiling heads are seen, which win all hearts in the name of the Virgin and her tender virtues. I love the month of Mary and other

amiable devotions which the Church permits and blesses, and which spring round its base as flowers at the root of the oak-tree.

*2nd.*—Wrote to a father and a mother on the loss of their daughter. Read 'Andryane.' Walk with Marie. Spoke of our brothers, laughed over a bad writer, and ran in under a violent storm; rain, thunder, wind.

*3rd.*—Neither have written, nor have wished to write, not even to thee, dear invalid! If this could do thee any good, if I knew where to address it, and could put it in thy hands every day, then, indeed, nothing should prevent me from writing. But only to reach thee at some future time—perhaps never—this thought discourages, represses me. Of what use all these outpourings that I address to thee if thou wilt never read them, if something,—I know not what,—is to separate me from Maurice? for I much fear I shall return to Cayla alone. And already so many obstacles and uncertainties rise against this dear journey that I count no longer on it. And God knows when we shall see each other again! Dear friend, must it really be that we live separated, that this marriage in which I saw as it were a nest for thee, in which I also could join, must divide us further than ever? I suffer much from this already, and how much in anticipation! My hopes and desires have turned to

thee more than to all others of my family ; I have the misfortune to love thee more than any one in the world ; my old happiness has been all linked with thee ; and at the close of life, when youth is altogether departed, I have said, I should go to Maurice. At every age there is happiness in a great affection ; the whole soul can shelter there ; alas ! that sweet refuge will not be reserved for thy sister ! Only towards God shall I have liberty of loving as I feel I can love. Oh for that love that saints have felt !—so consoling, so suffering, so beautiful, one is tempted madly to ask for the heart of Theresa out of Heaven, that we also might be lovers of Christ.

I rise. I will go out. I will read. I will resume, at least, an external calm. Oh, my God !

4<sup>th</sup>.—These ‘Memoirs of Andryane,’ which were at first so interesting, disappoint me at the second volume. Perhaps it is my fault, and I am less impressionable. I find these recitals of prison life wearisome ; I, too, drag the chain, but I shall read on. In every book there is something good ; there is a gold dust (as you yourself have said, and perhaps with a better application of the metaphor,) thrown everywhere. I have seen this Andryane, the Adonis of republicans, I have now read him and have found nothing in him so beautiful as his face.

When not talking with Marie I pass almost all my time in reading. Though talking, and loving each

other much, two women alone find their solitude very blank : great desert places in it. Books, books, are the only resource. No, whatever your friend may say, they are by no means to be burnt. That reminds me of our evening of fanaticism, as we called it—alas ! how far distant it seems !

Here comes Valentine, happy child, who enters delighted to bring me a cockchafer. Cries of joy, most joyous to hear, and which make me think of that past age and of pleasures lost. What transports because of a cricket and a blade of grass !

8th.—What is good in these ‘Memoirs of Andryane’ is the triumph of the soul over adversity, these chains carried nobly, the Christian in captivity deriving force and dignity from God : there is a profession of faith expressed with spirit and pathos. Then the Journal of his sister is full of interest, full of tears. Altogether there is much in the book to affect, and to affect wisely.

Waiting for letters, and no letters either for Marie or me ; which threw a cloud on two hearts that beat in unison. Wrote to thee ; began a gown ; read the first pages of the ‘Physiology of the Passions.’ The beginning pleases me.

9th.—Wrote to Monseigneur de Nevers ; a letter which vexed me at first, but which now gives me pleasure, since by writing it I gave pleasure to another.

May 10<sup>th</sup>  
1866

To-day is the Ascension, one of those radiant festivals of the Church which raise the Christian soul to a world of unknown joys, there where St. Paul saw what eye has not seen. My friend, shall we be there one day, thou, I, all whom we love? Great and terrible question? And if it should not be so, we shall have lost all, and life will have been nothing but illusion! Misery from which God preserve us!

A letter from Caro, the dear sister, which speaks of thee, but not enough; without details, without that minuteness and intimacy which make us see what is not present. This was the charm of M. d'Aureville's letters, which I have preferred to all others, for they were full of thee, and told all things well.

10<sup>th</sup>.—The letter of Caro has left me with cares and disquietudes about this weakness which hindered thee from rising one morning. This is a bad symptom; how I long that my friend should send me his bulletin! Then shall I know all that regards this dear health. The better and the worse will be given to me with detail and precision. I shall see thee, even to thy veins. Thanks to him, to the friend devoted to my inquietudes!

11<sup>th</sup>.—"If I could believe in happiness," says M. de Chateaubriand, "I should place it in habit, *the uniform habit which binds day to day*, and renders almost insensible the transition from one hour to

another, from one thing to another, so that everything falls gently upon the soul as if it had been long expected." There is a repose in this measured life, in this linking together of duties, studies, prayers, hymns, relaxations, that come one after the other to the religious like the successive rings in an endless chain. Such men expect nothing, or they know what they expect; no disquietude, no agitation, no *seeking* for them. This was no doubt the happiness of M. de Chateaubriand, or of him who said with too much indolence, "It seems to me that lying on the down of my habits I need not even give myself the trouble to live." From all which I conclude that it is well to know what we are going to do. Marie, who has a buoyant and butterfly imagination, does not love uniformity, and will not believe that I can do so. It is nevertheless true, and I am conscious of a contradiction and a distress when I cannot do things in their time and order. Without order life is a mere confusion, out of which nothing beautiful, within or without, can grow. There is so great a charm in harmony! And what is harmony but the note that calls another to it and trains another after it?

The 'Soap-bubble,' an oriental tale, sent me for Valentine.

13th.—"*The Queen is the perfection of goodness.*" In this homage of gratitude, in these words written in a book and written methinks on your throne as well, I



find a sweet encouragement, an incentive to put my hope in your Majesty.

Every French heart has its own; mine, Madame, would be to obtain some gifts for my parish, for our destitute church.

A collecting mission was assigned to me when I came to Paris, and can I better fulfil it than by laying our necessities before one who can understand them all?

In seeing your rich cathedrals, the pomp of St. Roch, where you were, I thought regretfully of our poor little church, and decided to beg in its name from our pious Queen.

This inspiration having doubtless come from God, I follow it; I address it to you, Madame, as to a providence, as to the protectress of faith and divine worship in France.

Royal alms would be very precious to us, and would engrave the name of your Majesty in grains of incense both in the church and in the recollection of the parishioners of Andillac.

It is with their prayers that I venture to lay at your feet the sentiments of their interpreter as well; of her who has the honour to be, Madam, your Majesty's very respectful and faithful, &c., &c.

16th.—An *émeute*, bloodshed, roar of cannon, rumours of death! Tidings that fall like a thunder-clap in our solitude and calm way of life. Maurice,

Caro, my Paris friends, I am anxious; I seem to see you on a volcano. My God! I have just written to Caro, and begun a few words to M. d'Aureville, my other brother in interest.

18<sup>th</sup>.—No letter yesterday, nor any writing here. I did nothing but wait, wait for a disappointment. Sad ending this for a day of hope, which comes back to-day: there is no estranging her from the heart, deceiver that she is!

I am going to read, but what shall I read? The choice of books is as perplexing as that of men; there are few that are true and agreeable.

19<sup>th</sup>.—A letter from Louise, full of interest in thee; nothing but heart, intellect, and charm from one end to the other. She has a way of saying things which is to be met with only among those Rayssac rocks. It is solitude that does it; ideas spring up therein, unlike anything in the world; fresh, attractive as flowers or mosses. Charming Louise, how much I love her! This time I find in her a degree of calm and an absence of illusions that surprises me, she who is so full of them in general. I am going to join the other Louise who so much resembles this one, do you not think so? and who also prays and gets others to pray for your recovery. "The other day," she writes me word (Louise of Rayssac), "that I was at the *Platée*, my aunt's parish, I went up to a holy maiden lady who

T

lives in that church from morning to evening, and who has a great reputation for sanctity. I raised a corner of her black veil and said in a very low voice, 'Your pardon, Mademoiselle, I wanted to request your prayers for a young man who is ill, the brother of the person I love best on earth.' 'Well, then, I will pray,' she replied, with an air of modesty which gave still greater confidence to my request. I have not seen her since."

Was not this a pretty instance of piety, my friend, this young girl going about soliciting prayers for thee, with a look of heavenly interest. She is charming. Angels would give her all she wished.

21st.—My happiness, my enjoyment, my delight, to write in the sunshine, listening to the birds.

It was not to last very long, the beauty of this morning. Alas! my friend, a letter from Caro has come, speaking in so sad a tone of thy health that I am quite overwhelmed by it. He coughs, he coughs still! Since then these words echo round go where I will; a heart-breaking thought pursues me, passes and repasses, within, without, and then drops down on a churchyard; I cannot look at a green leaf without thinking how soon it will fall, and that it is then the consumptive die. My God! remove these forebodings from me; cure me this poor brother! What ought I to do for him? Impotent affection! All that I can do is to suffer for thee.

22nd.—If ever you read this, my friend, you will have an idea of a permanent affection ; that something for some one which occupies you when you go to bed, when you rise, throughout the day and always ; which makes sadness or joy, the motive power and centre of the soul.—In reading a work on geology, I came upon a fossil elephant in Lapland, and a canoe disinterred in l'Île des Cygnes, in digging for the foundations of the Pont des Invalides. There I am on the elephant, in the canoe, making the circuit of the Northern Seas, and of the Swan Island ; seeing those places as they were in the time of these things. Lapland warm, green, and peopled not with dwarfs, but with tall handsome men, with women riding about on elephants through those forests and hills, all petrified now-a-days ; and then the Swan Island, white with flowers and down ; oh ! how beautiful I think it ! And its inhabitants, who are they ? What are they doing in this corner of the globe ? Descended like me from the exile of Eden, do they know his birth, life, fall, his lamentable and marvellous history, that Eve for whom he lost heaven, so much happiness and unhappiness both, so much hope in their faith, such tears shed over their children, so many and many things that we know, and that perhaps were known before by this people of whom nothing but a plank remains ? Wrecks of humanity of which God alone takes cognizance, the very fragments of which he has hid away in the depths of the earth as though to guard them from our

curiosity ! If he permits something of them to emerge, it is to teach us that this globe is an abyss of misery, and that all we gain by stirring its depths is the discovery of funereal inscriptions, and burying-places. Death is at the bottom of everything, and we keep continually digging as though we were seeking for immortality.

A letter from Félicité, which gives no better account of thee. When will they write, they who know more about the matter ? If they could see a woman's heart beat, they would have more compassion for it. Why are we so made that a desire consumes us, a fear shatters, an expectation haunts, a thought engrosses, and all that touches makes us shudder ? Remembrance of letters, post time, the sight of a paper, God knows how much I go through from them all ! The solitude of the Coques will have witnessed much connected with thee. My sweet friend, my sister in grief and affection is there, on one hand for my comfort, on the other to sadden me, when I see her suffer, and have to hide my sufferings to spare her sensitiveness.

24<sup>th</sup>.—Growing uneasiness and terror, a letter from M. de Frégeville, who thought thee worse. My God ! must I thus learn, as it were accidentally, that I may lose thee ? Will no one nearer than a stranger speak to me about thee, tell me that he has seen thee for me ! When thus at a distance nothing is so

killing as silence. It is death anticipated. My friend, my brother, my dear Maurice, I know not what to think, to say, to feel. After God, it is only in thee that I live, like a martyr, live in suffering. But what would that signify if I could offer it up to redeem thee, if I could plunge into a sea of sorrow to save thee from shipwreck. All redemption is effected by suffering: accept mine then, O God! unite it with that of the sisters of Lazarus, unite it with that of Mary, with that sword that pierced through her soul beside her expiring son, accept it, my God! strike, cut away what Thou wilt in me, but let there be a resurrection!

25<sup>th</sup>.—The postman has passed without leaving anything for me. The same doubts and uncertainties, the same encroaching terrors. To know and not to know! State of indescribable anguish. And here is the end of this book: my God! who will read it? \*

\* Who was to read it? As Eugénie de Guérin foresaw it was not to be Maurice, who, brought back by her with great difficulty to the Cayla, faded away there in less than two months from the date of this page, on the 19th of July, 1839. The touching narrative of the last moments of this tenderly-loved brother will be found in one of the following books.



## IX.

Still to Him.

To Maurice dead, to Maurice in heaven!

He was the pride and the joy of my heart.

O how sweet a name and how full of tenderness is that of  
brother!

*Friday, 19th of July, at half-past eleven, eternal date!*

*21st of July (1839).*



O, my friend, death will not separate us, will not take thee out of my thoughts; death only separates from the body; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven; and this change of place in no way impairs its affections.—Far otherwise, I hope; one must love better in Heaven, where everything becomes divine. O, my friend, Maurice, Maurice! art thou far from me? dost thou hear me? What are they, those abodes that hold thee now? What that God, so glorious, mighty, and good, who, by the ineffable vision of Himself, makes thee happy while unveiling for thee eternity? Thou seest what I expect; possessest what I hope for; knowest what I believe. Mysteries of another life,

how profound, how terrible ye are!—sometimes, how sweet! Yes, very sweet, when I reflect that heaven is the place of happiness. Poor friend, thou hadst scarcely any of it here below; thy short life had no time for rest. Oh, God, sustain me! establish my heart in faith. Alas! I have not enough of this support. How we watched, and caressed, and kissed thee, thy wife, and we thy sisters, dead in thy bed, thy head lying on a pillow, as though thou wast sleeping! Then we followed thee to the Cemetery, to the grave, thy last bed: wept and prayed; and here we are, I, writing to thee as if during an absence, as when thou wert in Paris! My friend, is it true? shall we never see each other again anywhere on earth? Oh, as for me, I will not leave thee! A sweet something appertaining to thee seems present with me still, calms me, prevents me from weeping. Sometimes tears come in torrents; then the soul gets parched. Is it that I do not regret him? All my life will be one of mourning; mine a widowed heart, without any intimate union. I am very fond of Marie and of my remaining brother, but not with the same sympathy as between us. Received a letter of thy friend d'Aurevilly for thee. Heart-rending letter which arrived to reach thy coffin! How this made me realise thy absence! I must leave off; my head will not bear it; sometimes I feel my brain reel. Why will not tears come? I would drown everything in them.



22nd.—St. Magdalen's to-day ; she to whom much was forgiven, because she loved much. How this thought, which occurred to me while we were hearing mass said for thee, consoled me as to thy soul ! Oh, that soul will surely have been pardoned ! O, my God ! I can recall a whole period of faith and love which will not have been lost before Thee !

“ Where Eternity abides  
Even the Past may be recovered.”

A virtuous past, more especially, which must cover present weaknesses and errors. Oh, 'how that world, that other world, where thou art, occupies me now ! My friend, thou liftest me on high ; my soul detaches itself more and more from earth ; death, I believe, would be welcome to me.

. . . . Oh, what indeed should we do with eternity in this world ! Visits from my Aunt Fontenilles, Eliza, M. Limer, Hippolyte, Thérèse ; all persons, alas ! who were to have come for a joyous wedding party, and who are here for a funeral. Good night, my friend. Oh, how we all prayed this morning on thy tomb—thy wife, thy father, and thy sisters !

Visitors ; always visitors ! Oh, how sad to see the living, to enter into conversation, to return to the ordinary course of things, when for the heart everything is changed ! My poor friend, what a blank you have left me ! Everywhere to see thy place, and not

to find thee there! . . . . These girls, these young men, our relations, our neighbours, who at this moment fill the drawing-room, gathered around thee dead, they would have surrounded thee living and joyous; for you used to take pleasure in them, and their youthful mirth enlivened you.

A touching letter from the Abbé de Rivières, who mourns thee as a friend; and a similar letter from his mother to me, containing the tenderest expressions of regret—a mother's sorrow blent with mine. Oh, she knew that thou wert the son of my heart!

On the return of . . . .

*No date.*—I do not know what I was going to say yesterday when I broke off. Always tears and regrets. This does not pass away; on the contrary, profound sorrows are like the in-flowing sea, ever advancing, scooping out the ground more and more. Eight nights this evening that thou hast rested, down yonder at Andillac, in thy bed of earth. O God, my God! console me! Help me to look and hope far beyond the tomb, higher than where the body has fallen. Heaven, heaven! Oh that my soul may rise to heaven!

A great influx to-day of letters that I have not read. What is there to read in them? Words that say nothing. All human consolation is empty. How painfully I experience the truth of these words of the

'Imitation.' Thy nurse has come, poor woman, all tears, and bringing cakes and figs that thou wouldst have eaten. What anguish those figs gave me. The very least pleasure that might have been thine, seems to me immense. And the sky so beautiful now, and the grasshoppers, the field-sounds, the cadence of the flails on the threshing-floor—all this which would have delighted thee, tortures me. In it all I see death. This woman, this nurse who watched thee and held thee in illness for a year on her lap, has given me a greater shock than a winding-sheet would have done. Heart-rending apparition of the past—cradle and tomb. I could spend the night with thee here on this paper, but the soul needs prayer; the soul will do thee more good than the heart.

Each time that my pen rests here, a sword pierces my heart. I do not know whether I shall continue to write or not. Of what use is this Journal. For whom? alas! and yet I love it as one loves a funereal urn, a reliquary in which is kept a dead heart, all embalmed with sanctity and love. Such seems this paper where I still preserve thee, my so beloved one; where I keep up a speaking memory of thee; where I shall meet with thee again in my old age—if I live to be old. Oh, yes; the days will come when I shall have no life but in the past; that past shared with thee; spent beside thee, young, intelligent, loveable, raising and refining whatever approached thee; such as I re-

call thee, such as thou wert on leaving us. At present I do not know what my life is, if, indeed, I do live. Everything is changed within and without. Oh, my God, how heartrending these letters are!—these letters of the good Marquis, and of thy friend more especially. Oh, these last, how they have made me weep! They contain so many tears for my tears! This intimate friend of thine touches me as would a sight of thyself. My dear Maurice, all thou hast loved are dear to me—seem a portion of thee. Brother and sister shall I and M. d'Aureville be; he calls himself my brother.

Read the Confessions of St. Augustine at the page where he describes the death of his friend. Found a charm of truthfulness, a forcible expression of sorrow in this passage, which has done me good. The saints always knew how to blend something consolatory with their tears.

28th.—Nothing is so poignantly felt as the return of the same persons at different times; the seeing again in sorrow those who had brought one joy. Her aunt, Caroline's aunt, she who two years ago brought thee thy betrothed, has arrived—is here where thou art not. . . .

4th August.—On this day came into the world a brother that I was to love much, and weep much.

Alas! these often go together. I saw his coffin in the very spot in the very room where I can remember as a child to have seen his cradle, when they brought me back from Gaillac, where I was staying, for his baptism. That baptism was a gay one, a perfect festival, much more than that of any of the rest of us ; markedly different, indeed—I amused myself a great deal, and went back the next day, very fond of the little new-born infant. I was then five, and two years later I returned, bringing him a frock that I had made him. I put it on him, and led him by the hand along the northern enclosure, where he took a few steps alone, his first, which I ran off very joyously to announce to my mother—"Maurice has walked alone!" Remembrances which come to me now all steeped in tears.

6th.—A day of prayer and pious consolation: a pilgrimage of thy friend, the holy Abbé de Rivierès to Andillac, where he said mass, and came to pray with thy sisters beside thy tomb. Oh! how this touched me, how in my inmost heart I blessed this pious friend kneeling on thy remains, whose soul far beyond this world soothed thine in suffering, if indeed it suffers! Maurice, I believe thee in heaven. Oh, yes, I have this confidence, given me by thy religious sentiments, inspired by the mercy of God. God who is so good, so compassionate, so loving, so fatherly;

will He not have had pity and tenderness for a son returned to Him? Oh, there are three years that afflict me; I would efface them with my tears. My God, so many supplications have been made! My God, Thou hast heard, Thou hast granted them. Why art thou sorrowful, oh my soul; and why art thou so disquieted within me?

13<sup>th</sup>.—I feel a want to write, to think; a want to be alone, and not alone, with God and thee. I find myself isolated in the midst of all the rest. Oh, living solitude how long thou wilt be!

17<sup>th</sup>.—Began to read ‘Holy Desires of Death,’ a book that suits my taste. My soul lives in a coffin. Oh, yes, buried—interred in thee, my friend; just as I used to live in thy life, I am dead in thy death—dead to all happiness, all hope here below. I had staked everything as a mother does on her son; I was less sister, indeed, than mother. Dost thou remember that I used to compare myself to Monica weeping over her dear Augustine, when we spoke of my distress about thy soul, that dear soul in error? How I had asked thy salvation of God, how I had prayed, implored! A holy priest once said to me, “Your brother will come back.” Oh, he did come back, and then he left me for heaven—for heaven I hope. There were evident signs of grace, of mercy in this

death. My God, I have more cause to bless Thee than to complain. Thou madest him one of the elect by sufferings that redeem; by acceptance and resignation that merit; by faith that sanctifies. Oh! yes, faith had revived in him fervent and profound; this was evident in his religious acts, his prayers, his readings, and in that kiss to the Cross given by him with so much love and emotion a short time before he died. Oh, I who saw him do this, I who watched him so closely in his last actions, I said, my God, I said that he was going to Paradise. Thus end all those who depart to the better life.

Maurice, my friend, what is heaven, that home of love? Wilt thou never give me a sign from thence? Shall I never hear thee, as they say the dead are sometimes heard? Oh! if thou wast able, if there exist any way of communication between this world and the next, return! I should not be afraid if some evening I saw an apparition, something from thee to me, we who were so united. Thou in heaven and I on earth. Oh, how death separates us! I write this in the little room, that little room so beloved, where we have talked together so much, we two alone. There is thy place, and beside it mine. Here lay thy portfolio, so full of secrets of the intellect and the affections—so full of thee and of things which decided thy life. I believe it; I believe that circumstances have had an influence over thy existence. If thou hadst

remained here, thou wouldst not be dead. *Dead!* dreadful and only thought of thy sister.

20th.—Yesterday I went to Cahuzac to hear a mass for thee in unison with the one that the Prince of Hohenlohe was offering up in Germany to request thy recovery from God; requested, alas! too late. A fortnight after thy death, the answer has come to bring me grief instead of hope. How I regret not to have thought before of this means of deliverance which has saved so many others! It was on the authority of well-authenticated facts, that I had recourse to the holy wonder-worker, and I had such full faith in the miraculous. My God, I believe in it still; I believe in it weeping. Maurice! a flood of sadness has swept over my soul to-day. Every day increases thy loss, increases my heart's capacity for regret. Alone in the wood with my father, we sat down in the shade speaking of thee. I was looking at the place where you came to sit two years ago, the first day, I think, that you went out at all. Oh, what recollections of illness and recovery! I am sorrowful unto death. I want so to see thee. I am continually praying God to grant me this grace. Is the sky, the heaven of souls so far from us, the heaven of time from that of eternity? O, profundity! oh, mysteries of that other life that separates us! I who was always so anxious about him, who wanted so much to know everything,



wherever he may be now there is an end to that. I follow him into the three abodes; I stop at that of bliss; I pass on to the place of suffering, the gulf of fire. My God, my God, not so! Let not my brother be there, let him not! He is not there. What, his soul, the soul of Maurice, among the reprobates! . . . Horrible dread, no! But in purgatory, perhaps, where one suffers, where one expiates the weaknesses of the heart, the doubts of the soul, the half-inclinations to evil. Perhaps my brother is there, suffering and calling to us in his pangs as he used to do in bodily pain: "Relieve me, you who love me." Yes, my friend, by prayer. I am going to pray. I have prayed so much and always shall. Prayer! oh, yes, prayers for the dead; they are the dew of purgatory.

Sophie has written to me—Sophie, that friend of Marie's who loves me for her sake, and seeks to console me. But nothing human consoles. I wish I could go into Africa to devote my life to some one or other, to employ myself in the conversion of the Arabs in the establishment of Madame Vialar. My days would not then seem to me as empty and useless as they now do. That idea of the convent, which had left me, had receded before thee, begins to return.

The rose-tree, the little Coques rose-tree, has flowered. How much sadness, how many fears and memories open out with these flowers, held in that

vase given by Marie, which we took away on our travels with us in the carriage from Tours to Bordeaux. That rose-tree gave you pleasure; you liked to see it and think where it came from. I could see that; and how pretty its little buds and little leaves were.

22nd.—Put on the old-fashioned ring that you took and put here two years ago; that ring which made us laugh so often when I used to say to thee, “And the ring?” O how sad it makes me now to see it, and how I love it! My friend, to me everything is a relic of thee.

*Death will clothe us again with everything.* Consolatory words that I have just been meditating on, which clothe my heart with hope, poor despoiled heart that it is.

How I love his letters, his letters that come no longer! My God, accept what I suffer from this, and all the sorrows of this affection. Thou seest that I am in trouble about that soul, uneasy about its salvation, that I would suffer martyrdom to procure him heaven! Answer my prayers, my God; enlighten, attract, touch that soul so made to know and to serve Thee! O, what grief to see wander in error such fine intellects, such noble creatures, beings formed with so much predilection, in whom God seems to have put His delight as in well-beloved ones, most completely made in His image! Ah, how much are they to be pitied;

U

how often my soul weeps over them with Jesus, who came to save them! I would have all saved, would have all profit by the redemption which extends to the whole human race. But the heart has its own elect, and for these one has a hundred times more desires and fears. This is not forbidden. Jesus, had'st not Thou Thyself Thy beloved John, of whom the apostles used to say that Thy love would prevent him from dying? Grant that they may always live, those I love; may live of life eternal! Oh, it is for this, not for here below that I love them. Hardly, indeed, alas! do we see anything of each other here. I used only to have glimpses of him, but soul abides in soul.

25th.—Dépression and communion; wept in God; wrote to thy friend; read Pascal, the wondrous thinker. I have gleaned this thought on the love of God, whom we love without knowing: *The heart has its reasons that the reason does not understand.* I have very often felt this.

26th.—A few drops of rain fallen on the scorched earth. Perhaps there will be a storm to-night, made up of these vapours. Let it thunder, let there be bursts of wind and rain; I would have noise, agitation, anything but this crushing calm. If I were to write his life; that life so young, so rich, so rare, con-

nected with so many events, so many interests, so many hearts ! There are few such lives.

27th.—I do not know if, but for my father, I should not perhaps go and join the sisters of St. Joseph, in Algeria. At least my life would be useful. What can I make of it now ? I had placed it in thee, poor brother ! You used to tell me not to leave you. Yes, indeed, I did remain close beside thee, to see thee die. *An ecce homo*, the man of sorrows, all others fall short of that one. Sufferings of Jesus, holy desires of death, holy thoughts and meditations. Wrote to Louise as well as to Marie ; it does good to write to her. And he, thy brother, why then does he not write to me ? Can he, too, be dead ? My God, how silence frightens me just now ; forgive me all my terrors. What has the soul to fear that is united to Thee. Do I not, then, love Thee, my God, only and true and eternal love ? It seems to me that I do love Thee, as the timid Peter said he did but not like John, who could fall asleep upon Thy heart. Oh, divine repose that I lack ! What do I go seeking in the creature ? Would I make myself a pillow of a human breast ? Alas ! I have seen how death takes it from us. Rather let me lean, oh Jesus, on Thy crown of thorns !

28th.—St. Augustine to-day, the saint who so ten-

derly wept over his friend, and because he had loved God so late! Let me not have both these regrets; oh! let me not have this double-edged anguish, which would cleave my soul to death. To die without love is to die in hell. Divine love, the only true. All others are but shadows.

Dejection, a load of sorrow; let us try to lift away this mountain of sadness. What is to be done? Oh, how ignorant the soul is! We must attach ourselves to God, to Him who can raise both the vessel and the ocean. Poor bark that I am upon a sea of tears.

I will note down a thought daily. Here is that of to-day: {“It is a terrible thing to feel what we possess continually gliding away, and yet to attach ourselves to it without desiring to seek for something permanent.” } Read a great deal; attended to little birds that had been brought to me, without any pleasure in it, merely out of pity; all my affections are dead, all, except the one that Death has taken from me.

29th.—*Man is a thinking reed.*

30th.—How pleasant it was this morning under the vine; that vine with the white grapes that you used to like so much. On finding myself there, on placing my foot where thine had trod, sadness filled my soul. I sat me down under the shade of a cherry-tree, and

there, thinking of the past, I wept. Everything was green, fresh, gilded with sunshine, exquisite to the sight. These approaches of autumn are beautiful, the temperature less excessive, the sky more clouded, hues of mourning setting in. All this is so dear to me; I feast my eye thereon, I let it make its way into my heart, which turns everything to tears. *Seen alone*, it is so sad. Thou, thou seest heaven! Oh! I do not pity thee. The soul must taste ineffable raptures:

“Extatic as a man born blind when first  
The daylight on his wond’ring vision burst.”

31st.—What a difference between what I say now and what I should say were he living. My God, everything is changed within me and without. Death spreads a blackness over everything. Wrote to Misy on the death of her uncle, Jules de Roquefeuil, who, quite young, has vanished from this world. On all sides tombs are opening.

“This strange secrecy into which God has withdrawn, impenetrable to the eye of man, is a great lesson to incline us to solitude far from all human eyes.”

“Man is so made, that by dint of telling him that he is a fool, he comes to believe it; and by dint of saying so to oneself one believes it. . . .”

“ . . . . God created man with two loves: one for

X

God, the other for himself. . . . Sin having supervened, man has lost the first of these loves; and self-love alone remaining in that wide soul capable of an infinite love, this self-love has extended and overflowed into the void that the absence of God's love has left."\*

It rains; this rain which refreshes fields and woods falls on the earth that covers thee, and dissolves thy remains in the churchyard yonder at Andillac. How thankful one is to think that there is something in man which destruction cannot reach.

"But, alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
To have them fall no more."

If one did not know that this thought was Shakespeare's, one would attribute it to Fénelon. Oh! I know to whom I apply it.

*5th September.*—A letter from Marie, the unhappy Marie, who every day repeats the Funeral Service. So it is with the heart of a woman; even in turning to God it is influenced by its affections.

*9th.*—Discouragement takes hold of me with regard to everything in life. I shall not go on writing. What is the use of this memorandum? Why keep it up, since it is not for him? When he lived, I

\* *Pensées de Pascal.*

found my support in him ; I had my pleasure in the idea of giving him pleasure.—This done away with, what remains in any such human amusements, books, thoughts, poetry ? Nothing except their own value, which is naught.

Wrote to Marie, another, and still living poetry. I tell her, “ Believe that you are loved by the most completely dead heart.”

25<sup>th</sup>.—Again to Marie.

30<sup>th</sup>.—To my Paris brother ; the brother of him in the tomb.

No more writing here, no more thoughts ; the illusion is no longer possible ; at every word, every line, I feel that he is not there to read what I say. My God, I had such a habit of telling him everything ; I loved him so fondly. “ The greatest affliction in life is the breaking of its relations.” Oh ! how I feel the truth of these words which had struck me in a book at the Coques !

I want heaven.

It is not for nothing that we shall have met in life. I will endeavour, oh ! my God, to turn them to Thee.

“ I would the sky were all o’erspread with a funeral veil,  
That a dark cypress wood should rise to cover all the earth,  
That day itself should henceforth be only an evening pale.



A wandering gazelle  
Is hid in yon tower away,  
And the swallow sings there well—  
Sings there all the night and day."

*3rd October.*—Wrote to Paris. Oh! what an anniversary this of my departure of last year. Shall I tell here all the memories which occur to me—tears, regrets, a lost past, so soon changed into mourning? My heart is full; it would fain weep.—Maurice, Maurice, presentiments are true, are they not? When I think of those which tormented me on my way, and in Paris, and on the wedding-day, and which have been accomplished! I used to dream of death. I only saw funereal hangings in that saloon where they were dancing; where I too danced in my sadness, for I wanted to get rid of those thoughts.

Yet is it not lost time to recall these things? Oh, my God! I am alone before Thee; I might do better than to sorrow. Art not Thou there to be my hope, my consolation, to show me a better world where my brother dwells?

*4th.*—I wanted to send his friend two pomegranates from the tree about the roots of which he dug a few days before his death. That was his last effort on earth.

*6th.*—At this very hour, twelve o'clock, the first

Sunday in October, I was in Paris, I was in his arms, Place Notre Dame des Victoires. A year ago, my God ! How struck I was with his thinness, his cough ; I who had dreamed of him as dead on my journey ! We went together to Saint Sulpice, to the one o'clock mass. To-day to Lentin, in rain ; to-day poignant memories and solitude. . . . But, my soul, be thou satisfied with thy God, whom thou hast received in that little church. He is thy brother, thy friend, the beloved Sovereign whom thou wilt never see die ; who will never fail thee either in this life or the next. Let us comfort ourselves by this hope and by the knowledge that in God we find again all that we have lost. If I could go hence on high ; if I felt heave within my breast that sigh which is the last, that breath of the dying which carries the soul to heaven, oh ! I should not much regret life. But then life is a probation, and is mine long enough ; have I suffered enough ? When we betake ourselves to Calvary, we see what it costs to reach heaven. Oh ! many tears, agonies, thorns, the vinegar and the gall. Have I tasted of all these ? My God, take away from me all complaining ; sustain me in silence and resignation at the foot of the Cross with Mary and the women who loved Thee.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Three months to-day since that death, that separation ! Oh ! the sorrowful date, which, nevertheless, I will note down each time it comes round.

There is for me so tender and attaching a sadness in this return of the 19th, that I cannot see it without marking it in my life—since I do take note of my life. Oh ! what indeed should I have to record now, did I not record my tears, my memories, my regrets for what I have best loved ? This is all you will get, oh you who wish me to go on with this Journal, these books, *my every day* at Cayla. I was going to give them up, there was too much bitterness in speaking to him in his grave ; but since you are there, my living brother, and take pleasure in hearing me, I continue my intimate communications ; I link again with you what death had snapped. *I will write for you as I wrote for him.* You are my brother by adoption, the brother of my heart. In this there is illusion and reality, consolation and sadness, Maurice everywhere. It is then on this day, the 19th of October, that first I date for you, and that I mark this day as an epoch in my life, my isolated, solitary, unknown life, which goes out toward some one in the world, toward you in Paris, pretty much, as I believe I told you, as if Eustochia from her Bethlehemite desert, had written to some gay Roman noble. The contrast between us is remarkable, but does not surprise me. Some one, a woman, told me that in my place she should find herself very much embarrassed in writing to you. As for me, I cannot see why I should be so. Nothing hampers me with you—in fact, no more than with Maurice ; to me you

are him, both to the heart and the intellect. That is the stand-point of our intimacy.

20th.—What a beautiful autumn morning! A transparent atmosphere, a radiantly calm sunrise, masses of clouds from north to south, clouds of such brilliancy, of a colour at once soft and vivid, gilded fleece on a blue sky. It was beautiful, beautiful! I regretted to be the only one to see it. I thought of our painter and friend M. Augier, he who feels so keenly, and so readily admits the beautiful into his artist-soul. And then Maurice, and then you, I would fain have seen you all under my Cayla sky; but are we ever to meet again on earth?

In going to Posadou I wanted to gather a very pretty flower, but left it for my return, and then took another way! So adieu to my flower. If I were to return now, where would it be? Another time I will not leave my flowers on the road. And yet how often we do this in life.

This is Sunday. Again saw at Andillac that tomb quite green with grass already. How fast it has sprouted! How soon life seizes upon death, and how sad this seems to our sight! How heart-breaking would it be without that faith which tells us that we are to live again, to come forth from those cemeteries in which we seem to disappear.

21st.—Thunder, storm, tempest raging without, but

calm within—that dead-sea calm which, as well as agitation, has its own suffering. Repose is good only in God; that repose of holy souls who have come out of life before their death. Happy escape! I yearn intensely for all that is heavenly: the reason is, that here below everything is vile and laden with a burden of earth.

Read some pages of a journey in Spain. Singular population of brigands and monks. The monks have fallen; what is left behind? We see; murderers. Don Carlos at Burgos; the heir of Ferdinand the Catholic driven from throne and kingdom both, a prisoner in France! This book interests me. It is the graceful journal of a pleasant traveller who chats as he goes along, and paints everything he meets with the good taste and ease of a man of the world. Heavy descriptions kill me; accordingly, I like M. de Custine, who amuses me, although he too is a little long sometimes; but it is like the length of a ball. And then, so few books come to Cayla, that if they are capable of pleasing at all, they please very much.

22nd.—A letter from Marie; from Marie my sister, who, with Erembert, has left me for a few days. Here I am alone with my father. How reduced our family is, and how I tremble in thinking that the circle may narrow still further!

Read some passages of 'Holy Desires after Death,' a piously clever book that I like, a kind of reading that

lifts one heavenward. I need it for my soul, which falls, sinks beneath the weight of life. We may indeed divert ourselves in the world, but the things pertaining to faith alone sustain. How I pity the sorrowful souls who do not know this, or will not believe it! I used to speak so much on this subject to Maurice; I speak of the things of eternity to all whom I love, for you see I do not love them for this world; it would not be worth while; it is heaven that is the home of love.

24th.—Neither reading, writing, nor prayer can prevent tears to-day. My poor Maurice! I took to thinking over all that he suffered, both physically and mentally, during the last days of his life. How heart-rending this retrospect is! My God, oh didst not Thou sustain him?

27th.—No inclination to write for two days past. If I take up my pen again to-day, it is because in opening my green portfolio, my eye fell on this book, and I put down in it that my father has just made over to me a packet of letters from his dear Maurice, and some of his hair, that I may keep them, these precious remains, with the others that I have. Oh, burial! Shall I write what I feel, what I think, what I suffer? I will not write; I should speak only of heaven and of a grave, of those things that should but be told to God.

*The 1st. of November.*—What an anniversary! I was in Paris, sitting alone in the drawing-room at a table, thinking, as now, on this festival of All Saints. He, Maurice, came to find me, to chat a little heart to heart, soul to soul, and gave me a quire of paper, saying, "I want you to write me down there your *every day* in Paris." Oh, poor friend! I did indeed write it, but he never read it.\* He was carried away so suddenly, so rapidly, before he had time to do anything,—that young man, born, as it seemed, to do so much. But God disposed of him differently to our expectations. There are beautiful souls, of which we are only here below to see the promise, and whose entire realisation takes place elsewhere, in the other life. This world is but a place of transition, as the saints have believed it, as the soul which presages *a somewhere else* also believes. Oh, what happiness that this is not our all! Impossible, impossible! If we ended at the grave, the good God would be wicked, yes, wicked, to create unhappy creatures for a few days: horrible to think of. Tears alone are enough to make us believe in immortality. Maurice has finished his period of suffering, I hope, and to-day I seem continually to see him amongst the blessed. I say to myself, that he must be there, that he pities those he sees upon earth, that he wishes for me where he is, as he wished for me in Paris. Oh, my God, this reminds

\* This book also has escaped our search.

me that on this very day last year we were together ; that I had a brother, a friend, whom I can no longer see or hear. After so much intimacy, no intercourse whatever ! It is this which makes death so painful. In order to meet him again, that beloved being so knit with one's heart, one must plunge into death and eternity. Those who have not God with them in this terror, what can they do ? What becomes of you,—you, friend so much crushed by his loss, when your sorrow does not turn towards the other world ? Oh, doubtless you do not lack faith, but have you a consoling, a pious faith ? Believing that you have not much of this, I find myself pitying you bitterly. The anxiety that I had on this head regarding his brother-soul is now transferred to yours, almost as dear. I cannot say to what a degree I loved him, and still love him ; it is something that rises toward the infinite, towards God. Here I stop ; with this thought are linked a million thoughts, dead and living ; but above all dead ; my journal, begun for him, continued for you on the same date, last year in some degree of happiness, and now all made up of tears. *My poor Maurice, I have been left behind in a land where there are continual tears and constant anguish.*

## ALL SAINTS.

“ Look at the sapless leaves  
That fall upon the ground,  
Hark to the wind as it rises  
And moans the valley around.

. . . . .



'Tis the time when all things fall,  
As the winds deal blow upon blow,—  
A wind that comes from the tomb  
Lays us living ones also low."

There are not many years since we were saying that ; repeating those verses, Maurice and I, as we wandered about on the dry leaves on this day. My God ! there he is fallen too, he so young, the last-born of the family, whom I depended upon leaving behind me in this world, surrounded by children who would have mourned me as their mother ! Instead of this, it is I who mourn, I who look on a tomb in which is enclosed all that I have had of hope or happiness in human affections. Oh, how this disaffects one towards all things, and carries the afflicted soul far away from this life towards that abode where death is not. Prayed, wept, wrote, nothing else to-day. Oh, awful festival of the departed !

3<sup>rd</sup>.—I wrote to you yesterday, friend of Maurice, sad as I was. It is only to you that I can speak in the midst of tears, as I did in my letter. It would pain Marie too much ; others would have no interest ; and then sorrow only reveals itself to intimate friends.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Rested my forehead on my father's hands, crossed on his knees. O what a sweet pillow ! All my heart rushed to my head, in order to enjoy that rest. My father is kind, with a tender, ardent, and, so to

speaking, loving kindness, as it is said of that Divine goodness with which fathers have something in common, and he inspires one with a trusting love. I only conceal from him what would distress him. Marie's letters, yours, I let him see them all. I still hesitate, however, to show him my Journals, on account of that undercurrent of sadness which is sometimes to be found there.

A visitor, a curé of the neighbourhood, who gave me pleasure. The very sight of a priest, when he is good, is comforting to the afflicted, and this is one to whom the saints would bow. He spoke to us about his little church, his little parish, his little crosses, and from one thing to another led us through an hour's talk that I found quite short. Can one say as much in the world? More than once in a gay drawing-room it has happened to me to yawn in my pocket-handkerchief. It is not so much talent, nor the thing said, that delights one, as a certain way of saying it.

The postman ! letters ! Oh, who knows what letters are worth in the country ! Those dear absent ones, who return to us in heart and soul. Why cannot we write in heaven !

6th.—A child has come to bring me a dead bird that he had found under a stone. Poor bird ! I fall to thinking how this pretty little life of freedom and song, this quite aerial life, has been assailed like any

other, has fallen under that snare of death where everything falls.

I did not write yesterday, I shall not write continuously. What would you do with three hundred and sixty-six of my almost uniform days ; how could you bear to see the same waves pass on before your eyes for a whole year ? Diversity constitutes the interest of both mind and sight, for it is only through our curiosity that we are pleased. Where there is no novelty one grows weary. There have been certain days of immobility when I have yearned for a thunderbolt. What, then, would my perpetual calm be to you ? for, except what springs from my heart or occurs to my brain, there is no movement at all in my life.

Just now I have come in from a short walk in the sunshine, and nothing stirs around but some flies who are humming in the heated air. Alone in the great deserted monastery ! This profound and complete isolation makes one live for an hour as hermits, both men and women,—those souls detached from the world,—have lived for years. Without any material cares, with only inward speech, with no feelings but those of the intellect, no life but that of the soul : these is in this release from every obligation a freedom full of charm, an unknown happiness which I can well understand hiding a hundred leagues deep in the desert permanently to enjoy. Accordingly some did

leave the court for this life, like St. Arsène and so many others, who, having tasted the two, would not consent to return to the world. This is because the world does not satisfy the soul ; it amuses it but imparts no life : we feel this as we go on in life, when the heart frees itself from its illusions just as naturally as it had been ensnared by them. We find ourselves all amazed and sad on the brink of the void that pleasures leave in departing. What is to become of us then ? Faith teaches us, the Christian knows. My poor Maurice ! how often I used to speak thus to him, asking him whether he did not think what I said was true, and he did not say no. Nevertheless, I do not hate the world ; I know how to live in it and to dispense with it, and I pity those who are its slaves or its devotees, its victims or its lunatics.

Now this is certainly not what I thought of writing as I came back out of the sunshine ; but this is to what solitude has brought me ; to love and speak of it, and that with you who are a friend of the world. You must indeed have made yourself my brother. One tells a brother all one's passing thoughts. I don't know whether you will like mine. I used sometimes to doubt whether I did not weary Maurice, but soon shaking off the doubt (I cannot endure it in anything), I went on in full faith writing Journals and letters that he loved. I knew very well that he did so because of his affection for me. Dear friend ! how much I think of him to-day ; how this morning in prayer I felt

myself going out towards the other life where he is, where he waits for me as he waited in Paris! Oh! yes, we shall there see far other wonders than in these cities built on clay! Since this death I care nothing for earth; God had taught me its value before; but thoroughly to understand the nothingness of the world, the heart must have its lesson, and mine has! And now I am going to occupy myself about other things than this writing. With or without pleasure, so long as the soul is here, so long as we have life imposed upon us, we are bound to fulfil its duties.

8th.—Louise and Marie des Coques have both come to me this evening by post; a charming encounter of the two most charming women and friends that I know. They are very like each other, but Marie has been the most developed by society. Conversed with my father at great length about them and about heart affections. I consulted him on this subject and on a chapter of the 'Imitation,' which had troubled me. He calmed me, and pointed out that I was taking too exclusive a view of the matter, that my pious reading applied to those in the cloister, not to persons in the world. Thanks to my father, I may then fearlessly retain all my affections; for, after my heart has gone out very fully, I often draw back alarmed, fearing to love too much. If the heart were all expended here, nothing of it would remain for heaven, and I desire to take that which loves with me into the other world.

10th.—Caroline has written to us after a somewhat long silence ; long enough to give me time to believe ourselves forgotten. This grieved me ; I would have a future, if not of intimate friendship, of at least good will between us and this young woman, this wife of my brother. That title binds her so to my heart, I should be deeply grieved to see her detach herself from us entirely. Her letter is kind, full of interest ; I am satisfied with it. Poor dear widow, how I wish I could embrace her at this moment ! I look upon her as a sister, as a sister who deceives herself ; but one must not be angry with her for that, she does not know that she is deceiving herself.

To-morrow morning, soon after sunrise, I am going to some relations two leagues off. A lost day as regards writing and my habitual life ; but perhaps I shall return with something new, as is the case with tourists who have always seen something extraordinary wherever they may have been.

12th.—There was a time when I took delight in describing the least little things. Four steps taken outside the house, a walk in sunshine through fields or in the woods, afforded me much to say. Was that because it was to him I spoke, and that heart-supplies are so abundant ? I cannot tell ; not having any longer the pleasure of giving him pleasure, what I see no longer offers me the same interest as of old. Yet nothing is changed externally ; the change must then be within.

Y

myself. Everything puts on one same sad colour in my eyes, all my thoughts turn deathwards. Neither wish nor power of writing! And, besides, what could I write that would be of any good to you, you to whom I would so gladly do good, to whom to do it is so difficult?

I found in a book a rose-leaf faded, who knows since when? I ask myself this question in recalling springs gone by, days and places where this rose may have flowered, but nothing returns of the lost past. It is, however, no misfortune to be a flower without a date. Whatever invests itself with mystery has a charm. This dried leaf in a book interests me more than it would have done in its rose, on its rose-tree. It made me leave off reading. If our soul be in any degree reflective, there is enough at every moment to make us pause and fall to thinking over what presents itself in life.

“My brow upon a flower, ’twas of the tomb I mused.”

This thought of death, of God, and of those I love, never leaves me.

14<sup>th</sup>.—Returned once more to my complete solitude. My father is gone to look for some books in a neighbouring library. I do not know what he will bring back. I have asked for ‘Notre Dame de Paris,’ which until now I never would read. Why, then, should I now do so? It is that I feel my heart too

dead for anything to injure it, that I am told of beauties in it that I wish to become acquainted with, and that a man of God, who has much weight with me, has assured me that I might venture on this book, and that evil is annulled by our way of looking on it. Even the devil, if he displeases, can do no harm. To meet is not to accept him. Perhaps it might be better to remain in ignorance of books and theories in general, but I lay no great stress on knowledge. It is not to inform but to elevate myself that I read: to me everything is a ladder to heaven, even this little Journal that I link with a heavenly thought known to God. If God did not see everything I would show him everything. I could not dispense with the Divine approval in my life and my affections, but I care but little for the approval of men, still less for that of women.

15<sup>th</sup>.—My God! my God! what a day! the day of his wedding. At this hour, a year ago, we were at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, he, you and I—I by his side. Now, too, I am just come from a church, and from beside him in his tomb.

16<sup>th</sup>.—Nothing put down here yesterday after those lines. There are feelings that transcend all expression. God knows into what an abyss I was plunged and crushed by recollections of that wedding. There was he and his fair bride kneeling before the altar; Père



Buquet blessing them and speaking to them of the future, the attendant crowd, the peal of the organ, that collection for the poor which rather embarrassed me, the signing in the vestry, so many witnesses of this brilliant contract with death. Then outside the church, our meeting with a funeral procession ; the breakfast by your side when you said to me : " How handsome your brother is," when we spoke so much of his life ; the evening, the ball where I danced for the first and last time. I owe to Maurice several quite unique things. The pleasure of seeing him look happy, of being at his wedding festival, and below this joy, a heart sinking, and that horrible vision of coffins all round the drawing-room, placed on those long settees and hung with silver fringes. Oh, how petrified I was when on leaving this room, in full-dress and flowers for the ball, that vision came to me. I closed my eyes to shut it out. A day and evening in so many various ways memorable, the date of so many sorrows, I cannot get it out of my mind. I absorb myself in these things, and when I reflect on all of happiness that I had staked on a being who no longer exists save in memory, I feel an inexpressible sadness, and learn hence not to build on any life or anything whatever. A coffin stands between the world and me, it is all over with the little that had power to please me. I have heart-ties still ; no longer any happy or bright ones. Maurice and I were internally linked by rose-coloured ribands. In him everything seemed smiling

to me, everything gave me pleasure, even anxieties. My God! my God! to have lost this! what would'st Thou have me love now?

17<sup>th</sup>.—A beautiful day, bright, warm, full of breeze and sunshine. This revives, does one good, both to feel, and to admire, and to enjoy. Though indeed I pay now much less attention to the sky than a few months ago, alas! in the time of the invalid, yet I still see a fine day with pleasure; the only pretty thing there is to be seen in the country in November.

Ah! yesterday evening, too, I had the pleasant surprise of your letter. I did not expect it to come so soon, nor to be quite so kind, though that is not surprising; but every distinction made in my favour does always astonish me a little: I don't know why this is. And then I found in this letter certain things that afflicted me; some of those Christian soul-sorrows for a poor brother soul; for one who says: *I do not pray*. God knows what I feel and suffer on this head. I have the future interest of those whom I love, and who do not believe, so much at heart, that to ensure it I would gladly suffer martyrdom. This is not an exaggeration, but perfectly justified by the reason and the feeling of faith. Erembert, Marie, just arriving.

28<sup>th</sup>.—I have left my book closed for a fortnight past. How many things in this space of time which will be found nowhere, not even here! . . . Returned to it

to note down a letter from Marie, my beautiful friend, who trembles lest I should be ill. Alas ! it is not in my body that I suffer. Oh ! how useless it seems to me to write !

*10th December.*—At length shall I be able to write ? How many times I have taken up my pen this last week, and the pen has fallen from my fingers unused ! There has been such sadness in my soul, such shocks in my being, O God ! it seemed as though I were nearing to my end, to a kind of moral annihilation. How terrible this state is ! Nothing soothes, nothing sustains ; occupation, repose, books, men, everything nauseates. One would die if one could. In such a struggle the soul without faith would be lost, oh ! lost, if God did not reveal himself ; but he never fails to do so, something unexpected ever comes from on high.

I have found in the words of a priest (another friend of Maurice's) unhopèd-for aid ; soothing, calming, a religious balm which has made me realise faith in what it has of sweetest and strongest, its power of consolation. Very often I cannot of myself attain to this ; my efforts fatigue and break me down. We are too small for heavenly things, we feel in ourselves the need of a mediator. Between God and man, Jesus Christ. Between Jesus Christ and us, the priest ; he who brings the Gospel within the reach of each one of us. Some require threats, others hopes, for me love

is needed, the love of God, the only true love. So soon as I am brought back to that, that I am able fully to realise it, I cease to suffer desperate sufferings. Blessed be the holy priest, the brother's friend who has consoled the sister! It is because he knew Maurice that I went to seek him out, that I thought he would understand me better than any other. I was not mistaken, he did indeed understand me. He has full knowledge of the heart, and of the agonies of the soul, and of that sorrowfulness unto death, and he sustains you, this angel. . . . .

Who could have guessed ten years ago, when they were both at college, that that child would know my griefs, that I should confide them to him, and that he would soothe them by words such as I have not heard; divine words which I shall go from time to time to listen to, though it be rather far from home? When I suffer too much I shall make this pilgrimage. Brother of my heart, you see me here entirely as I am, you see down to the depths of my soul as Maurice used to do. Perhaps you will only read this after my death, and then you will find what used to pass within that poor anchorite during her life, what she used to relate to you about her soul, less incomprehensible, less strange to you.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Before I go away from my room, I want to tell this dear Journal that you pray me to continue,

that I have just been reading one of your letters, a brotherly, friendly letter, quite open in its affection and confidence, in which these words more especially touched me : *I want you to have the clue to my soul, I want you to be able to call yourself my sister by predestination as well as by voluntary and deliberate reflection.* . . . . I grasp at this, and out of this *clue to your soul* form between you and me a tie that will never be loosened.

Prayed for Paula. Poor young girl's soul ! where is it ? This death that has deprived you of her, whither will it have borne her ? There are many mansions in the other world, and for my part I tremble for those who go hence, who die in so passionate and faulty a youth. I did not know Paula, but a chance word of yours has made me fear ; and then who knows how she was bound to you, that child who was more attached to you than to any living soul ? But I stop short there, and indeed it is right not to judge harshly of any one.

14<sup>th</sup>.—A letter to Marie about what you ask me from her. I have neither read, nor done anything but write. Thought springs again and flows, a stream checked by a coffin, but the waters have risen above it. I shall return to my course here, sometimes a torrent, sometimes a mere thread of water, according to what happens in the soul. Night takes me hence and from my little room where I have spent a whole

day in calm and solitude. It is strange how much I enjoy this being apart from everything.

15<sup>th</sup>.—Returning from mass (it is Sunday), I walked with a woman who related her sorrows to me. Poor miller's wife ! Surrounded by eight children, perfectly consumed by affections, and nevertheless going on weeping for one, continually mourning the mother she has lost. "I look for her everywhere," she said to me, "and at night I dream of her and feel that she caresses me." There is in this sorrow and this way of feeling an infinite tenderness, an expression of a feminine heart which pleases so much thus unsophisticated, and which perhaps is not so well seen in the world as in these poor countrywomen. Here they are as God has made them ; elsewhere as we make ourselves under the fashioning of education, custom, and vanity. Everything is surface in the world. It is so indeed ; and in a very short time I witnessed many a drawing-room comedy. I had been told of this, but yet I should not have believed Paris quite what it is,—for it is in Paris only that one sees society on a large scale, as a body. Here in the provinces we have only fragments and finger ends of it, which can give no complete idea. My poor woman of the mill revealed to me what I hold to be the sweetest thing of all, a woman's heart in its natural sensibility.

16<sup>th</sup>.—Marie, Marie, you write me too many things,

you have excited me too much. No one has had the same influence over my life as this woman during the two years since our friendship began. Everything that disturbs her agitates me.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Since the above, two silent days ; but the return of this death-date is not to be passed over without a word, without the *memento* of the departed. Like the miller's wife, I may say that always I am thinking of and looking for him, and that I suffer from this lost affection. Last night I finished a hymn for him that I have supposed written by St. Theresa to a brother that she had. You will see it, you to whom I send everything that I used to send to Maurice. Alas ! must it be that everything passes by his coffin now ! This thought, shall I own it to you, darkens my soul to such a degree that nothing gives me any pleasure ; that this very book that I should have written with so much joy for him, and that I like to keep up for you, I get through sadly and with difficulty as one who builds on a churchyard.

I have written this in all the splendour of sunshine, beneath the cheerfulest, bluest, most spring-like of December skies. It makes me think of the sky of Paris, that *iron gray* that you see, that you dislike, and that does your soul so much harm. It is rather perplexing that a strong man like you, that a strong being like man, should be prostrated by mere air. This

demoralising weather you speak of, are there no means of escaping from these atmospheric influences, or at least of neutralizing them? Too important a question to be treated of at the Cayla, where to guard oneself against the changes of time one thinks of eternity as poor hermits do. I could never tell you the happy effect that the lofty thoughts of faith have upon me; thrice happy to have this benign aid, for often I, too, suffer from mere air.

Two visitors. I note them because such are rare in our desert just now, and that one of them was a quite admirably ugly man, with a scarred, lined, distorted face, in which the soul prevailed over the features. At the first glance he shocked, at the second pleased, at the third attracted. What delight intelligence gives, and how it elevates the fleshly face of man!

20th.—A letter from Caroline with a drawing of Maurice after death, not in the least like him. Her memory has played her false, poor widow, or rather I believe that her pencil is not capable of reproducing this memory, of grasping with a sufficiently strong hold the grand image in her soul. Why have I not, too, a pencil? Perhaps I should do no better, but at all events I would try. She who drew her friend's shadow on a wall, that woman who they say invented painting, had doubtless no other talent besides her affection. How often I see a shade that I would



fain fix somewhere. *What! entirely lost!* I will write to you to-morrow.

22nd.—From death to life, from the one brother to the other. I was writing a funeral poem. While the sheet is drying, having no sand by me, I turn hither, I wish to mark down one of the most sweetly calm days that I have known for long. Oh, how great a good is peace—without or within! Peace, that grand desire of our poor Maurice during his last troubled days. “O peace, dear object of my heart! Oh God, who art my peace, who makest us at peace with ourselves, with all the world, who by this means pacifiest heaven and earth! When shall I, my God, when shall I, by the tranquillity of my conscience, by a sweet confidence in Thy power, by an entire acquiescence, or rather an attachment to, a delectation in Thy eternal will in all the events of this life, possess that peace which is in Thee, which comes from Thee, and which Thou thyself art.”

I have always considered this aspiration, this prayer, very beautiful. Oh! these religious subjects, they are always occupying me; they are the only ones that I believe in, and almost that I love. With their exception, everything saddens me to death; one glance at heaven revives me, re-attaches me to what I was losing hold of:

“Oh, leave to me my pious faith,  
My radiant hope, oh leave!”

24<sup>th</sup>.—Wrote endlessly yesterday and to-day ; now let us return, thou, my book, into thy portfolio, thou my soul into thyself, or rather to God, to the sweet mysteries of the Saviour. It is Christmas Eve. I hear the bells of all our steeples ringing *Nadalet*, a joyous strain that one hears for a fortnight before the festival, filling the air of this country, in the evening, at three o'clock and at nine.

28<sup>th</sup>.—It is wonderful what beautiful weather we have this winter ! I avail myself of it by walking out, and inhaling in the sunshine an air that makes the flowers open out. The almond trees are sprouting, my lilac on the terrace is quite covered with buds. So much spring is a great pleasure in winter ; but, while delighting in it, it brings on a sadness, a regret not to have had this mild season last year for our poor invalid. Perhaps he would have lived longer, perhaps he would have recovered in this sweet warmth, for the air we breathe is our life. The climate of Paris killed him ; this I fully believe ; I knew it, and I could not get him away. That was one of the deepest sufferings of that past that made me so suffer. Poor brother, to me everything serves as an incline to fall back to him, everything brings me round to this. See, I wanted to speak of the sun, but there it is now veiled in black. Everything whatever that I touch turns to mourning ; even your remembrance, closely united as it is with a tomb. This it is that renders it so different in

my eyes to all else that touches my heart ; it has the character of a relic. You stand quite alone with me. When I reflect upon our intimacy and on what brought it about, so many events and things to take me out of my desert, and our meeting in Babylon, in that Paris from which I was so far away ; when I think of myself there such a stranger, and so soon known, so soon comprehended and made a sister of by you, a man of the world, by you choosing a sister at your antipodes, finding the friend of your choice, a link to your life in the life most opposite to your own : oh ! I say that there is something quite marvellous in it, a mystery of Providence in this attachment which is like no other. I belong to you by something of heaven, by predestination as you said. God knows why, and with what intent He has united us by friendship. Oh ! how I desire your happiness, and to begin with, your heavenly happiness. I doubt being able to do much towards it, for I believe you to be difficult to make happy. And what can a poor woman be to you, who is half out of this world, half dead, and who no longer feels anything except on its religious side. You, my friend, are not religious. This difference, which grieves me, may very probably render our relations tedious to you, and then there they are changed, broken off. Perhaps I judge you wrongly.

I found in the woods a flower that I took away and now place here in memory of this December spring. It is a wood daisy that was a favourite of my mother's,

and that therefore I am, too, fond of. Our affections are born thus one of another.

*31st December.*—This last day of the year must not pass away like any other; it is too important, too solemn and touching, as is everything that comes to an end, too near eternity not to affect my soul, ah! most profoundly. What a day indeed, what a year, which bequeaths me, in departing, so many events, so many separations, so many losses, so many tears, and on my heart a coffin! One less amongst us, a blank in the family circle, in that of my affections. This is what time shows us. *Thus ends a year!* Alas! alas! life flows on like water, like that brook that I hear running under my window which widens in proportion as its banks fall. How many banks have fallen in my prolonged life! My first loss was my mother, whose death came upon me between childhood and youth, and thus put tears between the two ages. From being very lively and mirthful, I became pensive, reflective, my life changed all at once, it was a flower thrown into a coffin. From that epoch dates an increase of faith, a religious tendency, a love of God which used to transport me above everything, and which has left behind what sustains me now, a hope in God which early consoled me. Then I saw a cousin die, a tenderly-loved friend, the charm of my childhood, who used to take me upon his knees to teach me to read without making me cry, and to tell me stories. When

I was older I made an elder brother of him. I confided Maurice to his care when he went away to Paris. My cousin was one of the body-guard. It is ordained that I should always have brothers in Paris, and that always they shall die there. This one went to the Versailles cemetery in 1829. I was then no longer a child ; I got deeper and deeper among tombs ; for two or three years I thought of nothing but death and almost of dying. My poor Victor, whom Maurice resembled ! Oh, I was always afraid that they would resemble each other throughout. Both so young, both dead, both killed in Paris. My God, these are terrible things and cutting memories ; three deaths one upon another ! This is what floods my memory to-day. I see only the departed ; my mother, Victor, Philibert of the Isle of France, Marie of Brittany, Lili d'Alby, Laura de Boisset, all affections more or less close to my heart ; and now the one that overlaid them all, the heart of my heart, Maurice, dead too ! What swift passengers we are, my God ! Oh ! how short this world is ! Earth is a mere transition step. They wait for me above. It is in the midst of these funerals that I end my day, my last writing, my last thoughts bequeathed to you as on the same day, at the same hour, I bequeathed them last year to that poor brother. I wrote to him from Nevers, still pretty near to Paris and to him. Oh, how death separates us ! What can I address to him where he is but prayers ? It is to these that I turn now. Prayer is the dew of

purgatory. If his poor (soul) were suffering there ! Good night to you who replace him upon earth. I can say nothing more affectionate than that. I say so to you before God, and before him whom methinks I see at my side smiling at my adoption of his brother.

*The 1st January, 1840.*—What will happen to me, oh, my God, this year? I know not, and even if I could, I would not lift the curtain of the future. What is concealed beneath it might perhaps be too terrifying ; to sustain the vision of things to come, one should be saint or prophet. I consider it a blessing to see no further than a day, than the next moment. If we were not thus limited by the present, where would the soul stop in apprehension, in grief both for itself and for what it loves? How much even a presentiment, that shadow of the future, can make us feel and suffer when it passes across the mind ! At this moment I am without anxiety or emotion about anyone ; my year begins in confidence respecting those I love. My father is in good health, Erembert is improving, Marie has still her rosy apple-like cheeks, and the other Marie, the friend of my tears, the woman of sorrows, bears up with somewhat more strength. For all this, thanks be to God, whom I pray to bless and preserve all my dear ones. Christians look for their new year's gifts to heaven, and I turn thither on your behalf, while you are going into society, into the gay salons of Paris to offer compliments and bonbons.

If I were there perhaps I should have some too ; as it is, perhaps I shall have a thought, a remembrance from that brother to whom Maurice has bequeathed me for sister. How beautiful the sky is, this winter sky !

A letter from Louise, sweet new year's gift of the heart, but nothing any longer gives me much pleasure ; nothing that comes can console me for what is missing. This morning, in embracing my father—this poor father who for the first time in the first year did not embrace all his children—I was very sad. I seemed to see Jacob when he had lost Joseph.

Here are my first written thoughts, my first date of 1840, which is bound by a tie of crape to 1839 and to you.

*2nd.*—I make my escape here from the new year's letters that I have to get through. What a tiresome custom it is to be bandying compliments for a whole day long, and sending them to a distance ! My lazy mind, which prefers dreaming to working, is not very ready to set about these flattering compositions. As to that, one does it because it has to be done, but briefly, with only a few phrases of the season and good wishes at the beginning and end. The world and those of the world excel in this ; in speaking prettily and flatteringly. Not so I ; I have no fluency in this gilded, brilliant talk, this lip-tinsel that one meets with in the world. *In the desert one only learns to think.*

I used to say to Maurice, when he talked to me about Paris, that I should not understand its language. And yet there are some there that I did understand. Certain souls in all places comprehend each other. This helps me to believe what is said of the saints who communicate with the angels, although of different natures. The one looks up, the other bends down, and thus it is they meet, thus that the Son of God came down among us. This reminds me of a passage of the Abbé Gerbet, in one of his books that I like much: *One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them.* Maurice pointed out this thought to me, and we thought it charming. Dear friend! who knows whether he may not be bending down towards me now, towards you, towards those he loved, to draw them up to the high sphere in which he is, to raise us from earth to heaven! May we not believe that those who precede us into the splendours of life take compassion upon us, and in their love communicate to us some attraction to the other world, some gleam of faith, some burst of light which before had not illumined the soul! If I dwelt near a king and you were in prison, most assuredly I should send you all I could from the court. Thus, in the celestial sphere, whither our affections doubtless follow us, and become divinised and participate in God's love for man.



4<sup>th</sup>.—Company in the drawing-room that I have left to come for a moment before God, and here, in order to rest myself. Oh, what lassitude there is in my soul to-day! but I am never weary of bringing it here. To me it is like a church that one enters into with calm. Letters! letters! and not one that goes into the green portfolio where go those that I love, those that are mine exclusively. Marie cannot delay writing much longer, I urged her so much about that affair of Madame de Vaux. When I can oblige I like to do so promptly. Two letters therefore set out; one to you, one to the Coques at the time. . . . I must go away.

6<sup>th</sup>.— . . . . The time that apparently I was silent. I take up my broken thread of yesterday, connected as it was with that letter-box at Andillac which kept back from you, for a few days' quarantine, the last I had sent you. But for this you would have had it at that Port Mahon, where no doubt you were reached by other missives less anxious to arrive than mine. How little that Andillac box knows what it holds! It is placed near the church beside the cemetery, and it strikes me that it is fitly placed there, this resting-place of the heart or of human affairs, of so many things that only proceed on their way after having stopped a while in presence of God. This may have very happy effects, and some hand that holds bad documents may draw them back at the

thought of this holy locality. Who, provided he had only a little faith, would dare to do evil at the door of a church? This box on the consecrated wall might therefore be a restraint to some who wrote with bad intentions, as is common enough, even in our country places, where every one knows how to write now. In little or great, a moral choice in all things would have a wider bearing than people suppose. As for me, when I throw in my dearest correspondence there, I feel that I must be able to say "To God's keeping." I write to a great many people, having, I hardly know how, a very large acquaintance. A plantation of cousins is growing up around us; young girls who are all loving and communicative, all intimate with us in heart and mind, so that I have to reply to all their outpourings. Then there is Louise, that voice of the heart; Marie, whom God has given me; Felicité, who loves me, who used to take care of Maurice; Caroline, my sister, Maurice's wife, and others without end; and in all this, amidst so many letters, there are three that efface the rest—two women's and one large handwriting which makes itself delicate for me.

7th.—Letter from Marie, death of the Archbishop of Paris. Evening notes of a very full day. Events succeed each other in life with a rapidity which hardly allows us to grasp them. This is my experience in my desert, where so little takes place in comparison with the world.

9th.—What will happen to me to-day? A delight, something from Marie, her new year's gift that she announces, a mysterious box that the coach is to bring me. I long to have it, to open it and to see what my friend sends me. She says, after a few confidential words on the occasion: "You will understand when you have seen the box." That '*you will understand*' sets me conjecturing. What can it be? Books, music, dress! No, not dress, Marie knows too well what I like, and that I should take more pleasure in the least thing connected with the heart than all the smart dress in the world. My Paris gowns are all-sufficient, while the soul never can have too many vestments. I should like books; something in which I might wrap up thought, which is numbed with the cold of this world so soon as I leave off my prayers or my pious meditations. These cannot last all day, and I suffer, having no reading in which to take refuge. 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which I had asked for, never came. They brought me the 'City of God,' of St. Augustine; too learned a work for me. Not but that one may glean something everywhere, but these theological heights do not suit me. I like to wander in the plain, or on a gentle incline, with some author who speaks to the soul in a manner within my reach; as, for example, M. Sainte Beuve, who was my delight last winter in Paris to the great amusement of your satirical gravity. And yet it was you, or one belonging to you, who led to my reading that *Volupté*, for Maurice

had told me that it was what converted your brother and threw him into his seminary. A singular book, thought I, to produce such effects, I must see it! and my curiosity was not dissatisfied. There are in it charming details : delicious miniatures, heart truths.



## X.

9th January, 1840.



THE close of my last book cut M. Sainte Beuve short. I now resume, through you and for you, this conversation and writing, both—this sister's journal, which continues for the continuer of Maurice, *with my beliefs, my convictions, and my reflections—their result—my way of being and feeling*; this *from me to you*, which *you would not have other than it is*, as you have just been telling me, and I just reading in the sun, at that very spot in the wood of Sept Fonts where I used to go and sit with Maurice. It was there, too, that I often read his letters, as I have now been reading yours, alone before God. According to this perusal and the state of these poor brothers I implore or bless him, and return, folding up in my pocket and in my heart the much-loved manuscript. Yours to-day did not grieve me too much. You seem less depressed than usual, and that expression, *I am sometimes religious through my reason*, gave me pleasure. Let us hope the faith of the heart may

come by and by; the belief of feeling will yet, perhaps, be yours. It is an effect of grace, and it is implored for you. Two hundred leagues away from Paris, in a desert, a soul is asking God for the salvation of another soul. The affections which come down to us from heaven, and return thither, are very strong. Charity would lift a world for the sake of one of its elect. You will understand me. Maurice occupied a large portion of my heart; he being removed, God more and more takes possession of that empty space, and soon all will be filled by Him, and everything within me upborne like the Ark on the waters; all that has been saved from the deluge.

10th.—I had almost resolved not to write—to make this a day of privation; but the sight of the white paper tempts my hand, which quietly lets itself rest thereon, to take note of a singular mood in a life of calm. Read the life of St. Paul the Hermit, who, after a hundred years of solitude, inquired what was going on in the world. Some day, but probably not so late, I may put the same question, for I no longer think of going away from here—from the retirement of this Cayla where God has placed me; which suits me; where I have nothing to desire; where all I want comes to me (as to Paul, by the miraculous basket) by some unexpected and providential means. Is this not true as regards the heart's life as well as the other? I have always required friendships, and these

have come to me as if out of heaven—rare undiscoverable ones, that can neither be made nor imagined; and foremost of all my brother's, that dear Maurice, whom I have lost. Louise was of an earlier date. Accordingly this friendship is of a different flavour; it is the fruit of another season. It was formed when I was seventeen, and has quite a special charm, like the age when we first became intimate; whatever of sadness may have supervened, we still see each other through flowers. Rayssac, charming landscape, where I behold my vanished youth; with it contrasts darkly Paris and Les Coques, and far away under the same light, the Cayla with its tomb. Everything for me now reverts and ends there. This is why I would not go away any more, that I might always watch over and contemplate this beloved tomb. And yet my glance does not remain fixed there. It rises to heaven, where dwells the best part of what I mourn; to heaven, which one sees from every place, so that I could always, wherever I might be, look up to where Maurice is. Accordingly if God called me elsewhere, I should go; this churchyard reason would not hinder me from fulfilling any duty of charity, friendship, or vocation, wherever it might lead. Is the Christian, indeed, of any place?

*11th.*—O, Marie, Marie! what a woman, with her tenderness, her fervent, delicate, and understanding sort of friendship! I recognise her, with all her charms, in

this much-expected box, quite full of things *chosen by her for me*. How especially I delight in the statuette of the Virgin, that celestial messenger, bringing me so many thoughts of heaven.

19<sup>th</sup>.—Yesterday I wrote you a long and very unreserved letter, really and truly as though it had been to himself, in my own way of saying just what comes uppermost. I should not indeed know how to alter; I should soon be found out, never having been used to disguise anything. And why should I change, when I run no risk of displeasing others, or compromising myself? I send you my thoughts, my life, in security; the greatest confidence that can be shown by a woman who places very high in her esteem him in whom she believes.

Six months—six months to-day—since that death—that separation! My God, how swift time is; it seems to me as though it were yesterday! Whence comes it that so many things, so many events, whether sad or otherwise, connected with this beloved friend, seem to me at an infinite distance, such, for instance, as my arrival in Paris and his marriage; while his death always stands out recent, present? I see it; six months have passed, and they are as nothing at all, so close is it to my soul. There is neither time nor space for the soul, which shows us plainly that we are spirits. Oh, so much the better, so much the better, not to be limited by time, which is so short and so sad; to



be not all contained in this slight fragile body. Let us own that faith opens out to us beautiful prospects. But what sorrow to reflect that there are some who will only perceive, without attaining to them by possession, by fruition, in the next life. As, alas! will be the case with those poor nominal Christians, men without works, without practical faith. It is martyrdom to have friends of this character.

21st.—Poor Louis XVI.! Even as a child I venerated this martyr, I loved this victim, whom I heard so much talked of in my family as the 21st of January drew on. We used to be taken to the funeral service in the church, and I used to gaze at the high catafalque, the lugubrious throne of the good king. My astonishment impressed me with sorrow and indignation. I used to come away weeping over this death, and hating the wicked men who had brought it about. How many hours have I spent devising means for saving Louis XVI., the queen, and the whole unhappy family, if only I had lived in their day. But after much calculating and contriving, no promising measure presented itself, and I had, very reluctantly, to leave the prisoners where they were. The beautiful little Dauphin more especially excited my compassion, the poor child pent up in walls, and unable to play in freedom. As for him, I used to carry him off, to conceal him here at the Cayla, and Heaven knows the delight of

running about our fields with a prince. How many dreams I indulged in respecting this afflicted family!

There are two kinds of men who inspire me with antipathy: regicides and scoffers. However wild a young man may be, I can always esteem him in a measure, provided he be reserved on the subject of religion. I have remarked with profound satisfaction that in the correspondence of *Malise Allen* with Georges, there was not an infidel jest to be found. Oh, how that consoled me! How much hope I founded on this favourable side of things! At all events I was not mistaken as regards Georges. As to Malise, I am not sure; the future will show. There, again, is a famous sinner, a kind of Augustine, that God has to win from the world.

22nd.—There are days when the soul reverts more than usual to the past, when at each moment it sees again what it has lost. These visions give it pleasure, sad as they are; we retain, dwell upon them; live in the shadow of what we have loved. The whole of to-day I see pass and repass before me that dear pale face; that beautiful head assumes all its various aspects in my memory, smiling, eloquent, suffering, dying; above all I have gone on, and know not why, seeing him as he was at the Abbé Legrand's, the vicar of the parish, when we went to speak to him concerning the arrangements for the marriage. I find myself

in that little salon, decorated with crosses, sacred engravings, handsome furniture, and handsome books, all displaying a piously refined taste; Maurice, with perfectly calm voice and face, seated in an arm-chair, and every now and then dropping a few words; the Abbé conversing in a superior manner, and quite agreeably surprised when I happened to name the Abbé de Rivières, one of our neighbours, whom he knew at Saint Sulpice. All this I live over again; and, when touching upon the religious aspect of what brought us there, the Abbé alluded with perfect tact to Christian preparation, Maurice replied to him in the tone of a man who understood and believed. I was touched by this, and the Abbé too, perhaps he felt some surprise. I took note of everything, can recall everything. I could draw the picture of the young priest and the Christian bridegroom at this moment. Oh, brother beloved!

23<sup>rd</sup>.—Why do tears keep rising this morning? Why this relapse into anguish and regret? Ask the sick man why his pain returns. We only have a suspension of suffering. If I were near a church, I should go and soothe it there; go and lose, absorb myself in communion. In this act of faith and love lies all my support, all my life; perhaps even the life of the body. God takes me unto Himself, and what cannot Omnipotent love work in a soul that

it possesses? First of all, it can console it for what it suffers in loving.

24<sup>th</sup>.—Those words are very mystical, incomprehensible, perhaps, for whoever has not the pious sense of an ineffable sacrament, a mystery of Divine love, the most marvellous communication of God to man. Spiritual nonsense for the world, all that one may say on this head; but this is not for the world, and hermits may put on paper whatever they will. It is the secret printing-press of my soul that is at work on this book; I note down here all its characteristics. “To what purpose? What good will these pages do? They were of value only to him—to Maurice—who found his sister in them. What is the use of my finding myself?” But if it affords me an innocent amusement, a pause in the fatigues of the day; if I place here for the sake of so placing them—the flowers of my desert—what I gather in solitude; my incidents and my thoughts, what God gives to instruct or strengthen;—doubtless there is no harm in this. And if some inheritor of my cell finds these pages, and one good thought in them, and enjoys it, and grows better, even if but for a moment, my time will not have been lost. I will go on. No doubt I dread losing time, that *purchase-money of eternity*, but is employing it for one’s own soul, or that of another, to lose it? And, besides, what else have I to do,

except to sew or spin? If my fingers were of use to the household, I should not employ them here; I have never given up duty for pleasure. But since my good sister willingly consents to take these material cares upon herself, and frees me from them with equal kindness and efficiency; since she is Martha, I may surely be Mary. Oh, sweet part, that suits my taste! Sometimes, when all is agitation and noise in the house and I hear it from out the calm of my little room, the contrast is delicious to me in my lofty *sanc-tum*, and I feel something akin to the pillar-saints. But, digressor that I am, how far I have got from my first word, my holy idea! Oh, these currents of the soul, who may follow them? One must reascend them. I shall explore this particular one some other time.

25<sup>th</sup>.—Very propitious to writing this, a letter from my dear Marie by my bedside as I woke this morning. Dawn of a beautiful day, as well within me as without; sunshine in the sky and in my soul. God be praised for these sweet gleams, which revive us in the midst of our anguish. I know very well that it is all to begin anew, but one has rested for a moment, and one walks on with more strength afterwards. Life is long; from time to time cordials are needed for the race. Some come to me from heaven, some from earth. I take them all; they are all of use to me. It is God who gives them, who gives life and dew. Pious books, prayer, meditation, fortify; friendly

words, too, sustain. I need them; we have one side of the heart which leans on what we love; friendship is something which goes arm-in-arm. How tenderly Marie gives me hers, and what a comfort I find it. So shall we walk on till death: *God has united us.*

26th.—Two years ago, here, in this very place, this very room, which he had just left, I was weeping. Never had his departure so crushed my spirit; it was like a presentiment that it would be the last. He, too, was more depressed, clung more to us than usual. Those six months spent with us as an invalid, and so loved, had strongly re-attached him to us. Five years without seeing us had perhaps made him somewhat lose sight of our tenderness; having rediscovered it, he restored us all his. By the time he left us he had so thoroughly renewed all family ties, that death alone could have broken them. He assured me of this. His errors were over; his heart illusions vanished away; by necessity, by primitive taste, he was returning to a right way of thinking. I knew everything; I followed his steps. From the fiery circle of the passions (in his case very short), I saw him pass into that of Christian life. Beautiful soul, soul of Maurice! God had withdrawn it from the world, to draw it into heaven. Alas! how all this returns to me; how haunted, surrounded I am by it to-day. Sad anniversary of our separation! From that day

our intimate relations were broken or changed; he was going away. . . .

If he had remained here, if that fatal winter had been spent at the Cayla, the poor young man would not have died. The air of Paris evidently disagreed with him. He fell sick on arriving there; and then so many things turned out ill. There was a concatenation of circumstances and events which led him to the grave, and that without our being able to avoid it. Oh, fatality! if I believed in fatality! But no! it is God who guides us; God, who is all goodness; although Nature groan, although we are all unhappy, without knowing why. Do we indeed understand the mystery of anything? That of suffering makes me believe in something to expiate, and in something to gain. I see it in Jesus Christ, the *Man of Sorrows*. *The Son of Man must suffer many things*. This is all that we know in the sorrows and calamities of life. The reason of things is hid in God. It is the secret of His government, reserved by the Sovereign to Himself. To submit to what happens, is to unite our will to His, to divinise it, to raise it as high as man can reach. Accordingly in the act of Christian resignation, which may seem a passive acceptance, a sort of yielding to necessity, I find, I say, the most sublime action of the soul. It is entirely of faith; it carries us at once from earth to heaven. If all the afflicted believed in God, not with the belief of the world, but that of the catechism, we should not

see so many suicides. Oh, how suicide makes me shudder!

27<sup>th</sup>.—Three sweet hours spent in writing to Marie. A heart-entry this. I mark down all her letters and mine, that I may be able to revert to the days on which we conversed; they are epochs. I have none dearer than these outpourings of friendship. Everything, except that which touches me internally, passes without causing any sensation in my life. Everything about affairs, the course of the world, news, is indifferent to me. Whatever may be going on on earth, I no longer belong to it. Here my bodily presence, my soul in heaven. This little Journal is the only thing for which I turn somewhat aside from my habitual thoughts, and even this is only to rest them here.

To-day, at Gaillac, one of my cousins is to be married. She wished us to attend her wedding, but we have done with weddings! I could not even say how much this invitation, this vision of festivities, has saddened me.

28<sup>th</sup>.—St. Francis de Sales—he whom Rousseau used to call the most loveable of saints—has occupied me a good deal to-day. It is his festival, of which I am particularly fond, and which I celebrate in my heart by reading his beautiful life, and reflecting on all it accomplished: conversions, writings, a struggle of



twenty years against a choleric temperament, divine sweetness in the midst of natural impetuosity, carried to such a point that he has been compared to the Saviour of the world; ineffable instances of charity; charming sayings like this: "*It is better to hold back a truth, than to speak it ungraciously;*" an overflowing tenderness of heart, a maternal compassion for sinners; in short, a thousand celestial things, a thousand pearls that surround the brow of this blessed saint, attract my soul to him, make me love, revere, and invoke him in quite a special manner. The heart has its chosen ones in heaven too, and those, at least, do not make it suffer on their account. I must tell the whole truth. To my spiritual predilection for this saint is joined one which is somewhat human; the De M—— are connected with the De Sales; Marie is related to St. Francis; so that friendship and holiness make up a relic, and ineffably enshrine themselves one in the other within my heart.

1st Feb.—Company for three days. This over I return to my solitude with three letters from friends, and regrets for a departure. Amongst these visitors was the confessor of Maurice, that good M. Fieuzet, who comes from time to time to pray on this tomb, and to see how we are getting on in our sorrow. His is the most tenderly holy, priestly soul. The austerity of his ministerial functions rests on the softest nature; 'tis the Gospel printed on velvet. It was a great con-

solation to me to see him beside Maurice's dying bed. What is it that I am going to recall? Oh, that such a priest, that a holy priest, may assist me, too, in my last agonies! Thus it is that these books of mine get filled with sadness, lugubrious subjects, visions of death; my whole life is traced now on that black ground, with a little heavenly serenity above it.

3<sup>rd</sup>.—They press me to go to Gaillac. No; I cannot detach myself hence. My little life likes to be limited to the smallest place possible, where I have my dear living ones and my dead.

4<sup>th</sup>.—I might, indeed, write a letter, but I prefer to turn my pen here; here by inclination, elsewhere by conventionality, and conventionality is very cold. The heart does not like it; turns aside, draws back from it as much as it can. With the exception of duties, I let it alone. As to the letter I shall do it; it is but a slight thing, and it is no mighty effort to overcome a short *ennui*. There are certain long ones which we must bear to the end, and the one accustoms us to the other. Small conflicts lead to and fit us for great. These disagreeables are good for us, like bitters. They first require an effort of will to get swallowed, and then they strengthen. If everything came to us in the shape of sweetness and pleasure, what would become of us at the end, at the terrible shock of death? It is good to anticipate this.

Hence it is that hermits and all saints—those who understand the soul of man so well—vow themselves to renunciation, voluntarily strip themselves, die daily in the prospect of that death that we all must undergo. Accordingly they depart very gently out of this world. I have been told of a young girl, a nun at Alby, who burst out crying with joy when she heard the doctors saying amongst themselves that all hope was over.

I don't know why, but in the time of the cholera, I, too, felt a sort of transport in the prospect of death. I envied all the dying. This made such an impression upon me that I spoke of it to my confessor. Was it the vague languor of youth? was it the longing for heaven? I do not know. One thing certain is, that the feeling is over, or nearly so. I find myself when contemplating death, in an attitude of submission, sometimes of fear, rarely of desire. Time changes us. It is not in this alone that I am conscious of age. When my hair is white, I shall again be quite different. O, these human metamorphoses, to grow ugly, to grow old! To console oneself under them we need to believe in the resurrection. How faith serves every purpose! Yes; this thought of the resurrection to many women who make their body an object of love, their beauty a happiness, might be a comfort when their charms were over, and very probably more than one fair Christian avails herself of it, those to whom some terrible change of appearance is sent. She, for instance, who said, "To die is nothing, but to die

disfigured!" That was the insupportable in her eyes. Poor woman! I laughed heartily at this once, now I compassionate the feeling; it pains me to see that the soul does not get raised higher than the body. Who knows? If I were pretty, perhaps I should feel the same.

5th.—What a book, what a friendship, what a death, what an intimacy! and what an impression all this has made on my soul! I am alluding to the last moments of Etienne de la Boétie, which I came across in a book of Montaigne's. Knowing that these two men loved each other much, I was anxious to know how their separation took place, and it has left my heart in tears. It is so sad to see any one die, especially when this death reminds you of another. How many marked features have struck me in this life, so soon over; in this soul departing out of this world, so young, and so beautiful, so elevated, so Christian, so exquisite in its gentleness and friendship! Oh, truly I found Maurice in all the beautiful passages, and you and he in the close and profound union of these two friends! But you were absent from the last moments of yours. How I regretted that, and that distance should have parted you during those last days! I want to tell you how they passed, for this rightly belongs to the details I gave you, as well as to the interest you take in this end of life.

But, first of all, I want to leave a record here of what is taking place to-day on that tomb. It was still bare, merely grassed over; and, in order to cover it properly, and preserve it to us for ever, they are placing on it a white marble monument, an obelisk surmounted by a cross. It is the poor widow that has sent this sad and last gift of love, and herself written the inscription. I have seen nothing as yet. Oh, I shall be in plenty of time! Shall we not all go there every Sunday to pray around our poor Maurice? And you, his brother too, will you never come to kneel there? How I would I could see you praying for him! "*It is the best office one Christian can render another,*" said that Etienne de la Boétie, in dying, to his friend Montaigne. I have no doubt that could Maurice make himself heard, he would say the same to you. He, too, was an intrinsically believing soul, a soul of the olden time, across which the spirit of the present time had unfortunately passed, but done nothing more. You will see this by-and-by.

11th.—I have been several days without writing. It is an effort to me to begin this melancholy narrative, to speak of this death, though I think of it continually. There are memories which, as it seems to me, rend the soul more in leaving it than by abiding there. Even grief makes itself some alleviation, and in time deposits at the bottom of the heart, as it were, a soft layer, on which it falls asleep. A short time after

this death I could speak of it without too much pain; now, when the subject is reverted to, when we come upon it in our family talk, an anguish seizes upon me.

Last night we were obliged to have the mausoleum watched, on account of certain Andillac peasants, who opposed its erection. They considered that it violated the equality of death, and violently objected to it, having power to do so. Poor sovereign people! This is what one has to endure from it; this is to what it has attained. In times past all would have signed themselves in the presence of that cross they talk of overthrowing now, in this age of enlightenment in which we live. Unhappy age, when the respect for holy things is getting lost; when the very obscurest are so proud as to revolt against the melancholy elevation of a tomb! The peasant whose mind has got thus far is worthless; result, in part, of his reading. Accordingly how much better a rosary than a book, in the pocket of a labourer!

It was on the 8th of July, twenty days after our departure from Paris, about six o'clock in the evening, that we came in sight of the Cayla, the promised land, the resting-place of our poor invalid. For a long time his thoughts travelled to no other spot on earth. I never saw him animated by a more ardent desire, and it went on growing in proportion as we approached. One would have said that he was in a hurry to arrive, that he might be in time to die there. Had he a presentiment of his end? In the

first transports of his joy at the sight of Cayla, he pressed the hand of Erembert, who chanced to be beside him. He made signs to us all as if of a discovery, to me, who never felt less emotion or pleasure ! Everything connected with this sad return looked sad in my eyes ; even my sister, even my father, who came to meet us at some distance from the house. Most afflicting meeting ! My father was shocked ; Marie wept on seeing Maurice. He was so changed, so exhausted, so pale, so tottering in his saddle, that he hardly seemed to be alive. It was fearful. The journey had killed him. But for the idea of arriving, which sustained him, I doubt that he could have got through it. You know something of this, and how he must have suffered, poor dear martyr ! But I only mean to speak of here. As for him, he embraced his father and sister without showing much emotion. He seemed in a sort of ecstasy at the first sight of the castle ; the effect it produced upon him was quite peculiar, and must have exhausted his powers of sensation. I never saw him much touched by anything after that. However, he bowed cordially to the reapers at work in our corn, reached out his hand to some of them, and to all the servants, who gathered round us.

When we got to the drawing-room, "*Ah*," said he, "*how comfortable one is here!*" and then he began to embrace my father, whom he could only reach with his lips from horseback. We were all taken up with

looking at him so pleased. It was still a family joy. His wife went out for some unpacking; I took her place beside him, and kissing his forehead, which I had not done for a long time, I said, "Why, my friend, how well you seem to me! Here you will soon recover."

"*I hope so; I am at home.*"

"Let your wife, too, look upon herself as at home; make her understand that she is one of the family, and must go on exactly as if in her own house."

"*To be sure; to be sure.*"

I don't recollect anything else that we said in those moments that we had him to ourselves. Caroline came down, supper was announced, which Maurice found exquisite. He ate of everything with appetite.

"*Ah,*" said he, to Mary, "*What a good table you keep. . . .*"

My God, how my heart cleaves to this past. I have no life but there, no future but through faith; no ties but those linked with Maurice, and through him with heaven.

I saw the mausoleum this morning before any of the rest of the family. It so happened; but he and I were we not always the first to meet, and to meet alone? This still goes on, and our *tête-à-tête*, alas! is held in a cemetery! I was on my knees, alone, opposite the white stone, where I read his name and his death: *Maurice*, 19th July.



But let us return to his life, to what remains of it to me in the shape of last and precious memories! Oh, why did I not write them while he was still speaking to us, and going away! Why did I not keep a journal of those dying days; inestimable notes, of which these are but the shadow? To remember is not to see; the most living details are dead, although the heart preserves them. But did I think of anything about him except himself? Did I even suppose that he was going to end? And yet I feared it. When I revert to these recollections I cease to understand myself.

We had hoped much from our climate, from his native air, from the high temperature of our south. The second day after our arrival it was cold; the invalid felt it, and had shivering fits. His benumbed finger-ends and nose made me tremble. I saw plainly that he was not so much better as we had flattered ourselves; that he would not recover so fast since these attacks returned. However, he had no fever afterwards, and the doctor reassured us. These doctors are often deceived or deceivers. We persuaded the invalid not to leave his room on the morrow, attributing the shivering fits to some draught in the drawing-room. As he always did, he gave in, though reluctantly, to what others wished; but he got so weary upstairs, and it soon became so hot, that I myself invited him to come down again. "Oh, yes," he answered, "*here I am far from everywhere.*"

*There is more life downstairs with you all; and then the terrace, I can walk there. Let us go down.*" That terrace especially attracted him; thence he could enjoy the outer air, the sun, the beautiful country he was so fond of. I think it was that day that he pulled up some weeds from around the pomegranate-tree, and dug a few feet of a row of creepers; then, with the assistance of his wife, he stretched a wire along the wall over a jessamine and some vines. This seemed to amuse him. "*In this way I shall try my strength every day,*" he said, as he went in. He never returned. An increase of weakness came on, the least movement tired him. He never left his arm-chair unless from necessity, or to take a few steps, at the entreaty of his wife, who did all she could to draw him out of his lethargy. She sang, played, but generally without any effect. At least I did not observe that it made any impression upon him. He remained impassive to all that went on, his head leaning over the side of the arm-chair, his eyes closed.

And yet he had transient rallyings, sort of sudden leaps towards life. It was in one of these moments that he went, of his own accord, to the piano, and played a tune; poor tune, that I shall always have in my heart. That piano went off to Toulouse. I saw it depart with a regret that Maurice had imprinted there. I should like to have written these words on it: "*Here a young sufferer sang his last tune.*" Perhaps

some hand passing over the keys would have stopped short for prayer. Dear soul of the departed, I would fain procure him aid from all quarters. "'Tis the best office Christians can do for each other." I return to this word of faith of the friend of Montaigne, which so comes home to my heart.

I want, too, to tell you how much ground of consolation this dear brother has left me in his Christian sentiments. Nor do these date merely from his latter days; he had kept Easter in Paris. At the beginning of Lent he wrote to me: "*Father Buquet has been to see me; to-morrow he comes again, to converse with me as you meant.*" Dear friend! yes; I had meant this for his happiness, and he came into it for mine, not yielding, however, out of good nature, but doing it through *conviction*. He was incapable of counterfeiting an act of faith. I had seen him alone at Tours in his room, reading the Missal on Sunday. For some time back he had taken pleasure in religious books, and I congratulated myself on having left him St. Thèrese and Fénelon, which were of so much use to him. God never ceased to inspire me with regard to him. Accordingly it occurred to me to take with us for the journey a good little book, most charming reading, translated from the Italian, Father Quadru-pani, which gave him great pleasure. From time to time he would ask me for a page or so of it: "*Read me a little of Quadrupani.*" He would listen with attention, then make a sign to me when he had

enough, meditate on it, close his eyes, and remain quietly feeding as it were on the sweet and comfortable sacred words. Thus, too, daily at the Cayla, we read him some sermons of Bossuet, and passages of the 'Imitations.' To this he wished to add some lighter reading, and we began Scott's 'Old Mortality,' having nothing new in our library. He went through a volume with some appearance of interest, then threw it by. He soon got weary of everything; we did not know what to devise to give him pleasure. Visitors afforded him very little amusement; he only cared to converse with his doctor, a clever man, who consequently pleased the patient, and kept up his attention. I used to observe these moral influences, and that in the most utter prostration that intellectual nature of his would rally at any contact with a kindred intellect. Thus the very evening before his death, or the evening before that, when he seemed at the last gasp, he actually began to laugh heartily at your pleasantly witty article, "Youth must needs Pass," with which he was charmed. He would have it read twice. "*Write off this to Aurevilly,*" he said to me, "*and tell him it is long since I have laughed as I did just now.*" Alas! he laughed no more. You gave him the last intellectual pleasure he had. Everything that came from you was a source of enjoyment to him. Friendship was his sweetest and strongest feeling, the one he most thoroughly entered into, best liked to talk of, and took with him, I may truly say, unto the tomb.

Oh, yes; *he loved you to the end.* I don't know on what occasion, speaking of you when we were alone, I said to him, "Do you like, dear, that I should write to your friend?"

"*If I like it!*" answered he, with his heart in his voice. That very day on leaving him I sent you a bulletin of his health.

We thought him very weak, yet I went on hoping. I had written to the Prince of Hohenlohe, and I was expecting a miracle. The cough had got quieter, the appetite kept up. The day before his death he still dined with us. Alas! our last family dinner. We had on the table figs, that he took a fancy for, and that, on being consulted by him, I was cruel enough to forbid; but others having approved them, he ate one, which did him neither harm nor good, and I was saved from the bitterness of having deprived him of anything. I want to tell, to preserve everything relating to his last moments; very sorry that I do not remember more. An expression of his to my father has stayed with me. That poor father was returning from Gaillac, in the burning heat, bringing him medicines. As soon as Maurice saw him, he said, while reaching out his hand, "*It must be owned that you are very fond of your children.*" Oh, truly my father was very fond of him! Soon after the poor invalid, rising with difficulty from his arm-chair to pass into the next room, said, as if speaking to himself, "*I am very low.*" I heard this sentence of death

fall from his lips without replying, perhaps without believing it, but it struck me. In the evening he was carried in his arm-chair into his own room. While he was getting into bed, Erembert and I were agreeing: "He is very weak this evening, but the chest is more free, the cough is leaving him. If he can go on till the month of October, he will be safe." This was on the 18th of July, at ten o'clock in the evening.

That night was a bad one. I could hear his wife speak to him, and get up often. Everything was heard from my room; I was listening to each sound. As soon as it was possible I went in the morning to look at him, and his expression struck me. There was something fixed about it. "What does that indicate?" said I to the doctor, who soon came.

"That Maurice is worse."

"Oh, my God!" Erembert went to warn my father, who came instantly. He soon left the room, and having consulted with the doctor, the latter announced that it was time to think of the last sacraments. M. le Curé was sent for, as well as my sister, who was at church. I don't know if I shall remember all. My father begged M. Facien, the doctor, to prepare Caroline for the terrible tidings. He took her aside. I soon went to join her, and found her in floods of tears. I heard her say, "*I knew it.*" She knew that he was going to die. "*For three months past I have been preparing myself*

*for the sacrifice.*" Accordingly this deathblow did not startle her, but I saw that she was heartbroken.

"My poor sister," I said, passing my arm around her neck, "the dreadful moment is come, but we must not weep. We have to announce it to the sufferer; we have to prepare him for the sacraments. Do you feel strength to fulfil this duty, or shall I do it?"

"Yes; do it, Eugénie, do it."

She was choking with sobs. I instantly went to the bedside of the sufferer, and, praying God to sustain me, bent over him, and kissed his forehead, which was all wet. "My friend," I said, "I have something to tell thee. I wrote on your behalf to the Prince of Hohenlohe."

"*Oh, how right you were!*"

"You know that he has worked undeniable miracles of healing at Alby, in a family, who informed me of them. God operates by whom He will, and as He will. He it is who is the Sovereign Physician of the sick. You have all confidence in Him, have you not?"

"*Supreme confidence*" (or full confidence, I don't remember which).

"Well, then, my friend, let us, in full confidence, implore His grace. Let us unite in prayer; we in the church, thou in thy heart. A mass is to be said, at which we shall communicate; thou, too, mightest

communicate also. Jesus Christ used to go and visit the sick, you know."

*"Oh, I am quite willing! Yes; I will join in your prayers."*

"Very well then, my friend. M. le Curé was to come here; you will confess. You have no difficulty, have you, in speaking to M. le Curé?"

*"None at all."*

"You will then prepare yourself for confession."

He asked for a book of self-examination, and made his wife read him all the prayers that precede confession. I went away; I was going to prepare him his almond emulsion. Meanwhile M. le Curé arrived. The sufferer begged him to wait a little, as he did not find himself, he said, sufficiently prepared. One saw that he was absorbed in recollection and meditation. Alas! the last recollection of his soul! At the end of about ten minutes he had the priest called in, and remained with him nearly half an hour, speaking, we were told, with as much lucidity and facility as he could have done in health. "Never did I listen to a better-made confession," were M. le Curé's words. What certifies me as to his state of mind, is what he did when M. le Curé was going away. He recalled him, to speak of M. de Lamennais, and to make a last and positive retractation of his errors. Then he added, *"M. le Curé, I do not know whether I am mistaken, but do you think me very ill? If so, I will*



*receive extreme unction. As to communicating, I would rather do so fasting, and wait till to-morrow.*" Upon being told that the sick had a dispensation from fasting, he was ready for everything, and prepared for the last sacraments. We were coming and going, my sister and I, occupied with the necessary arrangements for this room, that was about to be changed into a church. His wife, with the sadness and piety of an angel, repeated to him the communion prayers, which are so beautiful, and those for the dying, so touching. He himself asked for those of extreme unction, calmly and naturally, as for a thing of course.

Nevertheless he was hungry, he was sinking, and asked me for his emulsion, which I took him. As he was in a violent perspiration, I said, "My dear one, do not put out your arm, I will feed you like a *néné*" (a cradled infant). A smile played on his lips on which I laid the spoon, where I poured in the last nourishment he ever took. And so I was able once more to wait upon him, to care for him as formerly. He was restored to me dying. I noticed it as a favour granted by God to my sister's love, that I disposed him for the last sacraments, and prepared him his last meal: aliment for both lives. This seems nothing; is nothing, in fact, for anyone else. I was the only one to remark it, and to bless God for these relations with my dear Maurice resumed just before he left us.

Melancholy and indefinable compensation for so many months of passive affection! Was I wrong to wish to attend upon him? Who knows? . . . . But I want to finish this painful narrative; I must not heed the heart which would never know where to end.

When the sacred viaticum arrived the sufferer was better, as it appeared to me. His eyes, which were open again, had no longer the alarming fixity of the morning, nor was he so exhausted as then; he seemed morally revived, and in full enjoyment of his faculties the whole time of the sacred ceremonies. He followed them all mentally with the utmost piety. When it came to the extreme unction, as he only put out one hand, the priest said "the other," and he eagerly presented it. He listened to very simple and touching words, and received the last viaticum with every expression of faith. He still lived, still heard us. He chose between the water and the tea which were offered him to drink; pressed the hand of M. le Curé, who went on speaking to him of heaven; glued his lips to a cross that his wife held out to him; then he sank; we all fell to kissing him, and he to dying—Friday morning, 18th July, 1839, at half-past eleven. Eleven days after our arrival at the Cayla; eight months after his marriage.

There you have it, the end of that life so linked with yours, such as I have been able to recover it for

you through my tears. Why were you not there ! Why did you not assist at the Christian death of your friend !

27th.—*There you are at last !* as Billy, the charming Indian child used to say whenever he saw me return. He would seem quite delighted, as I am with your letter, so tardy, and so much desired. And yet it was only a somewhat lengthy silence which gave me such funereal apprehensions. 'Tis that I so readily believe in death now. Now, then, I am reassured. But what are our impressions ? I do not feel in certainty the profound sensation I did in doubt. Pleasure does not light upon me as readily as pain.

A sweet day this. I am still expecting my father, who has been absent a whole week. His presence is more than ever necessary to me, now that I am more than ever alone at the Cayla. While looking in the direction in which he will come, I keep thinking of so many absent ones who will come no more. I have seen many depart by that road. At the foot of the hill there is a cross, where, two years ago, we parted with my dear Maurice. I accompanied him so far. For a long time the ground retained the impress of a horse's hoof at the place where Maurice stopped to reach out his hand to me. I never pass that way without looking for that effaced mark of a farewell beside a cross.

How all my life goes out towards that brother ! how

everything that relates to him penetrates me! An exclusive feeling grows to immensity in solitude. Like that chesnut-tree spreading out alone down there in the meadow, it covers the whole soul. I am not sure that I should not do well to go away from here for a few days. Fixed ideas! oh, those fixed ideas, which everything feeds and recalls. Life is a duty. Under this religious aspect one values it, and one ought to desire its preservation. Wilfully to let it decay would be a sin in the sight of God. But for this, but for the heaven I see, I should let myself sink. But I should be wrong, very wrong as a Christian, to allow myself to give way like those who have no support. Is not God there, and does He not tell us that He is near to those who suffer? Sustaining faith! Oh, how great are our obligations to this faith! I look upon it as the only true support man has. Other things seem, indeed, to be so, but they are but apparent props, pillars of cloud.

*From Montels, an old castle in the mountains.*

14<sup>th</sup> March.—What I love follows me everywhere; this book has accompanied me, as, alas! formerly another book came to this place when I was going to see my friend Louise, a short time before I left for Paris. Thus it is that the same things sometimes reappear in life without our intending to repeat them. Most certainly I did not count upon returning here. I have remarked these analogies of the past and the

•

present; this one as a contrast. I came then in joy, I return in mourning; I had a living brother, he is dead. . . .

I like being at Montels. One does just as one likes, without any visitors or fuss of company; one goes out, comes in, walks about without any restraint. Then the country is fine, with diversified scenery, and gentle hills covered with chesnut-trees, pleasant to look at and explore. If I had to leave the Cayla, it is here I should like to live. To make this castle a charming residence, nothing is wanted but to rebuild some ruins, which even in their present state are full of interest. What a charm there is in that old saloon, hung all round with old portraits of military men, gownsmen, and beautiful women, the like of whom one no longer sees, whether as to good looks or attire. I have noticed one in a ball-dress, by the side of a Capuchin, meditating on a death's head. From all time contrasts have met. Montels is full of such, both the house and its inhabitants; more particularly that room called the Cardinal's room, because it used to be occupied by the Cardinal de Bernis, which is now quite full of potatoes.

I am not surprised that this wit, who was a connoisseur in pretty things, should have chosen this place for his country home, near enough and far enough from the town as it is, with a landscape completely adapted for pastorals and poetical reveries, if

•

still the Cardinal indulged in such. Who knows if he did not? Who knows in what time or in what state one ceases to be a poet? This one, however, before the close of his life, remembering that he was a priest, repented him of his light songs, and made efforts to destroy them, but they had flown far and wide. Evil is not to be checked by a wish. The epistles to Chloe and La Pompadour remain, and no one knows, or very few, that their author wished to reduce them to ashes. I have this fact from my father, whose father was acquainted with this Apollo-Cardinal.

Then there is also here, in an old drawer, a curious sentimental correspondence between the famous La Peyrouse and Mlle. de Vezian his betrothed, who afterwards became Marquise de Sénégas, doubtless while the sailor was ploughing the seas. I must ask my cousins to let me see these letters. Precious discovery, wreck of the heart of La Peyrouse! as curious as that of his vessel. But who thinks of this? Who ever dreams of looking for a great man in his private relations?

This is how Montels might occupy its little niche in history. Many celebrated places have less interest: all that is wanted is to know how to bring out this interest, which is not, as it seems to me, often wanting either in men or nature. How many treasures there may be under a clump of moss, or, if I chose, in this ungraceful and chilly room. In the first place there

is the sun at my feet under the table, where I warm them in the great square of light that comes through a window at my side. . . .

Description interrupted by departure, to which I was called away in the very middle of my page.

[*No date.*]—What can I say; what can I reply? What is this you announce to me as preparing for Maurice! Poor ray of glory which is to fall upon his tomb! How I should have loved it on his brow, during his life, when we could have seen it without tears! It is too late now for the joy to be complete, and yet I experience a certain sorrowful happiness from this funereal note of fame which is to connect itself with the name I have so much loved, and to tell me that this dear memory will not die. Oh! how fain would the heart immortalise what it loves! I had heard this said, I feel it, and the desire extends from heaven to earth. Whether through love or faith, for this world or the next, the soul rejects annihilation. Maurice, my friend, still lives; he has been extinguished, has disappeared from us here below, only as a star dies in one place to live again in another. How this thought consoles, supports me in this separation; how much of hope I link with it! This ray which is to shine on Maurice; I seem to see it come down from heaven, it is the reflection of his aureole, of that crown which shines on the brow of the elect, of saved spirits. Those who lose themselves have nothing before God which

marks them out, which remains theirs—whatever distinctions men may confer upon them—for all human glory passes quickly away. I should not rejoice if I saw only this last for my brother, but his was a holy death, and I accept with delight this glorification of his intellect which may associate itself with the canonisation of his soul.

I shall say no more to you on this infinite subject, having written to you and expressed my feelings and my profound acknowledgments to you, to M. Sainte-Beuve, and to Madame Sand, for the part that you are each of you to take in the publication of the 'Centaur,' this beautiful unknown work of my brother's; in the bringing his life and his talents to light.

Oh, how you touch me when you say that my thoughts, my expressions, my images, often remind you of Maurice; that he and I were twin brother and sister in mind! This is the most beautiful likeness that you can find for me, and the sweetest to myself.

. . . . . \*

*2nd April.*—A current of impressions and thoughts forsaken at that erasure, re-absorbed into the soul and lost to the paper. Ought I to regret this? No, doubtless, but these suppressions, these checked outpourings, I should like to know their cause! It was not so formerly; thought, life, flowed abundantly,

\* Lines effaced.



went along at full speed, spread itself in a thousand directions, a thousand ways, and now it stops at a grain of sand ; I break off at each moment, little nothings have an influence over me : a symptom of debility. What would it be but for the support from high which sometimes lifts me so mightily. I should be entirely and utterly prostrated. Society, conversation, diversion, are of very little use in this languor of the soul. I have just tried them. Nothing takes any radical effect ; nothing changes the depths of our nature. All that distractions can do is to act on the surface, to cause some quite external smile.

Read 'Waverley.' Oh ! the heart-rending death of a brother, the terrible catastrophe at the close ! I am deeply moved by it. Although fictitious, things of that kind penetrate, make one suffer ; a story has drawn tears from me, though I seldom shed them over stories, but Walter Scott is so interesting, and so stirs the heart in this mournful picture, filled with touching details. Why have I not books sometimes, those conversers with the soul, which make such an impression on it ! Nothing acts so powerfully upon me as reading, nothing makes me feel so much, now that I am losing my taste for all things.

And writing, what is the use of writing ? A question sometimes dumb ; more often quite full of replies. And yet I write but little. Even this book gets neglected. Several days pass without leaving any record here, and I have left off putting down dates.

I no longer find pleasure in reverting to an epoch, or to anything in my sad life of memories. What used to charm, or might have charmed me, only grieves, because everything is stamped with mourning. One day perhaps, in course of time, this state of mind may change, but as yet no diversion is possible. I have just tried society; decidedly it wearies me; the cleverness one meets with there is not to my taste, *foolish jesting* does not enliven me. I can take no part in it; accordingly I may say, as Esther I think said, that in the midst of crowds and amusements I never cease to find myself alone. Do you know where I do find pleasure? In church. There I am at home. All my life long I have preferred a chapel to a drawing-room, angels to men, and internal converse with God to that which sounds to the ear. One has not been born in solitude, one has not been brought up, has not lived between heaven and earth, in the open air, beside the cross, to feel as others do who receive their thoughts and affections from the world. Nothing has ever come to me from that quarter, and doubtless nothing will come. It is not worth my while, nor is it my intention, to turn in that direction.

What a remembrance occurs to me! On this very day I lost my mother; on this day I left Maurice and Paris. Sad date, the 2nd of April! Life is all intersected with sorrows. The birds doubtless have no sorrows; at all events not the thrush which has been singing under my window all day long. Happy

little creature ! I have often caught myself listening to it, enjoying its whistlings, chirpings, and salutations to the spring. These sweet glad songs under a juniper-tree, rising on the breeze to my little room, have an effect that I cannot describe. Valentino does not approach them in charm : Valentino, where nevertheless I heard eighty musicians and some of *Beethoven*. To prefer a poor little thrush to all that, what impertinence to the fine arts ! Decidedly I am a savage !

Yes, I used to ask myself at those concerts, and many other things in Paris : "where then is the rapture that people promised thee ?" I saw, I heard marvels indeed, and yet nothing to surprise me ! Surprise, then, will only be felt in heaven ! This falling short in our sensations whence comes it ? From our finite and our infinite, no doubt ; from the soul which is touched through the senses receiving less than it perceives. Besides, since Eve, all satisfied curiosity is disappointed.

[*No date.*]—Looked over 'Bossuet's History,' replete with grandeur, with that elevation of the age of Louis XIV. religiously personified in this man of genius and faith. It is too great for me to speak of it, but the impression made on me by this reading is so beautiful and good that I note it down ; and then what recollections link themselves with those fragments

of eloquence which carry us back to the most glorious era of France, the most brilliant Court in the world, and me, to my childhood and to Maurice ! At thirteen or fourteen years old, I used to devour the 'Funeral Orations' that Erembert had brought back from college, doubtless without understanding them, with no other attraction to them than those thoughts of heaven and death which so early exerted such influence over me ; and then later, Maurice spoke to me so often, so admirably of the sermons of Bossuet, which we read together, passages of which he marked for me, the last religious work that I opened for him during his illness—all this touched me in reading this history, in which I saw mine reflected. Moss upon a cedar-tree ; a nothing, yet which gave me as much to think upon as the great period. Well, it was my great period too. My beautiful past days of youth, with Maurice the king of my heart. Perhaps there is some weakness in this bias of thought towards oneself and all that belongs to one ; it is self-love, egotism. I should regret it, were it not the peculiar property of suffering nature to link the world with grief. And, besides, nothing of this appears externally, it goes on in the soul, no one is aware of what I feel, no one suffers from it. I only pour out my heart before God and here. Oh ! to-day, what efforts I make to shake off this profitless sadness, this sadness without tears, arid, beating on the heart like a hammer ! It is the most painful of all to bear,

and yet it must be borne like any other, and one does bear it with the same succour : the cross, with Jesus sorrowful unto death in the Garden of Olives.

The Litanies of Grief that I made in a burst of anguish may find their place here :—

O Christ, who did'st come to suffer, take pity on my sadness ;

O Christ, who tookest our sorrows on Thyself ;

O Christ, who wert neglected at Thy birth ;

O Christ, who livedst in a foreign land ;

O Christ, who had'st not where to lay Thy head ;

O Christ, who wert misunderstood ;

O Christ, who hast suffered temptations ;

O Christ, who hast suffered contradictions ;

O Christ, who hast seen Lazarus die ;

O Christ, who in agony hast sweated blood in the Garden of Olives ;

O Christ, who hast been sorrowful unto death ;

O Christ, who hast received the kiss of Judas ;

O Christ, who hast been abandoned by Thy disciples ;

O Christ, who hast been denied by a friend ;

O Christ, who hast been crowned with thorns ;

O Christ, who hast been scourged ;

O Christ, who hast borne Thy cross ;

O Christ, who did'st thrice sink down on the way to Calvary ;

O Christ, who did'st see the women of Jerusalem weeping ;

O Christ, who did'st meet Thy mother ;

O Christ, who sawedst at the foot of the cross the disciple whom Thou lovedst ;

O Christ, who hast looked on the unrepentant thief at Thy side ;

O Christ, who hast suffered so much for sinners ;

O Christ, who did'st end Thy life by a mighty groan ;  
have pity on my sadness.

*Palm Sunday.*—To-day that everything grows green, blossoms, and rejoices beneath the sun of Palm Sunday, something which shares a little in all this enters my soul. I yield to it, I rest on these sweet feelings as upon meadow-grass. Oh ! how much beauty there is in my solitude and my thoughts of the day ; a day of Hosannas, hymns, bursts of faith and love for the Saviour, the King of Glory, the Conqueror of the world, who advances riding upon an ass, bringing in his train not vanquished nations, but the sick he has cured, the dead he has raised ! At church I had before me amongst the choir children a little boy whose voice, figure, and animated gestures, reminded me of Maurice when he used to swing the censer at Andillac. This, mingling with religious emotions, brings on in me at this moment a mental condition that I enjoy, and leave recorded in this Journal in presence of this branch,

blessed and adorned with so many sweet and pious memories. In my childhood, it was a nosegay of cakes and fruits that we carried joyfully into the church. The one who had the finest branch was the happiest and had been the best ; a charming object of emulation for children this, a branch covered with *bonbons*, a banquet beneath verdure, given by Jesus to the little children whom he loves, and in return for their having on this same day sung Hosannas to Him in the temple ! What gentle, gracious aspects religion has ! How loveable it is in our first years !

Marie, Marie des C—— quite overcome and alarmed at an increase of suffering which keeps her in bed in sad apprehension. “Adieu,” she says to me, “not I hope for the last time, but there can scarcely be a sadder or more painful one.” Must we, then, be two hundred leagues from one another ? Can I not possibly go and join this dear friend whom I see suffer thus in her solitude ? But my father, my brother, detain me as strongly as she attracts me. My heart is torn asunder. My God, how affection makes us suffer ! For me, everything of this kind turns to pain, either for this life or the next, either the spiritual state, or the state of health afflicts me. And yet Erembert has greatly consoled me to-day. I have a Christian brother who fulfils all the obligations of the name at this holy Easter season.

At this time last year, how Maurice occupied my thoughts in the same manner. This memory blends

with everything in my life. I passed the night in dreaming that I was with him, half alive, half dead. I saw him and spoke to him, but he was only a body that told me, his soul was in heaven. O soul of Maurice! oh Maurice entire! when shall I behold thee indeed? What aspirations towards the place that re-unites brother and sister, all those whom death has parted, and at other times what fear and trembling at the thought of that other world where God judges us!

My soul, however, has nothing that weighs on it; nothing that occasions it remorse. I have lived happily far from the world, in ignorance of almost anything that inclines to evil or developes it within us. At the age of keen impressions I had none but pious ones. I have lived as if in a convent, and accordingly my life must be incomplete as regards the world. What I know in this direction comes to me almost as an instinct, an inspiration, as poetry does, and it has sufficed me wherever I have been. A certain tact informs me, gives me the clue to things, and an appearance of being at home where I generally feel myself a stranger, as for instance in society. But I say but little. I have the faculty of comprehension far more than of expression. The last requires practice; when I converse I feel that I need it, that the *apropos* is wanting as well as precision of thought; I hardly ever say in the first instance what I should say by-and-by. Compliments find me *nil*; fun somewhat less so, no



doubt because it stimulates the mind. Lately, I replied by nonsense to demonstrations of politeness that took me unawares. Then, again, they were from some one who intimidated me ; a clever man who made me shy, which checks the spring of thought. Strange enough I can converse with first-rate intellects without any embarrassment ; I feel no more intimidated by M. Xavier de Maistre than by his arm-chair, and yet I might remain tied and bound in the presence of the most ordinary people, might lose my self-possession in passing peasants who looked at me, or in speaking to my confessor. Maurice was the only one in the world with whom I was never timid.

*Easter Eve.*—Oh, what a difference last year, at Paris ! A return of deep memories ! That evening there had been a consultation of doctors, I was much affected. We were at Valentino, it was there that a packet sealed with black was delivered ; there, too, that poor Marie chanced to be ; singular meeting on a last evening ! That concert wound up my stay in Paris ; it was the knell of my death to the world, that I heard ring with I know not what sweet and sad emotion, somewhat like what I now feel in recalling these things, these persons, who return to me like shadows in my little room, at the same hour and less harmoniously than at Valentino. My concert now is the rain beating on my window, and so many regrets that beat on my

soul. I have felt, I have seen what then I only dreaded ; death, separation for ever. How much I need to dwell upon to-morrow's festival ! What a blessed thing this resurrection ! My God, since we must see die, how sweet to believe that we shall also see rise again ! May these thoughts of faith, to which I am about to devote myself, banish others which crowd thick and oppress my soul.

*The Evening of Easter Day.*—O Easter, flowery Easter, day of revival, refreshment, celestial jubilee ! I know not what to say, how to express this feast of the Passover so magnificently beautiful in ancient and modern times, which has prompted the music of *In Exitu* and *O Filii*, and in me so many internal hymns, when I saw Erembert this morning at the communion table. Another brother saved ! One must be a Christian sister to feel this and the peculiar happiness which springs from the hope of heaven for a soul one loves, from seeing it united to God the Sovereign good.

*20th April.*—Oh, it was indeed a nightingale that I heard this morning. It was about daybreak, and just as I woke, so that afterwards I thought I had been dreaming ; but I have just heard him again ; my minstrel is arrived. I note two things every year—the arrival of the nightingale and of the first flower. These are epochs in the country and in my life. The beginning

of spring, which is so exquisitely beautiful, is thus chronicled, and the lateness or earliness of the season. My charming calendars do not mislead ; they correctly announce fine days, the sun, the green leaves. When I hear the nightingale, or see a swallow, I say to myself: "The winter is over," with inexpressible pleasure. For me it is a new birth out of cold, fog, a dull sky, out of a whole dead nature. Thought reappears with all its flowers. Never was epic poem written in winter.

[*No date.*—Adieu great aunt, whom I have just been kissing, dead ; adieu last remnant of a generation of ancestors, the Verdun family, all in the grave now, and so scattered too ; in the Isle of France, the Isle Bourbon, elsewhere, and here. My poor aunt has had to mourn over all her family ; father, mother, nephews, that first the Revolution and then death took from her, and now she too follows the numerous train. We shall follow it in like manner. Alas ! we only form a funeral procession here below, and what rapidity in our march. One is afraid of noticing it, but one goes on all the same turning aside one's head, or without thinking about it. It is very sad, but it is very profitable however, to think of it. The saints have understood this, those men who meditate upon a death's head to preserve them from the corruption of life.

But whence comes it that these thoughts touch me

so little, that last agonies, deaths, coffins, which once I could not bear to hear spoken of, are now ordinary objects as regards the impressions they make? What a shudder I used to feel only in seeing the house or the room of a deceased person! and now I enter, I touch, I kiss; but what a kiss, my God! It is the second that I have laid on cheeks that freeze the lips, that make one's whole frame shiver, and give the soul feelings of the other world. I learnt that from Maurice: I learnt death and all that follows. Since, nothing amazes or alarms me. They would not let me go to the funeral, but I might have done so without any risk, nothing would do me harm now. I have got habituated to things of the kind. Was there not a king who accustomed himself to poison? Well, then, I will pray God here for my aunt while they are burying her. God hears us from every place, and I can easily, if I will, picture to myself a churchyard.

[*No date.*—M. de M—— writes me word that his wife is too weak to write to me. However unsatisfactory these tidings may be, they are welcome, so afraid was I of worse, so much had that Palm Sunday letter frightened me. In short I take courage, since there is some degree of improvement. My God, how I shrink from losing this dear friend! O misery of separation! this one would complete it indeed. A Nevers nun, who is going back, offers me a good opportunity for the journey if I could go away from here. But Erembert,

but my father, so many strong reasons keep me back. I have my heart torn asunder, attracted by the Cayla and the Coques, drawn about equally in the two directions. One likes this, and one suffers from it too. We want a centre of affection, a somewhere where all one loves may congregate, a little Paradise on earth, the image of that in heaven, which is but a society of love. How often I have dreamed of such, and how the Cayla would please me if I could assemble my chosen ones, the little number that I possess dispersed about the world and that I distinguish from it. If I were asked, "Who are they?" I should reply, "My chosen ones are like no others; look for them amongst what you most seldom see, amongst rare natures."

[*No date.*].—If I have put down nothing here for a week past, it is because I have been entirely occupied in writing to Marie; writing a private journal, flying sheets of friendship which will go and drop unexpectedly upon her bed some time or other; and this will be a pleasure to the poor invalid. These are nothings, but the nothings of the heart have their charm. To this I added books that she had lent me, and a map of my country, of those places that her soul dwells in so much. I want to show her them, and enjoy her pleasure by anticipation. As to the books, it costs me an effort to return them; I only part regretfully with what I took away at my departure;

pages fraught with farewells, with recollections of travel, read in the diligence between Bourges and Tours when I was sufficiently alone to be able to read. If I ever see them again I shall read them once more in memory of that past, of that state of mind in which I then was, regrets, sadness, fears, suspended between life and death, constantly dwelling on the poor invalid I was going to see with the most heart-rending and sometimes the most conflicting thoughts; for one cannot help hoping though one does not very well see to what hope clings. Marie, Marie, with what sad presentiments we parted! I have always remembered the last look of her at the window, wrapped in a black cloak. She seemed to me mourning personified.

*1st of May.*—Whatever may be my lack of interest now-a-days in all that goes on under the sun, I will nevertheless mark this 1st of May according to my habit. It used to be a different day for me to what it is now, this return of the sweetest month in the year, Everything is changed!

\* \* \* \*

Poetry interrupted by thunder. What a noise, what explosions, what an accompaniment of rain, wind, lightnings, shaking, roaring, terrible voices of the storm! And for all that the nightingale went on singing, sheltered under some leaf or other; one would have said that he laughed at the storm or competed with the thunder; a clap and a burst of song made a

charming contrast, to which I listened, leaning on my window. I enjoyed this sweet song, through all the awful uproar.

6th.—This is to preserve the date of a letter from the Nivernais; dear tidings which form an event in my life, which is all of the heart. In the course of time, in a few months even, I shall be very glad to come back upon a day fraught with such sweet emotions upon a sad back-ground, as Marie causes me. On this occasion it is her mother, to me a mother by adoption, who writes, and touches me not a little by speaking of her daughter, and of the hope, I know not whence derived, of seeing me arrive with the Nevers nun; but the nun is gone. . . . Oh, my father! he carries the day with me, even over Marie. I feel it at this moment that there has been an idea of my leaving him. How all this makes one suffer! And yet it is happiness to be beloved. But what of a happiness that borders upon tears?

I have never been in the East, but I doubt that its beautiful nights can be more beautiful than this present one. I was seized with wonder and admiration on opening my window before going to bed, according to my habit of looking out to see the state of the sky: how clear, how transparent it is, all starred, with those half-tints of a half-moon, and . . . . .

[*No date.*].—Many days since that night, and be-

tween these two lines of writing. How little space time occupies ! Once over, it is nothing. In this small space one might compress an age. I see nothing in it, although it has occurred in the history of my life, because all remains within, and I have no longer any interest in describing anything, neither myself nor anything else. Everything dies, I die to everything. I am dying of a slow moral agony, a state of inexpressible suffering. Go, poor little book, into forgetfulness, with those objects which vanish away ! I will not again write a line till I have recovered some degree of life ; till God has raised me out of that tomb in which my soul is buried. Maurice, my friend ! it was not so with me when I had thee. To think of him would rouse me out of the deepest depression ; to have him in the world was enough for me. With Maurice, even between two mountains, I should never have found time hang.

An announcement of a death, the death of a young girl, Camille de Boisset, sister of one of my friends, the heavenly Antoinette.

For a long time past I have found no reading more agreeable and to my taste than what I have just been engaged in, a book which the world hardly knows, *a Catechism*—the very introduction to which wins heart and mind, and is the most remarkable passage of the first part—an exquisite foretaste of a work exquisite in faith, intellect, and love. I anticipated sweet emotion, and foresaw bright rays of light for



myself in this religious reading, and am now going to give myself up to it ; I am going to see and know my religion as a whole, which I have not yet done. How infinite it is in marvels and causes for admiration ! each effort of attention, each glance discovering some reason for loving and admiring it more. The wants of my heart lead me in this direction ; they are satisfied by divine things alone. This was always the case, but now still more so since those charms that remained to life and nourished the soul are lost. Happy are we when the Spirit of God breathes upon this void and calls forth a creation there. It seems that this is going on in me ; that something new which is in no way human is taking place—a transformation belonging to another life, another world where God dwells, where I have my mother and Maurice. Oh, how death removes one from the earth, and disaffects one to it ! I have remarked something similar in St. Theresa. After the death of her brother she wrote, “I am four years older than he, and I cannot die !”

\* “ . . . . When the stem has reached the proper degree of height and strength, one sees a little bud form at its summit. This bud contains all that is most precious in the plant ; and accordingly we shall see with what tender and manifold care Providence surrounds it. It first of all covers it with three or four very smooth, very close integuments, in order to preserve it from cold, heat, insects, and rain. The outermost of

these folds is the hardest and offers the most resistance ; the next surpasses in delicacy and beauty muslin or silk ; finally, the last, which comes in contact with the germ, has nothing comparable to it for fineness and softness of texture. It is so made not to injure the little being it encloses. As this precious germ grows, the coverings enlarge : at length they open ; but not entirely or suddenly, so as to expose the little nursling to danger. When it is strong enough, all these tender wraps of muslin, all this exquisite down is thrown back as we throw back the swaddling-clothes which wrap an infant."

How pretty ! I could not help this note of admiration, but I want to give the whole of the charming picture.

" This precious germ is destined to give birth to fresh plants ; but this new birth is to be accompanied with inexpressible joy and magnificence. When the child of a monarch comes into the world, it is received into a golden cradle, placed in richly-decorated apartments. This is what the good God does for the child or the fruit of the least plant. Petals of inimitable delicacy, softness, and sweetness, painted with the most beautiful, varied, and agreeable colours, serve it for swaddling-clothes and cradle. Around it rises the most exquisite perfume, and it is in the midst of this abode, richer than the Louvres of kings, that it is born and grows. Examine all this closely, and then, if you

can, forbid your lips to exclaim with the divine Saviour; 'Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' "

Never was there a flower so richly painted, never more gracefully described. One might suppose oneself reading some new Bernardin de St. Pierre, and yet it is only a passage of a Catechism, of that Catechism of perseverance that I spoke of, by the Abbé Gaume, a beautiful and excellent work of the present day, where, under the simplest title, we find the whole history of religion related to children in the most attractive manner. One glance at it has charmed me. I am going to revive my soul by reading it through.

23rd.—At length I know that that precious publication of the 'Centaur' has appeared. Some young men from Gaillac have told me so. Since then I do nothing but think of it, and of the past, alas! to which the least thing carries me back. Will you send it me? Who knows? I am perhaps unjust, but your silence lasts so long, and the human heart is so changeable. And what would there be surprising in a man of the world learning to forget a poor hermit friend who cannot afford him much pleasure? I have no other claim than that of being the sister of Maurice, and that may get effaced; *time effaces everything*.

This morning paid a visit to the fields at sunrise. How charming it is to roam the country at that hour! to find oneself at the waking of flowers, birds, of a

whole spring morning ! and how easy prayer is then, how gently it rises through the balmy air at sight of such gracious and magnificent works of God. One is too happy to see the spring once more. God no doubt intended this to make up for the loss of an earthly Paradise. Nothing gives me such an idea of Eden as this reviving, waving, resplendent nature in all the beautiful freshness of May.

I stopped at the village. Passed round the neck of a sick young man the little gold cross that Maurice used to wear. He kissed it with tears, and that will do him good. The sight of a cross is useful when one suffers. I know nothing that calms more effectually, and I gave it with faith and love.

[*No date.*].—No, I will not write my emotions of to-day,—so varied, moreover. Oh ! how we are shown the myriad faculties of the soul, by such numerous thoughts and feelings ! The rainbow has fewer colours, and that in so short a time ! In a few minutes sometimes through how many sensations I pass !

28th.—Another death ! another vanished from that company of friends linked with Maurice : young people, all full of joy and the future, all assembled so lately in Paris, and now scattered here and there in tombs ! Oh, how grievous it is ! what lamentations arise in me over this rapid and lamentable destruction of human beings ! Men of the world (alas ! more to

be wept over than others) whom I have seen, appreciated, loved in some measure ! I had thought M. Bodimont very much devoted to Maurice ; his pretty little wife (dead too !) had also gained my interest ; and all this connecting itself with my dearest memories, struck me sadly on finding the name of M. Bodimont in the obituary of *La Gazette*. There is nothing wanting now but that I should meet there with yours, which I no longer find anywhere else.

My God, have pity upon these poor souls of friends !

[*No date.*].—How beautiful, how very beautiful, this ‘Polyeucte’ is, and this Corneille, what a line :—

“ . . . . . I love you

Much less than my God, but much more than myself.”

After this, and so many beautiful and sublime things that great authors have in all times derived from religion, that people should come and tell us that this religion is a beautiful dream, a flattering image ! “What ! is our only good, then, an illusion ? What ! this Christianity, come down to earth with the Son of God, promised by prophets, announced by apostles, verified by so many miracles, confirmed by so many martyrs, this only religion worthy of God, this visibly celestial doctrine, which has formed so many wonderful men on earth, is it then but a dream !”—Words of some one or other that recur to me.

30th.—“Dear Eugénie, your loving heart will be

sadly affected in reading the account of your friend's sufferings." Beginning of a letter quite full in fact of sorrows written and felt. Poor Marie ! who has no strength to tell me of her sufferings. I no longer receive any of her writing ; it is her mother who sends me this heart-rending bulletin. Grief upon grief ; anguish upon anguish ; nothing but tears, and even of these I have not all I would, for I do so want that 'Centaur.' This morning I was counting over my lost friendships, dead of death or indifference, and the number is considerable though I have seen but few people.

Amongst other fine effects of the wind in the country, none is finer than the sight of a field of wheat, agitated, undulating beneath those mighty blasts which sweep on, depressing and raising so swiftly ridges of ears of corn. The motion makes them look like great green balls rolling in millions one over the other with a quite infinite grace. I have spent half-an-hour in contemplating them, and picturing to myself the sea, that green and tossing surface. Oh, how I should like really to see the sea, that great mirror of God, in which are reflected so many marvels !

*1st June.*—A rare visitor ; superior conversation. Every now and then some charming passer-by drops in at the Cayla, that great empty desert, a valley peopled pretty much as the earth was before man made his appearance in it. One spends days some-

times without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds. A solitude this not without its charms for a soul disconnected, and disenchanted with the world.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Oh, this must be dated this day, this 'Revue' just arrived, this moment when at last I am about to read the 'Centaur.' I have it then, I hold it, I look at it, I hesitate to open it, this posthumous collection for which I would have given my eyes a minute ago. My God, how full of contraries this heart of ours !

9<sup>th</sup>.—For four days past I have remained without stirring under the impression made by this 'Centaur,' these letters, these revelations so lofty or so intimate, these heart-words, so deep and so sad, these presentiments of an approaching end so unhappily realised, these numerous precious and painful things of Maurice's which the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has brought me. Nothing ever touched me so much as its perusal ; not even what I had already read of Maurice's. Is it because these writings of his, which I did not know, renew and increase the feeling of his loss, or that, put forth with a charm that enhances their value, I am more touched by them than with what I had seen without this? Be that as it may, mine is an enjoyment steeped in tears, a happiness of two tastes, a more full, more highly estimated, and consequently

more sad possession of Maurice than ever in this beautiful 'Centaur' and these private fragments. How penetrating he is in his heart-sayings ; in that gentle, delicate, and subtle way of talking sadness that I have only known in him ! Oh ! Madame Sand is right in saying that these are words to be set like costly diamonds at the summit of the diadem. Or rather, he was all diamond, was Maurice.

Blessed be those who estimate him as he deserves ; blessed be the voice that praises him, that lifts him up so high with so much respect and intelligent enthusiasm ! But this voice is mistaken on one point, mistaken when it says that faith was wanting to this soul. No ! faith was not wanting to it, this I declare and attest by what I have seen and heard, by prayer, by religious reading, by the sacraments, by all Christian acts, by a death that unveiled the life, a death upon a crucifix. I have a great mind to write to George Sand, to send her something that I have in idea about Maurice, like a crown to hide this stain that she has placed on his brow. I cannot bear that the very slightest feature should be taken away or added to that face, so beautiful in its reality ; and this irreligious and pagan light disfigures it.

15<sup>th</sup>.—What is this that has come to me from Paris for Maurice ? for him who never thought about fame ; who did not wish for it ? But I accept it, in and for his memory. A Comte de Beaufort has just offered



me the publication of a notice in the 'Revue de Paris,' which will counterbalance that in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' by all the honesty and purity of a Christian portrait. Madame Sand makes of Maurice a sceptic, a great poet after the manner of Byron, and it grieved me to see the name of my brother brought forward under this false light, a name pure of those deplorable errors. I wanted to write to render homage to truth, and now here is a voice that makes itself heard. God be praised ! I have but to give our approbation which is requested. We shall gladly give it.

*Friday, 19th of June.*—Exactly eleven months (and a Friday) since his death. What a day, and how I have spent it. After prayer, that elevation of the soul towards God and him, I have done nothing but arrange his papers, his letters, his poems ; dear and sacred relics, that I did not dare touch at first, and in which I have since found a something that I cannot tear myself from. First tears, and then as it were an intoxication of that past thus re-opened, tasted, quaffed in long heart-draughts. Oh, what a sad charm in this ! and what have I found in that mournful portfolio in opening it upon a mass of things ? These lines, lines rendered striking by their application, and left there two years ago !

"I ask not where thou reposest, I shall not seek out thy tomb. We have known life's beautiful days, its saddest belong only to me." "If I could weep as

I wept of yore, I should have cause for weeping in reflecting that I was unable to watch beside thy bed." . . . . "How much I prefer to all beautiful objects whatever, the memory I keep of thee !" . . . .

Alas ! whence had I, seven or eight years ago at least, derived things which contained so cruel a truth ! Would one not say that our soul hears misfortune come from afar, so much in these thoughts, and others that I discover in the past, seem to relate to my loss, to this dear Maurice. My God !

It is for him I have made this sad inventory, to render this pious homage to his memory, in what he has left me. Till now I had only put his last letters apart ; now I will put them all as sacred things.

*1st July.*—Heard the first grasshopper. What a pleasure to have heard it this day last year with Maurice, out of my window ! But we were on the Bourdeaux-road, in heat, dust, and anguish.

An unexpected and charming note from M. Sainte Beuve, that exquisite author whose living handwriting I now receive. This would have been happiness formerly, but everything brings bitterness now, and turns to tears. So it is, too, with this note, and so much besides, that I owe to the death of Maurice. All my relationships, my whole life almost, link themselves with a coffin.

*8th.*—We arrived at the Cayla at seven o'clock in the evening this day last year.

[*No date.*].—For some time past I neglect my Journal a good deal ; I had almost entirely done with it, but I return to it to-day ; not that I have anything interesting to note down in it, but simply to go back to a thing beloved, for I do love this poor record in spite of my forsaking it. It is linked with a chain of joys, with a past too dear to my heart not to value whatever is a result of it. These pages, then, shall be continued. I leave off and then resume this dear writing, continuous like the pulsation in the heart, though sometimes suspended awhile by oppression.

The little course of my days is then about to flow on here as before. For the moment, I note down a visit, or one of those I should occasionally like as an agreeable diversion. Although he is a very young man, one can converse with him because he has read, seen the world, and has a gentleness and decision in his opinions which I like in general conversation. We have not the same way of viewing things, and my age permitting me to express myself freely and to support mine, I find myself contradicting him, from conviction as well as inclination, for whatever I say I think.

If there be anything sweet, delicious, inexpressibly calm and beautiful, most certainly it is one of our fine nights, this, for instance, that I have just been looking at out of my window ; which is going on beneath the full-moon, in the transparency of a balmy air, in which everything is defined as under a crystal globe.

[*No aate.*]—In Brittany, not far from La Chenaie, there is a country house called the Val de l'Arguenon, a profound solitude on the borders of the ocean where once Maurice stayed. He went thither on the fall of M. de Lamennais, and lived there as a friend with a friend, the good and affectionate Hippolyte de La Morvonnais. I shall always remember with infinite gratitude this striking instance of attachment and hospitality, as well as a singular and touching sympathy expressed for me by this friend of Maurice, and by his charming wife. For some time we kept up a regular intercourse with this family, and it continued with M. Hippolyte when he lost his wife. After a long silence of two years I have to-day received a letter like those of old, and moreover, alas! quite full of our dead Maurice. To tell you how this has touched me, this testimony of affection, this sort of resurrection of a friend on his friend's grave! Accordingly I shall reply to him and tell him why I let a newspaper acquaint him with this death, for it is thus that he learnt the loss we have sustained. I should not forgive myself for this if I had not only too good reasons to plead in excuse; a fatality which brought about the loss of my last letters or his. It is the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' which carried this death, this sorrow to l'Arguenon, poor sweet country home quite full of Maurice. . . .

We shall see this in a publication of M. Hippolyte's, which he tells me he has sent me with another besides;

but as yet I have only received his letter, which is enough for Maurice's poor sister. This friend also had called me his sister; a far off, unknown fraternity his, but he was to have come and brought me Marie, his little girl, that Maurice had kissed, caressed in her cradle and on her mother's knee; a charming child he used to say; a child that had occupied my thoughts together with her living and her dead mother, and that I thought with delight of having here and holding on my lap, dreams and feelings that this letter revives. I had written to this friend at Maurice's request, for of myself it would never have occurred to me to continue with him a correspondence broken off by the death of his poor young wife. Shall we renew it now that I less than ever desire correspondents! But he is a friend of Maurice, who assisted him in misfortune, who knew how to estimate him as he deserved, who was of use to him both as regards devotedness and faith in days unfavourable to the soul. This is enough without taking into consideration what he is doing besides, writing an article on Maurice in the 'Université Catholique.' Oh, this is more than enough to make me reply, and most cordially, to this last letter. It is in my heart and part of what God teaches me to acknowledge even the good intentions of others.

18th.—The last day he spent on earth.

19th. *Eleven o'clock in the Morning.*—Mournful.

strokes of the bell which I have just heard, at the very moment, the very hour, when his soul quitted this world ; the same lugubrious sound, just indeed as if this bell were ringing for him now. It was for another death, this funeral toll coming round on the same day, the same hour, that I hear in my soul all this morning. My God ! what an anniversary ! what a lively and present recollection of that death, that room a funeral chapel, that bed surrounded with tears and prayers, that pale face, that *In manus tuas, Domine*, said and re-said so loudly ! Maurice ! God will surely have heard and received into heaven thy soul which asked for heaven.—Oh, once more adieu, and as bitterly as then ; time and death have transposed, but not changed thee in my heart. Ever there, brother beloved ! formerly for my happiness, now for my tears, which I convert as much as possible into prayers. *These best tokens of love that Christians can give each other.* This day, then, shall be nothing but a pious meditation upon death ; upon that life above the present, hidden, nay mysterious, impenetrable, but real, revealed and established by faith ; *faith, that substance of what we hope for, that evidence of things not seen.* Blessed are they that believe ! How I would that all might believe, how I desire this ! and that these adorable mysteries were adored by all men ! Revealed truths have the property of abysses, they are fathomless and dark, this it is which makes the merit of faith. But we are led to them by sure and

398 *Journal of Eugénie de Guérin.*

luminous roads, by the Word of God and the witnesses to that Word. Hence submission to the truths of faith is an actual and reasonable obedience. When we consider these sacred things it is thus we view them.



## XI.

*26th July, 1840.*



WHAT a sad and precious relic the handwriting of the dead ; the remains, or rather the image of their soul traced on the paper ! For several days I have been gazing thus at my dear Maurice in his letters which I have arranged in order ; funereal packets in which so many things are enclosed. Oh, what a fine intellect, what a promise of treasures ! The longer I live the more I see what we have lost in Maurice. In how many different ways he was attaching ! Noble young man, so gifted, with a nature so elevated, rare, and exquisite, so high an ideal that he came in contact with nothing but through its poetical side ; would he not have charmed by every charm of the heart ?

It is indeed to choose to intoxicate oneself with sadness thus to revert to the past, to turn over these papers, to open these manuscript-books full of him. Oh, power of memory ! These dead things I do believe impress me more than during their life, and feeling repeated is stronger than first feeling. I have often experienced this.



28th.—Two little birds, two companions in my little room, very welcome guests, who will sing while I write and will make a musical accompaniment for me, like the pianos that played beside Madame de Stael when she wrote. Sound is inspiring. I can understand that by our country sounds, so light, aerial, vague, spontaneous, and impressive. What then must be a harmony of science and genius to one who understands it, who has been endowed with a musical organisation, developed by study and a knowledge of the art! Nothing in the world is more influential over the soul, or more penetrating. I comprehend this, but I do not feel it. In my profound ignorance I should take as much pleasure in listening to a cricket as a violin. Instruments have no effect upon me, or very little. I must be able to understand as I can a simple air, but great concerts, operas, celebrated pieces, are an unknown tongue. When I say operas, I have never heard one; only their overtures on the piano. Among the forbidden fruits of that paradise, Paris, there were two things that I longed to taste; the opera and Mademoiselle Rachel, Mademoiselle Rachel especially, who delivers Racine so well they say. That must be very fine.

Another person, too, that I should have had pleasure in seeing, and that certainly I should never have interdicted to myself, was Madame —, that amiable, charming woman, of whom I heard so much that was good, and this expression, which of itself would have

attracted me : “Hers is a *universal benevolence*.” Sweet and rare quality, more especially in a woman of the world ! Benevolence is the mantle of charity thrown over all of poor and base we see, as a kind spirit will delight to do ; one checked by kindness in that bent towards satire which we too commonly follow. Madame — shows in this a remarkable and charming trait of superiority, for nothing is so delightful as a benevolent mind ; nothing gives me so much the idea of God on earth as intelligence and kindness. I supremely love to meet these two things united, and to enjoy them intimately. This is what attracted me to a person whom in all probability I shall never see. I do not know what mysterious destiny and sequence of things has always led me to be occupied with strangers, without turning towards them of myself, or by my own independent volition. In a certain way life gets made up independently of us ; some one higher than we directs it, brings its events about, and to me this thought is sweet, it comforts me to see myself cared for by a loving Providence. However unhappy the days may be, I say and feel that they have a bright side of which I am ignorant, the side which is turned toward the other life, that other life which explains the present, so mysteriously sad. Oh ! there is something better above !

30th.—A suicide at Andillac. Horrible suicide ! it has come thus far ! Poor unhappy peasants, who emulate the spirit of the age, in forgetting God and destroying themselves !

This is the second death since that of the 19th of July, but we shall not have the grief of seeing those two graves side by side ; a bad man laid near our blessed Maurice. This would have pained me, though it has only to do with the memory ; as to the soul it is incomprehensible what it must suffer amidst the reprobate in hell, which is but the gathering-place of what the earth has had of most wicked and infamous. One of its great torments is to find oneself in bad company for ever. May God preserve us from it !

Oh, the grief of fearing for the salvation of a soul ; who can understand it ! What most made the Saviour suffer in the agony of his passion was not so much the pains he had to endure as the thought of his sufferings proving useless to a great number of sinners ; to those men who neglect or refuse redemption. The foreseeing of this contempt and abandonment was of itself sufficient to render the God-man sorrowful unto death ; a state of mind in which all Christian souls share more or less, according to their degree of faith and love.

*4th August.*—Anniversary of his birth so near that of his death ; two dates in close contact. How soon his life was over, my poor Maurice ! I don't know all that I would say, and I shall say nothing ; in certain moments thought cannot make its way. I am going to read the ' *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné.*' A nightmare I am told. What matters it ! I am so depressed to day that there is nothing too heavy to crush this mood, nothing that can alarm. Now, then

I was not able to endure the book; not from emotion, not being as yet moved, but from disgust at the horrors that I felt conscious of from the very earliest pages. I closed the book. It was not what my state of mind required, I was mistaken in looking out for a weight; what I wanted was alleviation, not a fresh burden. Prayer relieves me, conversation, the open air, walks in the woods and fields. This evening I found myself benefited by a rest on the straw and in the fresh breeze, looking at the threshers, a merry set who are always singing. It was pretty to see the flails falling in cadence and the ears of corn dancing, the women and children gathering the straw in heaps, and the winnowing-fan turning and sifting the grain, till it fell pure at length like the wheat of God. These smiling, peaceful scenes give pleasure, and do more good to the soul than all M. Hugo's books, although M. Hugo is a powerful writer, but he does not always please me. I have not read his 'Notre Dame,' though I want to do so. But there are desires we keep back.

Why did he not come sooner, this poet of Brittany, this singer of the 'La Thébaïde des Grèves,' this hermit friend of Maurice? Why did he not come while Maurice lived, while I was capable of feeling with delight? And yet his poems are still welcome to me in that they come from the Val de l'Arguénon, that they are religious, that one finds God and Maurice in them. Two short years ago all this would have merely delighted me. *How times have changed!* or, rather, how o

soul changes under the course of events ! Thus life is different from day to day, all variegated with diverse things and diverse sentiments, so that one period is no longer like another, so that we hardly know ourselves at different times, find it difficult to trace our identity, changeable and transitory nature that ours is ! But the transition will end, and will lead us there where we shall change no more. Oh, permanent life of heaven !

My poet of Brittany who suggests these thoughts is however quite the same cloudy dreamer as of old, singing vaguely unto the vague. I have a cousin who would be enchanted with these poems ; wailing grief and poetical obscurity are her delight. What I like best in M. Hippolyte is that he is religious and I can open his poems like a prayer-book. There then is a forgotten correspondence renewed. I have not yet tied any ribband around his letters, for I place a silken tie around my favourite correspondences, and each has its own colour. This will be bound with black, like death, which, alas ! has occasioned it. We are friends in mourning.

7th.—A thanksgiving here, for a favour fervently and continuously requested, and this day obtained from God. Were I to address a journal to heaven it would sometimes be very full, but these things remain in the soul, and I only mark their passage there where my life passes by with its events such as they are.

8<sup>th</sup>.—According to the ingenious fables of the East, a tear becomes a pearl on falling into the sea. Oh! if all tears went there, the sea would only roll pearls. Ocean of tears as full as the other, but not more so than the soul sometimes!

9<sup>th</sup>.—"Maurice loved with a love to come to listen, in the twilight, on a lonely promontory and beneath a moonless sky, to the sea, ebbing towards the far away bar, or beating on the shores of that wild Arguenon, where the still undeveloped genius of Châteaubriand wandered in youth." Here are some lines, or rather tears, falling from Brittany on that tomb, and hollowing out in me channels for torrents of sadness by the recollections of the past, the regrets of the present, and this heart-rending thought repeated by every one: that in other times, Maurice would not have died! . . . .

12<sup>th</sup>.—*He would not have died.* What an abyss of reflections and tears this in which I daily plunge! What an endless grief to see that one might have retained what one has lost! And what is it that I have lost? God alone knows what Maurice was for me—my brother, my friend, the one to whom I poured out my mind, my soul, my heart. I do not dwell on what he was, on what he would have been to that society that let him die, if what they say be true.

I know nothing about it, I am not acquainted with the world ; I looked upon it as a great homicide in the religious sense ; it is then morally fatal on whatever side it be regarded—fatal in that it feeds the noblest intellects with poison, or lets them die with hunger.

At what time ought Maurice to have been born ? A question this that I have put to myself as to his happiness in thinking over different eras. One does not see on what century one could, for their own sake, hang the cradle of certain geniuses. Intellect is like love, ever accompanied with sorrow. It is because it does not belong to here below, and whatever is out of place must suffer. Religious spirits, those that take shelter in God are the only ones that find any tranquillity in life. Man has only badness or insufficiency to afford to man. I know but little of them indeed, I, denizen of the woods, but so many tell me this that I believe it. Neither have I myself ever found happiness in any one ; not complete happiness. The sweetest and fullest, the best, was in Maurice, and yet not free from tears in its enjoyments. Happiness is surrounded by thorns, touch it on what side you may.

15<sup>th</sup>.—It is Sunday, I am alone in my desert with a manservant. The thunder growls, and I write. Sublime accompaniment to a solitary thought. What an ardent and elevating influence ! How one would soar, burn, fly, burst forth in these electric moments !

19<sup>th</sup>.—How often I renounce writing anything here, how often I return here to write. Attraction and desertion ; oh, my life !

[*No date.*]—A week of visits, company, noise, some pleasant conversations, an episode in my solitude. It is the season when people come to see us ; this time there were crowds, everyone saying, "Let's go to the country," and the country was invaded, the Cayla peopled, noisy, gay with youth, the table surrounded by unexpected guests, the *improvised* does away with ceremony. But we never are ceremonious, and those who come to see us must only expect a cordial reception, the best possible to us, under the most simple expression of form. Thus all our reception-rooms are white, without mirrors, or any trace of luxury ; the dining-room with a sideboard and chairs, and two windows looking out on the North Wood ; the other room by it, with a great wide sofa ; in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestried arm-chair, in which Maurice used to sit—sacred chair ! two glass doors leading to the terrace ; that terrace to a green valley where flows a brook ; and in the drawing-room a beautiful Madonna, with her child Jesus, a gift from the Queen. Such is our dwelling, cheerful enough, where those who come to us enjoy themselves ; which I too like, but hung now with black within and without ; everywhere I see or seek one dead. The Cayla without Maurice !



[*No date.*].—Marie, my sister, has left me for some days ; Marie, our Martha, for she occupies herself with many things in the house, leaving me the part of rest, kind sister that she is ! I know no woman's nature more devoted and self-forgetting. When I have not got her my life changes externally, becomes active, and I wonder at that activity and faculty for household management, with such very contrary tastes. Naturally I am not fond of domestic matters, and the government of servants, and willingly leave it to others ; but, if the responsibility be laid on me, I can undertake it without any repugnance, without having to order myself as it happens that I must,—the *I that wills* that *I that wills not*,—so many and many a time.

But could I not write something better than these nothings at all ; than about this poor self ? What an insignificant pastime, and how little might make me leave it off ! But Maurice liked it, wished it. What I did for him I will continue in him, in the idea that he takes an interest in it.

Relations of this world to the other by writing and prayer, the two elevations of the soul.

[*No date.*].—My dream of last night was a funeral. I was following an open coffin. It is impossible to picture that open coffin, the painful and appalling impression *that within it* made on the soul. We do well to veil the dead. However beloved their faces,

there is a frightful anguish in seeing them. And this is what we are without a soul, for it is that which terrifies, the inanimation of corpses. What a word, what a transformation! Young man so beautiful this morning and *that* this evening. How disenchanting, how adapted to disgust us with the world. I can comprehend that Grandee of Spain, who, after having lifted the pall of a beautiful queen, threw himself into a cloister and became a great saint. Would to God that the sight of death took the same effect on some men of the world. I would have all my friends at La Trappe, with regard to their eternal happiness. Not but what people may save their souls in the world, or that there are not duties to be filled in society as high and holy as in solitude, but\* . . . .

25<sup>th</sup>.—What shall I do with my solitude and myself to-day? Like Robinson Crusoe in his island, I find myself alone with a dog and a shepherd, a sort of *Friday*, almost as savage as the other. With whom can I speak, think, live the life of a day. The dog does understand caresses, but the man who understands nothing, who, if I ask him for a glass of water, will not know what I mean, if I speak French to him; this attendant upon sheep, him I dismiss to his animals! Now, then, doors closed, bolts drawn for fear of vagabonds, here I am in the white drawing-

\* Sentence left unfinished.

room, with the white Madonna, my heavenly companion, sweet and beautiful to contemplate. I look at her as though she were a person, ready I do believe to throw myself at her feet if any danger came. The mere human aspect seems to me a protection, so much the more certain that it is the image of her who calls herself the helper of Christians, *Auxilium Christianorum*, the Holy Virgin to whom I have, on more than one occasion, believed myself indebted for special mercies; once when in danger of death; the other instances without being personal touch me nearly as closely.

A knock at the door; what may it be?

Beggarwomen. Alms bestowed, I return to my sofa. Sweet repose, if it were not a little, or rather, very sad, what with isolation and memory. I am surrounded by *mementoes*. I see them with my eyes, I feel them with my heart. What shades in this old castle, issuing out of every room! From all sides the dead press on me; if I could but embrace one of them! Oh, souls will not let themselves be grasped! My friend, my always brother Maurice, and yet how changed for me! I no longer pronounce thy name but as I do that of holy relics. When I enter thy room, I feel as though it were a church. I hardly dare to touch thy books, thy clothes; something sacred is shed over thee and all that belonged to thee. It is, doubtless, because of immortality that veneration

follows thus upon death; because of that life, *changed not destroyed*, which takes man unto God, and inspires a worship of religious love.

Never did our out of doors seem so vast to me as it does now. I have just come in from a walk filled with solitude; only a few birds in the air, a few hens on the grass.

“How wide my desert is, and how immense my sky,  
Untired the eagle's wing would hardly sweep it round,  
A thousand cities, more, might stand within its bound,  
Yet my heart finds it small, and far beyond will fly!  
Whither, oh whither flies it?—Point the place, the road.  
It follows on the shining track made by the star;  
It plunges into space where thought flies free and far—  
It goes where angels dwell, it rises up to God!”

But to-day is the Festival of Saint Louis; I must read his life. It is that, too, of my Rayssac friend, who rather neglects me, but to whom I do not omit to offer my heart's nosegay, the only one that can be sent to a distance, whose flowers are everlastings.

A letter from Saint Martin, from the neighbourhood of the Coques. I am not so alone as I felt, and my thought has followed many different directions, like a bird as it is; yet, nevertheless, still resting on the same branch—God and Maurice. It returns thither when it has made the circuit of everything else. There is nowhere anything capable of thoroughly pleasing me, I am disenchanted at the second glance. This brings tears sometimes, but one look above

checks, consoles them. I know what I owe to these celestial aspirations ; I know what I see in this supernatural light ; and then my soul grows calm.

[*No date.*].—*Picciola*, a flower that was the life, the happiness, the sorrow, the paradise, the angel, the perfume, the light of a poor prisoner. Thus is it with a memory in my heart, life's prisoner. Maurice for me is an influence producing powerful effects, which vary in their nature—anguish and joys. The joys are divine ; both those that he bestowed on me, and those in which I believe, thinking of the other life ; those that I see in my heart, as Saint Louis said of a mystery. The eternal felicity of Maurice's soul transports me ; it makes me forget his death ; all my affection is nourished by this hope. My God, leave it to me ! I have nothing better, I have nothing else. The friend that one has lost in this world one seeks in the next ; one seeks him in happiness, and I will believe in that of Maurice, rare and elect soul that he was, my confidence is based on pious facts, and finally on those words : *He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood has eternal life.* This was his last food. Wherefore, then, any fears ? Do not let us faint in presence of the divine promises.

O my poor Marie ! I have only this cry to utter respecting the news just arrived from the Nivernais. Dying and living, inexpressible sufferer ! Nothing can be more sad.

" . . . . My life is a kind of stormy twilight, of which the end always seems to me very near. I am in such agony that for the last three weeks I have been here, I have not been able to write you a single word. I suffered greatly from this silence when I had so much to tell you. Oh ! why cannot you come ? You alone could make me resigned to live. . . . ."

I will set out there if I am able ; I will go and share the weight of the life she cannot bear alone. May God help us, for I too feel very weak beneath such a mountain of affliction.

29th.—To-day I am full of deep regrets for the loss of a peasant, old Rose Durel, who is just dead ; a truly holy Christian woman in all evangelical simplicity. Hers was a life of faith ; her faith was that humble belief, without books, without anything ; that ancient, primitive belief that the author of the 'Imitation' thus praises : "A humble peasant who serves God is certainly far superior to the proud philosopher who contemplates the course of the stars and neglects himself." In fact, one found in Rose a singular superiority of virtue and feeling, something higher than the highest education, and when one considered the scope of such a soul, and the little external impulse it had received, could one help saying that God alone raised it thus ? So it was that Maurice judged of it, he, the appreciator of excellence, the

discerner of spirits, the lover of the beautiful; he loved Rose, revered her as a patriarchal woman. Never did he come into the country and leave it without going to see her, without seating himself at her table; for here people do not visit without eating, without tasting bread and wine. But on such occasions Rose was more particular as to her attendance, and enhanced by some choice thing her customary hospitality. There was always some beautiful fruit or other reserved for *M. Maurice*, some dish that he liked. In this there was a touching expression of love, an expression very delicate yet very simple, which affects me still more as displayed in the preservation of a swallow's nest that Maurice as a child recommended to her care when he first left the country. "*Let me find that nest when I return;*" and he did find it, and there it still is to be found, religiously preserved on the old ceiling of Rose's old room. Oh, monument!

CONVERSE WITH A SOUL.

Death only separates bodies, it cannot disunite souls. This is what I said once before beside a coffin. It is what I say still, for my sorrow has not changed any more than my hopes, those immortal hopes which alone sustain my heart and unite me to his, bond of union between heaven and earth, between him and me. My friend, my dear Maurice! by this we are

still together, and my life reverts to thy life as of yore, or nearly so.\*

. . . . At what hour were they born? by day or night, in calm or tempest? What destiny laid hold of them, I mean (for I attribute nothing to destiny, that Pagan divinity) what was the course of their life, which God traces out for us and we fulfil? Is their misfortune their fault? What have they done with their intellect, what their employment in the moral order, what their rank in truth? Can we reckon upon them for heaven, the home of righteous souls? My God, do not call them yet; do not call them till they are all in the right way. How this day of the departed makes one dread to see die!†

\* Four pages removed.

† At the bottom of this page one reads these lines, added later, and bearing this date—"All Souls, 1842. Alas! everything dies! where is he for whom I wrote the preceding lines the preceding year?—where is he?"





## XII.

*All Saints, 1840.*

**T**WO years ago, on this same day, at this same hour, in the Indian drawing-room in Paris, the brother I so much loved was conversing confidentially with me about his life, his future, his marriage, which was just going to take place, about so many things springing from his heart, which he turned over to mine. What a recollection, my God! and how it links itself with the sad and religious solemnity of this day, this festival of All Saints, the memorial of the dead and of vanished friends! It is because of this, and of I know not what beside, that I write, that I resume this neglected Journal, this memorandum that he loved, that he had told me to keep, that I will still keep for Maurice in heaven. If there be, as I believe, relations between this world and the next, if the place of spirits has affinities with this, it follows that our life still connects itself with those with whom we once lived, that they share in our existence after a divine manner, by love, and that they take an interest in what we do; it seems to me that Maurice sees me

act, and that gives me strength to do without him what I used to do with him.

A day of prayer, of elevation amidst the saints on high, those blessed redeemed ones ; meditated on their life. How I love to see that they were such as we are, and that therefore we may be such as they !

*All Souls.*—How different this day is from all others, in church, in the soul, without, within. It is impossible to tell all one feels, thinks, sees again, regrets. There is no adequate expression for all this except in prayer, and in some confidential correspondence. I have not written here, but to some one to whom I have promised so long as I live a letter on All Souls. Alas !

The 6th (*November*).—This being Friday, and post-day, I expected, I know not what, but I was expecting something ; and actually there has come to me a journal from Brittany, a touching message from a friend of Maurice. It is not that one's heart can be rejoiced by anything in the world ; but what alludes to its grief revives it, and it likes that. M. de la Morvonnais, in speaking to me of Maurice, and sending me what he has written about him, touches me like one who lays offerings upon a coffin.

9th.—Wrote to Louise, that friend of youth, gay, laughing, and happy formerly, who says to me now,

“Console me.” No one, then, may dispense with tears. My God, do Thou console all these afflicted ones, all these sad hearts which reach mine and come to repose there ! “Write to me,” they say, “your letters do me good.” Oh, what good ! I can find none for myself.

10<sup>th</sup>.—What have I done to-day ? A good deal if I found any interest in telling it.

11<sup>th</sup>.—The moon is rising there on the horizon, where I have so often watched it ; the wind blows at my window, as I have so often heard it ; I see my little room, my table, my books, my papers, the tapestry, and the holy images, all that I have seen so often, and that I shall soon see no more. I am setting out. Oh, how I regret all that I leave behind me here ; especially my father, my sister and my brother ! Who knows when I shall see them again ? Who knows whether I shall ever see them again ? One runs so many risks in travelling ! This Paris road is so sad to me ! It seems as though there must be misfortune at the end of it ! What will it be now ? I know not ; and nothing can equal what we have already had. This dear Maurice ! everything brings me to him, and even this journey is connected with him. Mysterious and holy mission, that I accomplish with grief and love in memory of him.

15<sup>th</sup>.—At this very hour we were setting out to the Church of l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, to have their marriage blessed. Two years have passed since then, since that day always in my heart. My God! yes, God alone knows what this remembrance arouses in me; in proportion as I had expected joy from that event, I reap sorrow, and even more. Everything has changed into mourning since then. It is thus that I set out, that I resume, on this memorable day, this Paris road. My tranquil desert, my sweet Cayla, adieu! I inexpressibly regret all that I leave here, and my life that I tear hence, and that can no longer take root anywhere else. But a soul is waiting for me, a soul that God has given me, a treasure to preserve for him. Let us go, then, God wills it! Let us set out with this saying, as did the Crusaders for the Holy Land. The sky is bright, the crows are croaking: good and bad auguries if crows go for anything. I do not believe this: and yet, when one is going away from a place, one looks at everything with popular sensations.

For the last time fed my bird and looked to my rose-bush, the little travelled rose-bush from the Nivernais that stands on my window. I have recommended both it and my goldfinch to my sister, to my good Marie, who will take care of the pot and the cage, and of all my loved leavings. To my father I confide a box of papers—private matters which cannot

be better than in a father's keeping. There are others that go with me as inseparable relics ; dear writings of Maurice, and for him. This little book, too, I take it ; but for whom ?

19<sup>th</sup>.—Adieu Toulouse, which I merely passed through and saw the Museum, the Gallery of Antiques, and so many things associated with Maurice ! It was at Toulouse that he began his studies at the little seminary. All the young children I saw dressed in black seemed to me to be him.

18<sup>th</sup>.—At Souillac, in the rain, the melancholy rain. A journey without sunshine is a long sadness—is life as it often passes.

21<sup>st</sup>.—Châteauroux, where I am alone in a dark room, walled round within two feet of the window, as in the Spielberg ; like Pellico, I am writing at a deal table ; that is, if I am writing. What can one write to the noise of an alien wind, and under a weight of depression ? On arriving here, on losing sight of those familiar faces of the diligence, I flung myself into my room and on my bed in a state of desperate dejection. The expression is a strong one, perhaps, but it was something, in short, which flew to the head and oppressed the heart. To find oneself *alone* in a hotel, in a crowd, is so novel, so strangely sad, that I

cannot make up my mind to it. Oh, if it were for long! But to-morrow I am setting out; to-morrow I shall be with my friend; a delight of which I have not even the wish to speak. Formerly, I should have expressed it all—that formerly is dead.

Sleep, and a short time in the church, have calmed me. I have written to the Cayla, my dear, sweet home, where they are thinking of the traveller as I think of them.

*22nd.*—Passed through Issoudun and the Landes de Berry, where I thought of George Sand, who lives there, not far from our road. This woman often crosses my life now, like everything that is in any manner connected with Maurice. This evening at Bourges, where I have written to my family at the table d'hôte. I should much have liked to have seen the cathedral again, and to have glanced at the prison of Charles V., but we arrived too late, and I should have had to go out alone.

*4th December.*—At Nevers. My dear patient is sleeping, her face turned to the wall. When I no longer see her, what is there to see, to look at in this room? My eyes only turn to heaven and her bed. Under those curtains is all that I can love here.

Perhaps I am getting debilitated by this bed-side, in this room, this warm atmosphere of tears; ~~to~~ coun-

teract this, I am going to throw myself into my writing, my religious reading, which fortifies. A Sister of Charity, it will never do to fall sick.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Ever weaker ; a complete atony ; useless to attempt to divert her. Oh, when the soul too is affected ! . . . .

No company to-day, and I have been able to read. Began Hoffman's 'Fantastic Tales,' which amuse me. They are full of racy raillery ; satirical observations on men and things.

7<sup>th</sup>.—I have received a sealed packet from \* \* \*. Sad and precious relic, deposited in my heart with tears. This was a day of deposits. I, on my side, and without any idea of imitation, since I was not expecting what happened, gave into the hands of a holy priest certain papers of my own. I wanted a doubt decided for me. Oh, my poor thoughts, that I dare no longer judge ! May God judge them !

My poor friend ! She has talked of receiving the Sacrament, and other things connected with death. The little cross that I passed round her neck has pleased her ; I have often seen her kiss it. Alas ! another departing one glued his lips to it !

10<sup>th</sup>.—A tolerably calm day ; conversation ; almost cheerfulness and animation. It is a good sign when the soul re-appears.

11th.—I am set at ease ; the priest to whom I had given certain writings, or rather my thoughts, my heart, to judge, has returned them to me, not condemned, but approved, enjoyed, understood better than I had understood them myself. Do we need that another should reveal us to ourselves? Yes, when one's mind is ignorant and one's heart timid.

*At Saint Martin.*—Shall I read or write, or what shall I do now in my room, so well arranged for all my favourite pursuits?—A good fire, books, a table with ink, pens, and paper, appliances and inducements. Let us write ; but what? Why this little Journal, which will contain my thoughts and my life ; this life out of its ordinary course at present, as if our brook should find itself transported to the banks of the Loire ; that Loire, that country that I ought naturally never to have seen, so far away from it was I born. But God has led me here. I cannot help seeing Providence clear as noonday in certain events of my life ; not that it is not in all of them but more or less manifest.

With somewhat more taste for writing, I might have left here a long memorandum of my stay at St. Martin, with its beautiful, grandiose park and water. I have seen few places so striking, so remarkable by nature and art. One sees that Lenôtre has had to do with it. I am leaving with the most sweet and agreeable recollections, both of within and without : this charming family into which I am adopted, where I have received



the most touching evidences of affection; true affection, because disinterested. What do they gain by loving me? Nothing but to be loved in their turn and blessed by me before God! Oh, how sweet all this would be to me if I did not think of Maurice, to whom I owe this happiness that I enjoy after his death! I asked to see his room; I do not take a step, to the chapel, in the garden, the saloon, that he has not taken too. Alas! we do nothing but tread in the footsteps of the dead!

*Last day of December.*—My God! how time has a something sad about it, whether it comes or goes! and how right the saint is who says, "Let us anchor our hearts in eternity."

END OF THE JOURNAL.



## FRAGMENTS.

---

### MEMORIAL.\*



ON the last evening of the year 1833, my mind was filled with a great thought, with a great reason for being glad, which had come to me out of heaven—yes, out of heaven, for I had ardently asked God to grant it to me. I have now passed nearly the whole of the day in writing, in pouring out my heart upon paper and into other hearts. My last letter is to Maurice. I shall now lie down to sleep thinking of him, blessing God on his account, thanking God for having preserved to me all those whom I love, and for enabling me to say, I am content with this year. Content I am, because God has vouchsafed to me great benefits, because I love Him more, and my conscience is tranquil . . . . with a loving tranquillity. Oh ! I will give all my heart to loving, all my soul, all my strength, for as long as strength remains !

\* This was written on a loose sheet of paper.

An angel's heart, an angel's voice, oh, were they but my own,  
I would love and sing as if I were at home in lands divine!  
Oh were I with blest spirits in the sunshine of the throne,  
To feed upon celestial fire, and drink in love like wine!

---

## II.\*

. . . . Apropos of children, you ask me how I get on with my *Enfantines*. I have not got very far, my friend; difficulties slacken my pace, although I am still conscious of the necessary impulse for the work, which seems to me a good one. For children indeed there is really no poetry extant—that sort of poetry which is pure, and fresh, joyous, delicate, heavenly, like childhood itself. The poetry which is put into their hands is almost always above their comprehension, and is even not without danger. Take, for

\* All which now follows is extracted from a copy-book edited by Mademoiselle de Guérin shortly before 1841, which she had brought from Cayla at the time of her last journey to Paris, with a vague intention, perhaps, of inserting it in the collection of the posthumous works of Maurice, or perhaps of leaving it to be printed separately, but always in memory of him, and in his honour. Except the first and last pages, which appear to be derived from letters written by the sister to the brother during the sojourn of the latter in Brittany, the copy-book in question was only a reproduction—often literal, though in some places a little revised—of the second copy-book, which we have thought it better to put in its proper natural order in the Journal, and in its original shape. In these Fragments we have only cared to exhibit passages which are not to be found elsewhere; and under the dates of the 27th of May and the 21st of August, 1835, two altered readings, which appear to us to possess a genuine literary interest.

example, the Fables of La Fontaine : there are several which I would exclude from a selection for early childhood—to which so much reverence is due. Children are angels upon earth : we should speak to them only in their own language ; create for them only what is pure ; paint for them, as it were, upon the very azure of the sky. Pictures there are—in religion, in history, in nature—but who will be the Raphaël ?

Meanwhile, here is a little sample, a specimen of my *Enfantines*. As a little girl, I figured to myself an angel of children's games. I called him the Angel Joujou, and you see I have put that pleasant little fancy into rhyme :—

JOUJOU, THE ANGEL OF THE PLAYTHINGS.

Spirits there are of might,  
Who guide the starry forms,  
Who speed the flying storms,  
Fire the volcanoes bright,  
And rule the wave, the air ;  
Hollow the ocean bed,  
Whirl the globe, and have the dead  
Gloomy deserts in their care ;  
Who scatter the gold of the rivers and mines,  
Who plant the rose and the lily clear !  
And oh, in their uncounted lines,  
An angel of sport, and joy, and cheer,  
An angel of the children, shines—  
God made that angel dear !  
Fair among starry things  
Are his vermilion wings ;  
The sweet pet-wonder of the skies !  
The darling jewel of paradise !  
They call him Joujou as he flies.

A guardian angel has every child,  
To point to heaven the way ;  
That guardian's brother is Joujou mild,  
The angel of sport and play.  
He made the first doll, he makes the toys,  
Whatever they are, for girls and boys ;  
In the morning early you hear his voice !

Sweetly he laughed when he first descended  
To Eden, to Eve in the myrtle shade,  
And there with the little Abel played,  
And I think his work will not soon be ended ;  
For he makes rosebuds red and small ;  
He makes glittering necklaces ;  
He makes humming-birds, that fall  
Into the bells of flowers, like bees ;  
He will make you, if you call,  
Any wonder that you please !

With his magic breath he smiling blows  
On the water that makes the baby clean.  
And, dome after dome, a palace grows  
Of diamond-bubbles, fit for a queen !  
He makes sweet honey and balsams soft,  
He teaches the little winds how to play,  
He winds the woodbines wherever they stray,  
He paints the rainbow up aloft !

Then, from warm seas issuing forth,  
You may trace him to the north ;  
With the swans is his delight ;  
Then he shakes his fingers white,  
Shakes the snow-flakes from his hand,  
While the children wondering stand  
To see them cover all the land !,  
He it is who makes for us  
Every pretty woodland sound ;  
Hark ! it is his voice that thus  
Speeds the song, around, around us,  
Through the valley, and musically  
Echoes it from the hills that bound us !

Oh, he loves us without measure,  
God has made him for our pleasure,  
Gracious angel, angel blest !  
Watching by the little nest,  
You may see him, that is he ;  
Down from heaven he brings the vest  
For the robin's little breast,  
And two pearls his eyes to be.

He is with us, one and all,  
Holiday and festival ;  
He has a cup, a golden cup,  
Full of pleasure, pleasure, pleasure,  
Without bitter, without measure,  
We could never drink it up :  
Thanks to him, too, it is said  
That the very tears we shed  
Turn to honey, drop by drop !

And this angel will be found  
By good children, past away,  
When they tread the heavenly ground,  
With the Innocents at play,  
With their martyr palm-boughs playing,  
And their crowns,—their voices rise,—  
“For our playground,” they are saying,  
“God has given us all the skies !”

---

What a country is Brittany ; a land of faith and of genius ! How it delights me to get letters of yours dated from there ! How happy it makes me to think of you, my Maurice, breathing the strong, inspiring air which nourished Du Guesclin, Chateaubriand, Lamennais ! Surely the soul must grow, must expand in such an atmosphere ; and what will not thine become, so beautiful a soul by nature ! What fine

intelligence will it not breathe in from the fine intelligences which surround it! I see thee flooded with torrents of illuminating faith in thy solitude at La Chêndu! I think of thee as representing a monk at Clairvaux in the time of St. Bernard. M. de Lamennais seems to me a little less tender than St. Bernard; but M. Gerbet has the gentleness of an angel. I shall be happy in thinking of thee, as under his guidance entirely: guidance all love, all humility! Remember well, my brother, the sacred words that fall from him at your sacred times together, and keep them as treasures for your sisters, the hermitesses of Cayla. I am, indeed, very pleased with the decision he has made. Thank him for it, from me, and say how happy I should be to have him for my counsellor, the guide of my conscience—but that can only be a thing afar off, if ever it be at all. Oh, if I were your brother instead of your sister, you would soon see me where you are,—that is, supposing the talent were mine, as well as the vocation. The vocation would certainly be mine, I should not doubt *that*. For a long while I have been saying with Saint Bernard, *O beata solitudo, o sola beatitudo!* But thou knowest what holds me back: my father, and thyself; for thou, my beloved, hast bidden me stay yet in the world for thy sake. Thou, indeed, ah! *thou* hast chosen thy part—thou hast taken Heaven, and thou leavest Earth to me. O my my brother, my dearly beloved! If, incredibly, thou shouldst pass forth from this valley of weeping before

me, what would become of me? But let us change the theme.

What gratitude I feel towards your friend Du Val, and his loving wife, Sara of the new alliance, who entertains the pilgrims so kindly! Under their hospitable tent you passed some happy days, and what shall I say to your last hostess, what shall I send them? They like poetry; I will send them some. You see, too, Madame Du Val has written to me, asking what it is that I love:—

When I was young, I loved, I loved the flower, the bird, the gem,  
And when the bright light ringlets hung waving from my brow  
I loved to see myself, and I loved to look at them,

In the mirror of the stream down below.

Like a fawn I loved to wander, wander, wander where I could,  
From the meadow to the forest, from the hill down to the vale,  
To take back to its mother, from the tangled underwood,

The little lamb that lay there making wail.

I loved the little glowworms, they seemed to be for me,  
They seemed sparks for me to gather as they lay upon the grass;  
I loved to see the stars, like shallops on the sea,

In the heavens high above me slowly pass.

Oh, how I loved the rainbow, the beautiful, the bright,  
Stretching from the Pole to the high Pyrenees;  
And fairy tales, and giant tales, oh, they were my delight,  
And the prattle of young children prattling just as children please.

In every sound and word and song of innocence, was joy;  
In every bird, in every cloud, in every odorous wind;  
What was there that I did not love? for Nature was my toy,  
I thought that God had spread the skies to please my baby mind!

Oh, I was happy as the bird,  
My joy was artless as his song;  
And where I was my voice was heard,  
I sang my gladness all day long.



Sing love ! sing hopefulness ! sing praise  
To all that lives—to all things fair !  
My mother said, an angel-face  
Leaned o'er my cradle, smiling there.

And when I saw my mother smile,  
I knew she was that angel sweet,  
And gathered—oh, the happy while !—  
My joy, my music, at her feet.

But joy and music passed with her  
Into a coffin,—passed away,—  
And nothing then my heart could stir  
But prayer and weeping all the day.

Oh, prayer it is a healing thing,  
A balm distilled from flowers of heaven ;  
Our souls like lamps in darkness swing,  
Nor burn unless that oil is given.

'Tis prayer the soul must feed, must move,  
Must lift her up with her delight,  
When fix'd on God she burns with love,  
In flames of longing sweet and bright,

Saying—"Oh for an angel's wing  
To fly up to thy feet, my God !  
Oh were I some celestial thing,  
A sun ! a seraph lightning-shod !

"Some glorious creature of Thy hand,  
Lifted above this darkling globe,  
This gloomy, icy, drooping land,  
For which the pale clouds weave a robe !

"To breathe the happy mountain-clime,  
An eagle native to the height,  
And find my aerie sublime,  
God, in the centre of Thy light !"

Ah me ! and then down sinks my heart !  
I languish for the soothing word !  
I hide my head, I mourn apart,  
I love to weep before my Lord !

"O Father!" then I love to say,  
 "Give us a heart of childlike fear!  
 Let Thy earth, like Thy heaven obey!  
 Oh keep from sin Thy children dear!

"From snares that evil spirits lay,  
 Save us! and when we pausing stand,  
 Our poor souls trembling in the way,  
 Stretch out to us Thy helping hand!

"Oh, grant to him well-lengthened days  
 Who makes Thy law his very breath!  
 Grant to his children light and grace!  
 Grant to the unbelieving, faith!

"Nor to the houseless poor's meek quest  
 Be shelter, or be food denied!  
 Let him who gives be doubly blest,—  
 Blest here below, and at thy side!

"Oh, full be all his water-springs,  
 His wine-press over-brimm'd with wine,  
 And corn and flax, and precious things  
 In season, make his valleys shine!"

Thus, friends, I bless you (God will hear—  
 His listening ear is downward bent)!  
 You who received the traveller,  
 As Sara did, beneath the tent,  
 And bathed his feet, and spread sweet cheer,  
 Oh, when I think how good you are,  
 I bless you, for my brother dear!  
 I weep, and bless you from afar!

27th May, 1835.\*— . . . In a terrible strife like this, it is God alone who can give us strength of will; and little and weak as we may be, we may tread the giant under our feet, if we have His aid. But, oh, we must seek it earnestly in prayer, as Jesus Christ taught

\* See p. 77.

us to do. We must say *Our Father!*—that childlike appeal touches the very heart of God, and always brings down some blessing. My friend, I would have thee instant in prayer. What, indeed, is prayer, but love—love with a *want*, and which asks of God, the Source of all good?

But you understand these things better than I. How you must have been moved by the divine things M. de Lamennais has said upon this subject. But, unhappily, he says other things now which are not unto edification! That independence of mind of his makes me tremble, and I do not at all see how the spirit of revolt and the spirit of Christianity can ever form an alliance. Were there *revolts* against authority among the first Christians, who suffered oppressions severer than any which Christians have to endure now-a-days? The Theban Legion, the Thundering Legion—did they draw the sword? Had they not the right to do it, if Poland has now the right? The martyrs do not seem, then, to have read God and Liberty as M. de Lamennais reads those words! For the martyrs never raised a hand against the enemies of God and liberty. I have been accustomed to think that the Spirit of Christianity consists in submission to God, and to rulers, of whatever kind, and however they treat us; that the only weapon to be opposed to their tyranny is prayer, and then, if necessary, to suffer death, unresisting, and forgiving the slayer, as Jesus Christ himself forgave.

21st August.—Another ornament for my room : an engraving—*Sainte Thérèse de Gérard*—which our friend, the Baroness de Rivières, has given me, along with your verses to accompany it. I have been impatient to have these beautiful things, the beautiful *Sainte Marie* being on the table at which I read and write ; at which I kneel for my prayers ; it will help me, by the thought which it inspires, to pray better, to write better, to love God better. I will lift up my heart and my eyes to the picture, and say, “ Look down upon me from heaven, blessed Saint Theresa, as I kneel before your image, looking upon the lover of Jesus, and fondly desiring that I may be like her ! I pray you, let the sacred semblance be mine—let me be like you in something ! Transfer to me your heavenward eyes to seek God, your heart to love Him, your lips to pray to Him. Give me your fortitude in adversity, your sweetness in suffering, your constancy in the midst of temptation. Let my soul aspire only to heavenly joys, let me live only in the love divine ; let all my affections be rooted in this love ; let it consecrate them in me, and let it fill with its sweetness the brother whom I love as you loved yours ! ”

Saint Theresa prayed, unanswered and without enjoyment, for twenty years, yet she did not for a day cease praying. That is, of all her triumphs, the one that most overcomes me. I cannot approach her constancy ; but I love to recall that, when my mother died, I used to go like Saint Theresa, throw myself at the feet of

the Virgin, and call her to take me for her daughter.  
It was in the Rosary Chapel, in St. Peter's Church,  
Gaillac, and I was twelve years old at the time.\*

---

## III.†

## MY LIBRARY.

Les Méditations poétiques de Lamartine.  
Les Harmonies.  
Elégies de Millevoye.  
Ossian.  
L'Imagination, par Delille.  
L'Énéide, traduction de Delille.  
Les Géorgiques.  
Racine.  
Corneille.  
Théâtre de Shakspeare.  
Le Mérite des femmes, poëme par Legouvé.  
L'Espérance, par Saint-Victor.  
Œuvres du comte Xavier de Maistre.  
Le Ministre de Wakefield, par Goldsmith.  
Le Voyage sentimental de Sterne ; [lost].  
Les Puritains, de Walter Scott.  
Red Gauntlet, du même.  
Poésies de Chénier (André).  
Morceaux choisies de Buffon ; [lent].

\* See pp. 87, 88.

† Taken from a copy-book of Extracts.

Lettres péruviennes de Mme. de Graffigny ; [a book one does not read twice].

Les Fiancés de Milan, par Manzoni.

De l'Allemagne, par Mme. de Staël.

---

BOOKS OF DEVOTION.

L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ.

L'Introduction à la vie dévote, de Saint François de Sales.

Le Combat spirituel.

Les Méditations de Bossuet.

Méditations de Médaille.

Lettres spirituelles de Bossuet.

Heures de Fénelon.

Journée du Chrétien.

Les Sages entretiens.

L'Ame élevée à Dieu.

L'Ame embrasée de l'amour divin.

Le Mois de Marie.

La Vie des Saints.

Entretiens d'un Missionnaire et d'un Berger.

Le Dogme générateur de la Piété chrétienne, par M. Gerbet.

Le Froment des élus.

Élévations sur les mystères de Boussuet.

Le Guide du jeune âge, de M. Lamennais ; [a book which I often read over again].

---

Might it not be better never to attach oneself, than to have the grief of losing what one loves? It is the death of my turtle-dove which has given me this thought. And yet I shall not be deterred from choosing another favourite by the fear of losing it, for the heart, as Fenelon says, will rather suffer ever than be torpid.\*

I have given up writing poetry, because I have recognised that God does not ask it of me; but the sacrifice has been all the more painful that, though I have forsaken poetry, poetry has not forsaken me. I never had so many inspirations as now, when I must stifle them. I know what I should sing, if I were now to allow myself to sing—and I could strike the exact key. But if I were to yield myself to the transports of joy which would accompany the music, they would kill me. Let me tread out, then, a fire which would consume me, for no good end. My life is God's and my neighbour's; and one word of the Catechism taught to a child touches the salvation of my soul more nearly than whole volumes of poetry.

———— All this is true, but there are, above, some little poetic untruths.†

---

\* In the copy-book of Extracts we find, after the above passage, the following:—"Feeling, when the heart is shut against it, will still come as close up as possible, just as when it is expelled, it will, in departing, go the longest way round. Who is it that has said that?"

† The ink shows that this note was added at a later date.

## IV.\*

[1840. *Cayla*.] "The gods have made only two perfect things : a woman, and a rose." A flattering little *mot* of a philosopher, which philosophers do not quote much, but which has been remembered for all that, and which I have gathered from a newspaper, where it lay blooming among stones, in the arid desert of politics. Indeed, notwithstanding the mighty interest which is mingled with State questions, I do not love them, because the manner in which they are treated makes me think meanly of human beings—a painful state of mind for me ; besides, I cannot see my way through these icy mazes, and not a fibre of my soul is stirred by anything like diplomacy or speculation. When the newspapers come in, my father turns to the debates, and I to the feuilleton, where, indeed, I read *La Rose*, and that pretty speech of Solon's about that flower and us women. It was a little breath of oriental perfume which charmed me—a whiff of sweet odour in a desert. Was it a compliment to some fair Greek girl? or is it, perchance, true? Is there, indeed, anything to compare to a rose? is there anything to compare to a woman? When the two flowers were set down in Paradise together, the very angels might have asked God himself to decide which was the loveliest. . . . Ah me ! the rose remained the same ; the woman fell, and her

\* Scattered pages, belonging to the years 1840 and 1841.



beauty fell too. Sin degrades all human nature. Otherwise, we should be born altogether lovely; we should be the sisters of the rose; and Solon's compliment would be universally true.

[1841, 2nd January. *Nevers.*]\* My God, my God! how she suffered last night!—how she suffers again to-day!

A letter from ——. Alas, more suffering! The faith of Christianity does not explain all, but it heals all wounds.

Whatever strength of mind we may be able to exert in disregarding calumny, it is natural to be a little on guard against a person whom we have too often to defend against it.

[*Paris?*]. Illusions of esteem, of love, of trust—what pain, my God, to be so deceived! how much it costs us to learn a little of men! How often would I gladly *not* know! how gladly shut my eyes to that treacherous side of human nature, which is shown to me at every turn! Not one touch of beauty amidst its deformity, not one touch of virtue in its badness; there is no self-devotion, no affection, no nobility of spirit, that has not its dead-weight of contrast: even in the very ranks of saintliness the world allows no form on which the eye can rest with perfect admiration. Oh! they have just been discrowning a brow

\* Notes made at the time when Mademoiselle de Guérin gave up writing a continuous diary.

most venerable in my eyes, a man of splendid charity and intelligence, a friend of my soul, like Saint Jérôme de Paula, a man whom I have often blessed God for having met ! Blind veneration was it ? too easy trust ? Which shall I believe ?—the world or my own heart ? I will still believe myself : *that* trust will cost me less suffering, even though I run the risk of some folly. I *cannot* bear to have to withdraw my confidence, to find vile what I thought worthy, to find the choice gold turn to lead.

Yet this thing has befallen me more than once already, and I must learn this from it, to esteem and love perfectly only the Perfect One : that is, God.

Ah, how little he who is the occasion of these sad thoughts dreams of them, living in the catacombs where he is almost always hiding himself !

. . . . That is the resemblance ;\* and the difference is, that thou art in another place. I will tell you what I am doing here : it is only to you that I could tell it. My soul slips easily into thee, O soul of my brother !

Do you understand ? I think, after all, heaven is not so far from this place. Sometimes I spread out my arm towards it, I stretch my hand to grasp thine. A thousand times I have longed to press it—a cold invisible hand ! What then ? still I longed to press

\* We have not been so fortunate as to find the commencement of this affecting dialogue between the soul of the sister and the soul of the brother.

it. But, oh, to stretch out mine to grasp a *dead* hand !  
Nothing of thy form remains ; of all that was thyself  
to my eyes, there is nothing left but the intelligence—  
the spirit, upraised, upflown, uplifted from its garment,  
like Elijah from his. O Maurice ! in <sup>the</sup> heaven thou art—  
an angel thou must be to me ! Thou shalt be my  
guardian spirit, O brother with God !

Alas, I stand in need of sympathy from within the  
veil—in need of some answering voice from that  
other life ; for, in this, none answer. Since thy voice  
ceased, all utterance of the soul is at an end for ever.  
'Tis silence and solitude, as in a desert island ; and  
oh, how painful that is ! how sad ! Dearly did I love  
thy converse, sweet it was to hear thee ; precious  
to listen to the profound or lofty word, or, again,  
to that delicate, exquisite accent of the soul, which  
I never heard from any but thee !\* When I was  
but a child, I loved to listen to thee ; it was sweet  
to follow when thou hadst once begun. Roaming  
the woods, we prattled of the birds and their nests,  
the flowers, the acorns. We used to feel that every-  
thing was lovely, everything was mysterious ; and we  
asked each other questions, as we wondered at what  
we saw. I remember I discovered that you were  
a good deal more learned than I was ; especially  
when, a little later on, you quoted Virgil to me ;  
quoted those Eclogues of his, which I was so fond of,  
and which seemed as if they might have been written  
for the very objects that lay beneath our eyes. How

often, looking at the bees, and hearing them hum among the myrtle-trees, have I repeated—

These luckless folk had Aristæus known  
By famine or by pestilence cut down.

---

Music ! it is the first time I have heard music—have heard a piano—for more than a year ! It has moved me unspeakably, filling me with emotions and remembrances of the past, and unsealing the fountain of tears. How fond you were of music ! I heard you play for the last time at Cayla, when the *Son of the Virgin* was sung by Caroline—your lovely Eve, just issued out of the Orient to take her place in a paradise that lasted a few days !

[*Paris.*] On this 19th of July, mournful anniversary ! I come in from church . . . what shall I do ? what can I do ? I know not, and I look at these papers. Oh, my God, what tears are these that I shed ! The more I turn to that which links itself with him, the more I feel that he is not here. These written pages have the shadow of his tomb upon them—there is no light in them—they are all dark and dead now. My thought was only a radiation from his ; a living, vivid thought when he was near ; then came twilight ; and now the light is gone. I seem to stand at the horizon of death, and he is below it. Do what I will, I only sink deeper into the shadow ; nothing wakes in me desire or delight. I see others finding a

magical charm in this Paris ; I find none. As for making visits, or receiving visits, it almost always wearies me. There are but two people who have a charm for me—lasting and deep it is, but I cannot describe it. She is one, and you are the other. Oh that we could meet to day, that we might pass the day of his death in each other's company ! There is something very touching in the thought of us three thus united—there is a funereal charm in it which will, apparently, not be renewed. Where shall we all be next year, on the same day ? Scattered, no doubt. It is only for one brief moment, at a mere point of time, that certain lives touch each other.

---

## V.

[25th August, 1841. *Paris.*] \* It is your wish that I should write down my impressions, that I should return to the habit of retracing each day with my pen. The wish comes late, my friend, but, nevertheless, it shall be attended to. Here, then, you have what you ask for—this whisper from me to you in the great world, as you used to have it at Cayla—a friendly woodland pathway, stretching even into Paris. But I shall not be able to write much in my short stay here—only eight days ; and then I go away. This nearness of the end saddens me, I can

\* Copy-book already printed in the *Reliquie*, 1855.

see nothing else. Like the navigator at the end of the Red Sea, I cannot move from there. What a retrospect is mine for the last six months—how strange, how varied, how beautiful, how sad, how full of the unknown, how fruitful in thoughts, in spiritual prospects, leaving so much to say and to describe! Yet I have kept no journal. Who was to read it? Why do anything if there is no one to please but one's self? Without that *one*, my thought is like a glass which is not quicksilvered at the back—it reflects nothing. When Maurice lived, my mind gave back an image of everything; but it was because my thought was joined to his—his, the brother and the friend of my soul. One hint, one whisper of a wish from him, and the thoughts poured from my pen. How great was his influence over me, and how beautiful! I know not what to compare it to—to some choice wine, which quickens and exalts, without intoxicating.

To-night I find myself once more under the power of impressions such as I thought gone for ever from me; but, as I have told you, I can hardly write of anything but of the invalid—poor young man! he little dreams of the interest with which he inspires me, or the pain he gives me when he coughs so. . . . Ah, sad, precious vision! How is it that there are pangs which we cherish? . . . tell me, Jules, you who explain so many things for me. The great Mr. ———, opposite, was pleased with you—you were full of life that evening; but, indeed, your talk

always abounds, more or less, with quick intelligence, with colour, with animation. It glows, it rises, it takes a thousand bright and unexpected shapes, it sparkles like a rocket in the air. "A brilliant talker!" said the great gentleman, bowing to the Baroness, who seconded him with a smile, adding, "You must not imagine he believes all he says." I suppose that had reference to what you had been saying about St. Paul, and was intended to shield you from the suspicion of heresy you had incurred by speaking of the apostle in such a secular vein. How glad I should be, myself, to feel that you did not mean it all! . . . . Good night! I am going to sleep! perhaps I shall have one of my *pearl-grey* dreams. And, *à propos*, what made them laugh when I compared yours to the sound of a trumpet? Is there, then, some curious meaning possible to be placed upon the words? one of those odd under-currents of significations, the discovery of which so often teases me? Worldly-minded people find double meanings in the simplest things, and then the uninitiated is puzzled. When people begin to laugh, I feel that I am trapped, and for a moment I pause, and wonder what it is all about; but only a moment, for what is the good of spending time over little complications?

Our "*charming*" friend says she will "have a talk" with me to-morrow, which means, I suppose, that she will be confidential in her communications. When her heart is full, when the fountains of feeling begin

to overflow, that is *her* way of letting you know it. *We will have a talk to-morrow.* Then we embrace, you know; and then we both go to bed. But I really do not know that the "talk" waits for to-morrow to come. A troubled mind says a good many things to the pillow.

1st September, or 31st August—I do not know which, and have not inquired. This uncertainty pleases me, like all vagueness in matters of time. I love the definite only in matters of faith; the positive only in matters of feeling: neither of them common things in this world . . . . There is nothing in him that I care for. I leave him without having been influenced by him, without having felt any affection for him; and I rather take credit for that. If it had been otherwise, I think I should have been the loser; I think my nature is best remaining as it is, without admixture. All I could gain would be some agreeable qualities, which, perhaps, can only be acquired at the expense of depth. So much dexterity, so much supple rapidity of mind, so much flexible vivacity of tongue, can hardly be obtained without the character suffering some loss. Superficial graces will grant you nothing unless you sacrifice to them. And yet I like them. I cannot help being attracted by what is elegant, by good taste, by refined and noble manners. I am enchanted when I listen to the weighty talk of intelligent men, just as I am with the graceful "chat" of women—charming word-play it is, the delicate sentences dropping like pearls from their lips, in a way of which



one has previously no idea. It is charming, as the song says—*Que c'est charmant, en vérité*—if you can stop at the surface ; but that brings me no content . . . Ah, that is the question—*how* can one be contented, if one looks at things in their moral relations and values ? how, in that case, to “get along” in the world, to find happiness in it, to indulge serious expectations from it, to believe in anything ? . . . Mesdames de —— have come. I should have thought them old friends, to listen to their effusive talk, their expressions of mutual interest, and their way of exchanging that dainty Parisian *ma chère*. Well, you may think them friends, and friends they are, so long as they are in each other's presence ; but only let either go away, and you would say each had left her caricature behind her. Delightful friendships these ! but, happily for me, there are ties of a different kind.

. . . . What I do not understand in this woman is that she should be capable of affection for the Mirabeau of a man whom you have described to me. But can she have believed it of him ? or, indeed, is it true of him ? It is a wicked world, and very fond of *making* monsters. On the other hand, there are real monsters of men. At any rate, this Irish doctor never sees a sick person in danger without suggesting that the priest should be sent for ; and he is himself an exact observer of the rules of the Church. How is that to be reconciled with the character he bears ? Again, if he is so reckless, how is it that he appears

so timid and so embarrassed before us three—like M. William? He blushes quite as much, and he drops his eyes even more quickly after looking at one. Is this the Jupiter, the impetuous, the thunderer? \* . . . . But perhaps I know nothing about him. Yes, *the riddle of the world is dark for me*. How many insoluble things! what endless complications! . . . . When I have been puzzled with these matters, when I have been threading my way through these forests of conversation, without end, without opening, mazes that lead to nowhere, I retire saddened, and call to my aid those divine ideas, without which I see no place where to lay my head.

Now, what were you doing on Sunday at Saint-Roch? Was that, also, to rest yourself? You must know there has been much investigation going on upon the point. Labour lost, of course. Who can make out the incomprehensible? God only understands you. You are a labyrinthine temple; you are a real puzzle-path; and if it were not for the side on which you are associated with Maurice, and from which comes for me light out of darkness, I would drop relations with you. You frighten me! And yet you have a good nature, a fine nature; you are sterling, devoted, faithful unto death; you are of true knightly strain—and not only on the outside, either.

3rd.—Began to read 'Delphine,' which is, people

\* A little while afterwards, I was enabled to comprehend more of the little-understood, obscure, and reticent character of this man. [Note in MS.]

say, an interesting romance. But romances do not interest me much, and never did they interest me less than now. Is that because I have seen the world, because I know how they are originated, or is it from alienation of mind and a love of better things? I know not; but I cannot take pleasure in the play of unregulated passion. These infatuations have something terrible in them—like the transports of delirium. I have a dread, a terrible dread, of anything like madness; and so the moral conflict which makes the very essence of the novel deters me from it. I feel as if I could have no dealings with these books (not even 'L'Amour Impossible'), except such as I might have with mad people. Of all novelists, I like only Scott. His manner puts him apart from others, and above them. He is a man of genius, and perhaps the most complete — and always pure. You may open him at random *without the eye being startled by one corrupting word.* (*Lamartine.*)

Love, with Scott, is a cord of snow-white silk, to bind his drama together. It does not seem to be so with 'Delphine.' The little I saw of it boded ill, and I find a very bad false trick in it. Speak of virtue, dress him up with a captain's epaulettes, and then take him into the field of battle,—to let fly at him, in the sight of heaven, with all the darts of Cupid! Madame de Stael incessantly does the wrong and preaches the right. How I hate these women, who, with greedy passions, talk to you all the while

from a pulpit. That is what you may find, however, in novels, and, people say, in the world—which is the great romance itself. Every day a new leaf is turned for me; and what strange things I have to learn! Is it well? Probably it is well, for knowledge of things, for breadth of mind. So I look on, without being attracted, without making ties; and this independence of mind keeps me from stains of evil.

To-day has been as varied as the temperature itself; the sky has been like a painted sky, blue and grey, overswept by shining vapours. But what pencil could really copy these living hues? I might set the task—it would be a pretty picture—to M. William, the painter of the ideal. I think there is a good deal of reverie in him; I believe he has a passionate love of the beautiful, a tender, elevated, ardent nature—such as presages a man of mark. I like M. William very much, judging from what I see, and from what you tell me—you, the critic. But, above all things, I like in him that open-heartedness which you mention, and which is a charm so rarely met in the world. You found that in Maurice, too. Everything brings back my thoughts to him—to him I go on applying all that is beautiful. What a pity M. William did not know him—did not paint his portrait. What a likeness we have lost! How the talent of M. William would have caught the beauty of that noble head!

I have just come in from the Rue Cherche-Midi,

my *Via Dolorosa*. That Indian house is a house of sadness to me, and yet something takes me to it ; his wife is there—the name alone covers her as with a garment in my eyes ; and there is no more to say.

We have had a musical evening ; an Italian *artiste* ; beautiful songs and ballads ; and the effect upon my dear invalid has been very happy. She is, indeed, easily pleased, so I distrust her judgments a little ; they are only good-natured impressions. She criticises with her heart ; — and that transposition of faculties. . . . .

8<sup>th</sup>.—The young man is dead ; he died yesterday at eleven o'clock. Dead ! I knew he must die ; the thought stood always before me like a phantom, and yet I am dismayed by the fact. Ah, it is so for ever—death always strikes us as a surprise ; and *this* death stirs in me countless overwhelming recollections. The nature of his complaint, his fine brow, the little traits which I gathered of his goodness, his tenderness ; the attractive charm of his character, that I-know-not-what—but by which certain natures (so to speak) magnetise everybody who approaches them ; the attachment of his valet-de-chambre ; his pious, Christian end—all these are affecting points of similarity. I wish I had been the Sister of Charity that received his last sigh. How often have I dreamed of being a Sister of Charity, that I might be near the dying who have no sisters, no relations ! To supply what is

lacking to them in love, to soothe their bodily pains, to point their souls to God—is not that a beautiful vocation for a woman? How many times have I envied those on whom the lot has fallen! But that lot is not mine; no, nor that other lot. All these things will have passed me by . . . . To have no vows upon one's soul—ah, it is to lack much. We fancy happiness lies in independence, and, lo, the contrary is the truth.

10th.—The 'Delphine' has been sent back, without my having read it through; and I am not sorry. The passion of my mind is for books; but there are few that please me, or that I can get intimate with. And so with persons. You and Maurice are my favourites, I see you far above all the rest of those whom I meet. You two are of all men those who most fully content my soul. Oh that to *you* there did not lack one thing! From that cause how much I suffer, and how often! When you are gone, and the subject comes up, they canvass your words and your principles, with a condemnation which is all the more painful to me that I cannot ward it off. Alas, indeed, my conscience takes part in it! Conscience often acts against the grain. I *cannot* bear to listen to things which do *him* harm, and do you wrong. I have heard a person speak of you as if you were really mad on this subject. You speculate recklessly, they say, on religious questions; and I never hear you approach them without feeling the pangs of that mother who

saw her blind son put out in his boat to sea. Forgive the comparison, dear Jules, I withdraw it. Assuredly you do not want eyesight, except the eyesight of faith.

16th.—Date only. I will write to-morrow. My heart is sad to-night ; my head is weary.

17th.—There are things which I should have said yesterday, but which I cannot say to-day. I have seen *you*, we have spoken, and that is enough to relieve my heart, to set free my mind again, to lift off that oppressive weight of thought and feeling which only you could take from me. So I am comforted ; but though my burden is gone from me, the ache remains.

. . . . Oh, end of all ! end of all things, and always the dearest things ! an end that comes from no cause that the heart knows, but some hidden element of dissolution which mingles with them all ! In the moment of union the seed of separation is sown. Cruel illusion for such as had believed in friendships that might be eternal. Let me learn the lesson. Let me—but the knowledge is bitter.

. . . . Who will remain to me ? You, unshaken friend. I always desired a strong friendship, such as death only could overthrow ; a joy and a grief, alas ! that I had in Maurice. No woman ever could, or ever can take his place ; no woman, however distinguished from the rest, could bring to me the same

similarity of intelligence and of tastes ; a relation so large, so whole, so firmly fixed. There seems nothing fixed, nothing lasting, nothing vital in the feelings of women for each other ; their mutual attachments are only pretty little bands of ribbon. I observe these slightly-built attachments among all circles of female friends ; but must I conclude that women are incapable of loving each other in another way ? I do not know any instance of it now, or even in history. Orestes and Pylades are sisterless. It makes me indignant to think of it. Can I bear to reflect that you men carry something about in your breasts which we women have not ? But then, we have the capacity of self-sacrifice.

. . . . A beautiful voice in the street . . . . the only agreeable voice I have ever heard in the streets of Paris, where the voices seem thick and harsh. Degradation of soul makes itself heard in them all.

. . . . It appears to me that we women are very ill-educated, and in a way quite contrary to the indications of our natural destiny. We have to suffer much, and they take away our energy ; they cultivate our nerves, and our sensibilities, and our vanity ; religion and morality, of course, but as matters external, without seeking to fill our souls with them, for our true guidance. . . . Sad to think of, ye poor little maidens all !

22nd.—Nothing pains me more deeply than in-



justice, no matter who endures it, myself or another. It grieves me beyond belief to see somebody make excuses to a child who is in the wrong, and *vice versa*. The smallest deflection from the truth displeases me. Is this susceptibility a fault? I know not—nobody has ever told me it is. My father loves me too dearly to criticise me, to find any fault in me. To judge another mind fairly, and see its faults, the eye must neither be too near nor too far off. You, Jules, are just at the right distance for looking at me justly, and seeing what I lack. I think I must lack a great many things. Before you leave us, I will take your opinion. I wish to have your comments to keep by me as a proof of your affection. It is a duty to one's self to try and make perfect what one loves. We always *will* it so much that we cannot help speaking out our thoughts, even though we speak ill, or at ill times.

27th.—Writing and reading letters of condolence, and arranging things with poor M. de M——, who, with so much grief and so much to do, cannot manage everything himself; so I have been occupying my mind and my time in this way for some days past at the expense of these memoranda. The death of M. de Sainte M—— increases so much the load of sorrow which our afflicted friend has to bear that I spend as much time as I can with him, either to help him, or to divert his mind from his troubles. Many times I catch him with the tears in his eyes,

though he turns away his head from his wife, that she may not see them. . . . Terrible secret! . . . a death secret in the heart which lies so close to that heart on which the news of this death must fall like a blow! A blow which Marie could not, at this moment, support. I cannot guess how terrible the news must be to her, even if she were well. What will she do when she learns that she has lost her father—so good, so kind, so worthy of her love? All that was most loveable in him will rush upon her, and grasp her soul as with a phantom-embrace. Ah! she will have dreadful passion-fits of regret; will not know how to mourn him enough! she will think herself the most unhappy of daughters. At the bottom of her heart she clung to her father; and excellently tender her heart is below the surface. She never failed to see the noble qualities of her father, his elevation of spirit, of heart, of understanding. Not a common man in all these particulars! A rare man in uprightness of principle, in strength of mind, in loveableness, in enlightened piety. His piety, indeed, I particularly admired; it was so characteristic, so free, so cheerful, so vivid; there was something soldierly about it—the man of the camp enlisted in the service of God, conquered wholly by faith. So Maurice had told me, and so I saw for myself. Naturally, the man might have been an Othello—a vehement, terrible sort of man; and, indeed, now and then certain spurts of violence disclosed the original basis of the man's nature. But, in a general way,

he was so self-controlling, that to any one who knew him closely, he was a fine study of the power of conscience. Then, how good-natured he was, how easy, how willing to be pleased ! It was in the intimacies of life, in the uncurtained moments, that he really showed himself as he was, and made himself loved so much. He used to call me his daughter, and I returned the tender compliment by calling him father. But, alas ! why do we increase the number of our loves ? It is laying up griefs for the future. I cannot help grieving deeply for M. de Sainte M—— ; I shall always venerate his memory with a pious tenderness, and think of him as a saint beloved.

*2nd October.*—Upon our return from the Palais-Royal, I lie down in my room and think over our conversation. A woman said that, for her, friendship was a velvet couch in a boudoir. Very nice ; but let me be outside of the boudoir, sitting on a lofty peak, high above the world. To sit apart from all in this way delights me in the same manner.

*3rd.*—Disturbed yesterday upon my mountain-top. I resume this journal only to close it, because I find I cannot write in peace. To-day is Sunday ; happily, I breathed-in strength and calmness at church, enough to enable me to withstand a vigorous assault from the world without.

---

## VI.

[1842. *Rivières.*] 'Tis long since I have written, but there are days that one does not like to lose, and I must not let this day pass unrecorded, so full as it has been of emotions, of tears. Strange power of places, of memory! It was to this place, to R——, that he used frequently to come in vacation time—a glad student, playing in the fields, and leaping the waterfalls with the children from the château. We have been recalling these times, and speaking of him—talking familiarly, and at length, with this good, kind, perfect Madame de R——. She wept. How impatient I was to see her, in order that we might do this—might speak of Maurice. I found, in doing so, a joy in the very heart of grief, an unutterable sweetness in tears.

. . . And I, my God, am living, with the living, this day! What touched me very much was to see a college box of his, in which he went halves with little G——, for keeping his books. It has been carefully kept, and now I have been asked to give it away as a souvenir. Some of these simple things go to the very heart.

Opened by accident an album, in which I found recorded the death of Maurice — death everywhere! I was very much affected to find it there, in those private pages, the journal of a young girl who had kept it, as it were, in her very heart. Surely this

unexpected tribute to the memory of Maurice is the tenderest of any. How true that is : *he was the life of us all*. No one who knows us could help saying it. There are beings, there are hearts, of an order that furnish forth so much for other hearts that the others seem to live by that borrowed life. Maurice was to me as a source of being; from him to me flowed friendship, sympathy, counsel, sweet possibilities of life springing from the sweetness of my converse with him ; he was the leaven of my thought, the sustenance of my soul. Lost friend divine ! it is God alone can fill the void in my heart.

. . . . To hope or to fear for another is the sole thing which can give to humanity the fulfilled consciousness of its own being.

[31st December. Cayla.] 'Twas my habit once to end the year, in thought, with somebody—with Maurice. Now he is dead my thought is unshared, dumb ; and I keep that to myself which over these decays and falls of time climbs back to eternity. . . . . *A last day*, how sad, how awful it is !

THE END.

---

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,  
AND CHANCERY CROSS.





This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred  
by retaining it beyond the specified  
time.

Please return promptly.

FEB 21 1966 ILL

944 004



Widener Library



3 2044 105 327 266